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THE ACADEMY
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LITERATURE

No. 2252 [Registered as a Newspaper.] JULY 3, 1915 PRICE THREEPENCE

PENNY ADVENTURES IN BOOKLAND.
BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE RULING PASSION.

FRIENDSHIP IN WAR.

THE VOICE OF CHOPIN.

THE ENDLESS QUEST.

A MOMENTOUS TWELVE DAYS.

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The EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE of THE ACADEMY is at ROLLS HOUSE, BREAMS BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

Notes of the Week

The War

MR. BONAR LAW'S statement that there is as little justification for the pessimism which exists in certain quarters as there was for the excessive optimism of some months ago is borne out by the war news of the week. It is true Russia is still retreating and that the Germans in considerable strength are across the Russian frontier. The Russian retreat has been most masterly, and the Russians have administered punishment which has made advance more costly than Germany can afford. The object of this great effort is believed to be as much political as military. Bulgaria, for instance, is sitting uneasily on the fence. If the aim is political, then the fine performance which Sir Ian Hamilton reports in the Gallipoli Peninsula is likely to counter any German advantage gained in Poland or Galicia. Russia, at any rate, is unperturbed, and the Tsar's manifesto to his people will not only hearten the Allies but show Germany that there can be no peace till she is crushed. On the Eastern frontier the French have maintained their gains against desperate attacks by the enemy, and made slight progress here and there, and in the South the Italians have been doing excellent work in the Carinthian Alps against strong Austrian positions. A notable success has been scored in East Africa against the Germans at Bukoba by combined operations from the Kagera River and the Victoria Nyanza Lake.

Economy and the War Loan

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law at the Guildhall did not so much plead the immediate necessity for raising the War Loan of unnamed proportions as the necessity for thrift which will enable everyone to contribute. Economists will find much food for speculation in some of Mr. Asquith's figures. Great Britain, he says, has from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000 every year excess income over expenditure. We shall want £1,000,000,000 this year. How is the difference to be made good? Mr. Asquith is clearly of opinion that it will be wasteful and difficult to raise the money by sale of securities or of property, in other words, by capital depletion. The only way, therefore, is to economise, and if the annual expenditure of the country is £2,000,000,000 then obviously it must be cut down by at least one-third. What the effect of that will be it is hard to say, for if Brown reduces his expenditure by one-third he may make things so difficult for Robinson and Jones, from whom he is in the habit of buying, that they will in any case have a smaller income on which to effect reductions. Waste, we agree, is a national danger, but a too severe economy may not be an unqualified boon. That whatever money is needed will be forthcoming we do not doubt, and the essential thing is that every man with an available £10 or £100 or £1,000 should subscribe according to his means, in order to avert any possibility of a forced loan, which, as Mr. Bonar Law said, would be financially disastrous.

The First Great Step

That portion of the population of England which has not yet roused itself to realise the fact that every ounce of our strength must be put into the present conflict will soon be awakened by the "National Register" form and its demand for information. For the first time in our history, everybody in the kingdom is to "indexed," as it were, for reference in this time of emergency; what we are doing, what we can do, and what we are willing to do will be set on record. When Mr. Walter Long, introducing the National Registration Bill on Tuesday last, said that it was necessary to organise our whole productive power, he felt at the back of his mind that there are still in this country hundreds of thousands, incredible as it may seem, whom the war has scarcely affected; who are jogging along in the same old comfortable way, their positions secure, their souls half-asleep. These excellent people, once awake and busy, will do as good work as others who happened to be nearer the vortex; but they must be compelled to waken and "get busy," for time is slipping by and progress is slow. We welcome the arrival of the "National Register" scheme as leading, at any rate, to some form of "universal service."

"Advanced" Art—a Protest

We have heard rather too much praise during the last week or two of the work of M. Ivan Mestrovic, now on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the letter by Professor Selwyn Image in the *Times* of Wednesday last comes as an excellent corrective. Skill in sculpture, a certain weird originality, and even genius, do not warrant the chorus of unrestrained eulogy, the uplifted hands of breathless admiration, from the company of critics. To say the least, Mestrovic's sculptures cause dispute over questions both of art and good taste; "is it becoming," says Professor Image, "that the official sanction of the Government, such as this exhibition bestows, should be given to any living artist's work which raises among competent judges extreme controversy?" Some of the items are repugnant to many highly trained observers, showing "morbid and pernicious artistic tendencies" too prevalent in the present day, and this protest against the seal of authority given by the locality of the exhibition is courageous, equally authoritative if a knowledge of artistic ideals be the criterion, and most timely.

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The Ruling Passion

AMONG the minor distresses which home folk must nowadays suffer are those caused by the uncertain fate of priceless objects, natural or artificial, which have hitherto yielded pleasure to all civilised peoples. The architect and the ecclesiologist lament the destruction of the Gothic cathedral; the artist bewails the possible spoliation of world-famed galleries; while the student of geology has likewise his moments of perplexity. What will become of those unparalleled specimens of iguanodons, those reptilean relics of the Wealden period, which have had a fit resting-place in the Natural History Museum at Brussels? What unforgivable mutilation, necessitated by works of defence or produced incidentally by shell-fire, has been made in those historical gravel-pits of the Somme and the Meuse, which have been so closely associated with the controversy on prehistoric man? Or will it ever again be possible in our time for the British geologist to examine, either with comfort or safety, the fascinating districts of the volcanic Eifel?

Some of these troubles, one feels sure, must at times assail the scientist who is serving in the field. For, strange as it may seem, the ruling passion often shows itself in moments of the direst jeopardy. Indeed, it is the thought of the gravel-pits just mentioned which has brought back to memory some remarkable instances of this kind. I know an authentic case of a yeoman of a studious temperament, who had cultivated a taste for archæology, and who, during the South African War, while hard on the track of De Wet, could not forbear to take more than a passing glimpse at the well-wrought stone implements which lay on the desert sands. But he was in the same plight as a geological friend, who assures me that, while recently attending the funeral of an old colleague, he was unable to keep his eyes off a fossil nautilus which the spade of the sexton had turned up out of the London clay. To gaze wistfully was alone permitted; neither for the soldier nor the civilian was there opportunity to add to the private collection.

It was otherwise with a soldier described by Hugh Miller, of whom he was a relative. This man, who, like Miller himself, had become deeply engrossed in the study of natural history, found himself one of an attacking party during Abercromby's campaign in Egypt. He told Miller that, though the work was warm when he first leaped ashore in the land of the Pyramids, and though the beach was cumbered with the slain, he could not avoid casting a glance at the white shells which were mingled with the sand at his feet, to see whether the specimens differed greatly from those of his own country. Amid the whizzing of bullets the enthusiast managed to transfer at least one shell to his waistcoat pocket, and this particular specimen afterwards held an honoured place in Miller's collection. Not everyone, however, is so fortunate with coveted specimens. Within a bowshot from this table there lives a medical man who, a few years back, had an exciting experience. While examining the cliffs of the Yorkshire coast, he was lucky enough to find a polished flint-axe which had slipped down from the top soil overhead. Holding tight to his treasure, he continued to search, until, to his utter dismay, he found himself shut in by the tide. He could not climb up the slippery boulder clay, and was compelled to spend the night on the cliff face. While moving about to protect himself from the raw air, his fingers numb with cold, he dropped his prize,and, when morning dawned, he had indeed preserved his life, but lost his beloved celt.

Lest anyone should pour contempt on these cases of cool tenacity, and allege that they represent mere temporary freaks of the mind, it might be well to notice the intrepidity of those scientists who investigate the horrors of Martinique, or of those who have actually lost their lives in the craters of volcanoes. We recall, too, the recent Antarctic explorers, who, starving and frost-bitten, reduced in numbers and far from their base, manfully preserved a firm grip on their precious specimens and ultimately landed them safely in this country. Truly, as we are told in the "Mikado,"

> To him that's scientific
> There is nothing that's terrific.

There are, of course, many instances of supposed coolness which must be attributed to pure detachment of mind—to that spirit of casual indifference which manifests itself even at the most awful crises of life. Such a mental attitude is well illustrated by Dickens when he portrays Fagin in the dock, interested, not in impending sentence, but in such trivialities as an artist's sketch and the dress of the judge. But there are occasions when the agitated mind fixes itself on something which is apparently inessential, but which is really connected with "the ruling passion." Thomas Hardy, in his "Pair of Blue Eyes," describes the "Cliff without a Name," on which Henry Knight is left hanging for life while Elfrida runs for help. "By one of those familiar conjunctions of things wherewith the inanimate world baits the mind of man when he pauses in moments of suspense, opposite Knight's eyes was an embedded fossil, standing forth in low relief from the rock. It was a creature with eyes. The eyes, dead and turned to stone, were even now regarding him." The creature was an early crustacean, a trilobite. This is an author's error, by the way, for trilobites are unknown in the Mesozoic rocks. "Knight was a geologist, and such is the supremacy of habit over occasion as a pioneer to the thoughts of man that at this dreadful juncture his mind found time to take in, by a momentary sweep, the varied scenes that had had their day between this creature's epoch and his own." The reflective reader, without referring to further details of this fine description, can fill in the picture from his imagination—perhaps even from his own experiences.

Leaving aside these cases, which lie near the borderland between deliberate and sub-conscious action, there

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remain indisputable instances of cool scientific observation carried on amid great perils. In the June number of the *Selborne Magazine*, a gentleman contributes some natural history notes made by his son when keeping his stern vigil in Flanders. The notes concern such creatures as missel-thrushes, owls, and hares, and were scribbled on slips of paper while shells were bursting in the neighbourhood. The compiler was afterwards killed in action, and his contemplated article was never finished. Thus, too, did fate deal recently with a famous French archæologist, who died bravely at the head of his regiment. The words of the Poet of Empire have a special poignancy in this connection:

No proposition Euclid wrote,
No formulæ the text-books know,
Will turn the bullet from your coat,
Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.

Penny Adventures in Book-Land

IN these days it is possible to buy a tolerable edition of a standard author—Tennyson or Browning, Lamb or Thackeray--for sixpence; a better edition for a shilling. This is a grand boon to the impecunious, when they happily desire such blessings. Cheaper still, they can borrow these and most other writers for nothing, from a public library. There is the usual accompanying disadvantage of cheapness—a tendency to place little value on that which costs little; still, for the sake of the few who do appreciate, these things are a glorious gain. But there are some books that we cannot procure in these low-priced reprints—some that we cannot easily order from our booksellers even at a high figure; and these are the treasure of the cheap bookstall, making its exploration an adventure with permanent possibilities of romance. In a general way the penny or the twopenny bookshelf takes us back at least a century or rather more, offering us good but often forgotten things of the eighteenth-century poets that were popular when Wordsworth and Coleridge were writing the "Lyrical Ballads," and that we have not cared so much for since that epoch-making publication. These are the books, with their faded calf and worn-out appearance, of which Lamb loved the very odour—books, perhaps, containing the faint signatures of owners long since in their graves, books that link us to a past generation of readers and quicken us with a sense of good fellowship, a realisation of literature's permanence, which the fast-dying products of each new season tend to obscure. Those who remember Elia's assertion that Thomson's "Seasons" are best when a little torn and dog's-eared may be sure of finding plenty of copies in this condition if they glance at the penny box of any second-hand book-vendor, and they will realise how truly this work must have been loved by our forefathers. If they go further and take the volume home with them, they will discover how much that love was really warranted. Thomson's style was often atrocious, but sometimes he got the better of it and wrote finely; and in his "Castle of Indolence" he showed himself a true Romantic. This poem is usually included in the copies of the "Seasons" that we find offered so cheaply, and even those of us who already possess more than one copy find it hard to resist the oft-repeated appeal. No doubt Thomson can be bought in modern editions, but he is not readable in these—he is only readable in copies that are as obsolete as his style. Gray, also, and Collins are best in old editions—though the "Elegy" and the "Ode to Evening" are delightful anywhere, and, we may believe, will never be obsolete. Children of the eighteenth century, they are quite at home in the twentieth. But the poets that are not reprinted, these are the things to look for in these humble last retreats. I once picked up a dear little edition of Beattie's "Minstrel" and other poems for a penny, a dainty miniature with exquisite type, and though by no stretch of the fancy can Beattie be called a great poet, I have always loved this tiny volume and had a tenderness for its author. For twopence, many years later, I became possessed of Forbes' "Life of Beattie," a really interesting book. The poet thought himself (and his age thought him to be) a philosopher; he wrote an essay on Truth which was held to have crushed Voltaire and Hume, but somehow those brilliant men refused to be crushed, and, if we remember Beattie now, it is simply for his very pleasing verses and his association with men greater than himself. Decidedly, for a penny, the "Minstrel" is well worth buying.

One book that gave me very great delight was a volume of Macpherson's "Ossian." I came across it at a time when even the expenditure of a penny was a consideration, and strangely enough, when I first took up the dingy board-covered book, I had no knowledge of Ossian whatever, beyond his name. It took me some careful scanning to discover that this apparent prose was really poetry, but I soon ventured on the investment, and brought home my purchase with an enthusiasm which did not lessen for many years. Even now I am not ashamed of having loved Macpherson and having carried the book in my pocket as a bosom-companion. All Europe had been entranced, much earlier, just as I was then; even the lengthy preliminary dissertations attracted me and gave me a good deal of false archæology—and what would have been defective judgment had I digested it. Whatever new insight may come, we still love the books that delighted our boyhood. In the same manner, I look with great tenderness on a small copy of Longfellow's "Hyperion" which I bought too many years ago to name, and which thrilled me with its mild melancholy philosophy, its diluted romance, its really beautiful renderings of German lyrics. If I find the book somewhat thin now, it seems like ingratitude so to speak of it. Certainly this was not a disappointing investment, as were my purchases of Klopstock's "Messiah" and Gessner's "Death of Abel," done in very stodgy English prose. At this day it gives one a malicious

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pleasure to remember that Coleridge spoke of Klopstock as a "very *German* Milton." As regards the "Death of Abel," evidently it was read once, probably by the very young; Eugene Aram, in Hood's poem, came across an innocent schoolboy reading it, and one hardly knows which to pity most, the boy or the criminal. Far pleasanter was my capture of Bloomfield for a penny; the "Farmer's Boy" may not be great literature, but it was well worth that sum, and it is a great joy to find Mr. W. H. Hudson giving it a good word in one of his essays. Of course, there were, and still are, numberless editions of Pope's Homer and of Dryden's Virgil to be picked from the bookstalls; and, personally, I always found Virgil the more attractive, though I never really took kindly to the heroic measure. Very different is another reputation that is mainly kept alive by the cheap bookshops to-day—that of Kirke White. As long as I remember, copies of his remains were frequent among the penny and twopenny bargains, and I am constantly meeting them still in the same haunts. Their editions must have been very numerous—almost as numerous as those of Tupper, which are now habitués of the same dusty resorts. I really like Kirke White, and must confess that certain fragments of his have still a charm. It was his admiration that first introduced me to the poems of Thomas Warton, and when I found these in the cheap box on one of my Saturday night explorations, the possession gave me genuine rapture. I loved the old faded bindings, the quaint upturned *s*, of these century-old editions; and in Warton's case there was some real merit to justify my pleasure. For twopence, at a later date, I became owner of Gray's memoirs and poems, edited by the faithful but sometimes untrustworthy Mason. Lesser poets, such as Tickell, Somerville, Smollett, Falconer, Hamilton of Bangour, Langhorne, Mallet, and others of that tribe, have all fallen victims to my pennies, the price in some cases fairly indicating the value; yet I must say there are good things to be found in all of them, and they have the authentic quality of faithfully voicing their own generation—they actually take us into the heart of the eighteenth-century, not quite so despicable a period as some may imagine. Once, in later years, I snatched Lady Wortley Montagu from a dingy collection of soiled volumes whose company must have been very disagreeable to her refined susceptibilities; at other times it might be a volume of Uhland or Schiller or Lenau, in their original. I think Lenau appealed to me even more than Schiller. It must not be supposed that I have read all the books that thus found their way to my shelves; for instance, I never mastered Glover's "Leonidas," though it did prompt me to start an epic poem of my own on the same subject. I fancy about twenty lines represent both what I read of Glover and what I wrote of my own. It is easy to indulge in such reminiscences at great length; a book-lover, even when dealing with the penny bargain-box, soon becomes garrulous and probably tedious. No doubt it needs some genuine zeal to persevere in turning over the soiled and dusty treasures that are so generously offered; no doubt also these treasures are often housed in the darkest corner of the bookseller's shop or side-passage, where sight is strained to the utmost in reading the titles. But he who truly loves a book does not mind dirty fingers and aching eyesight; he is constantly buoyed up by the possibility of something well worth the discovery. Even financially, there are occasional rewards; not long ago I gave threepence for a book on Scilly (its bookplate was worth the money) which next day I saw catalogued at a guinea. But these things are the accidents, not the common incidents of the pursuit; that which is common is the finding of books, hard to procure otherwise, that are lovable for their own sakes, with a value beyond market-price—fragrant apples of Hesperides, plucked in unexpected byways. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Friendship and War

ONE who lives in our village received a letter the other day. The writer of it is a peculiarly quiet, mild-mannered man, a young fellow who had always avoided violent games and horse-play of any kind, and whose enlistment in the King's Army some months ago came as a matter of surprise to all who knew him. He had been rather looked down on by the younger spirits, and the general comment on seeing him in uniform was to the effect that he was too soft for the job, and no one could expect him to kill many Germans. This letter, which came last week, said that the writer had lost his friend—killed somewhere in France—and that on hearing it he had at once managed to change into a company of another regiment famous for the number of times it has been cut up and its ranks refilled, and that he was leaving at once for the front. "Dear Miss," the letter finished, "I shall not smoke another pipe until I have made up for Charlie's death, and that will take some doing, as he was worth three Germans, even of their best sort." Tobacco had been the writer's one pet luxury, and possibly he scarcely knew the nature of the vow he had registered, but he is the man who will keep it, unless a German bullet finds him first.

To such a little episode it is superfluous to append a moral, but the war is constantly presenting temptations to the unwary to moralise. So many things have happened to upset all the theories on which, in the days of peace, we were so fond of enlarging. In those days there were many false prophets, who reiterated, whenever they could find a listener or some paper to print their diatribes, the decadence of the younger generation of the twentieth century. One failing with which they were frequently credited was their lack of capacity for true friendship. Men recalled the leisured intimacies of the previous century, the letters friends exchanged, reaching the size and detail of the diary, the patient way in which each listened to the other's views on every subject in the

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universe, the walks they took, or the prolonged tours, in the beloved's company, and when they saw that such things had vanished from the earth they drew the obvious conclusion that friendship had vanished with them. They deplored the motor, the telegram, and more recently the telephone as the enemies to friendship. Men and women had become so interested in themselves, in their own sensations and intelligences, so absorbed in gathering knowledge from the experiences that crowded into life with these new facilities for killing time and space, that they had lost the need of a kindred spirit on whom to lean, with whom to exchange confidences; they were condemned as self-sufficient, as heartless, superficial, and insincere.

No doubt in all this there was a certain amount of truth. For some time previous to the war, men had developed very quickly and on different lines; books and papers had multiplied exceedingly, and had usurped the place of companionship; interests which had formerly centred on solitary pursuits were split up into a thousand avenues and directions. There was room for the complaint that solidity of character and enterprise were replaced by charm of manner, by the superficialities and froth of a daily life in which the liver was ever seeking by hurry and absorption to overtake a multitude of accomplishments whose attainment eluded him, and which left no room for the exigencies of a true friendship.

But the man who pins his faith to the obvious is the man who goes through life without perceiving the truth of things. Humanity is much like the chameleon; it is very quick to take its colour from its surroundings. Characteristics are as much the products of fashion as the clothes we wear, but beneath the surface the "animal" remains the same. What has become to-day of the crowds who filled the pleasure places of last year, apparently absorbed in the pursuit of amusement, and with no ambition beyond? The majority of the young men are in khaki and the girls in Red Cross work, or bent on some mission for the furtherance of the war. And they have not taken with them altered characters; the very qualities that made them so keen to wrest the utmost from life a year ago are carrying them through the "hell-fire" of the trenches, and the atmosphere of the hospital ward that is scarcely more easy to bear.

The best apologia for human nature is the manifestation of that same nature itself in all its manifold and diversified exhibitions of quality. The cynic or the pessimist laments the decay of friendship, and simultaneously some contingency arises to prove that friendship is just the same, just as wonderful as in the days of Jonathan and David, men who loved more greatly than brothers; or as the mythical attachment of Pylades to Orestes, of which legend tells us no fact save that he accompanied his friend into danger; yet this ever stood in the ancient's mind as the ideal of devotion.

From time to time in the papers of to-day there appear little paragraphs. Private —— has been recommended for notice for carrying in a wounded man under heavy fire. Lieutenant So-and-So went to the help of a brother officer in circumstances of extreme bravery. Private —— fell mortally wounded while endeavouring to cross the zone of fire to the assistance of his sergeant.

Such notices have become so familiar as to move us little. Imagination has been taxed in compassing the great occurrences of the war to such an extent that it has lost the power of realising the heroism, the love, and beauty of the stories framed in these few simple words. And those which find their way into print are a percentage quite negligible of the acts of friendship which are taking place continually on that stretch of ground we vaguely call the front, a stretch of ground which has widened until it embraces the east, the west, and the south.

Comforts that are shared, companionship given by men of all ranks and widely divergent prejudices, youngsters that are helped and older men deferred to are all acts of friendship definite in their significance. But there is another sense in which every soldier is the friend of the Empire. From time immemorial, friendship has been regarded as the choicest flower in the garden of love; it is higher than passion, deeper than sentiment, broader and more impersonal than the love of man for woman, of even that of the mother for her child, and its most perfect manifestation is that of self-sacrifice. Its final tribute has been paid in the words which now adorn the last resting-place of many gallant young lives: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." To those at home these words convey a solemn and tremendous responsibility. They are the friends for whom this sacrifice has been made, and made unavailingly unless they do their part in making possible and lasting the principles for which these men have laid down their lives. There can be no friendship without reciprocity. How are we going to prove our share in this bond, whose keynote is the placing of the countries of Europe on a basis of lasting peace? These friends have died for it, and our acknowledgment is to live for it, now and in the future.

The Voice of Chopin

BY D. C. PARKER

IN Chopin we see an outstanding example of an artist who was fortunate enough to discover the medium which exactly suited him. Chopin and his piano were one. He wrung the last drop of poetry out of it. His brain was in his head, but his soul was in his instrument. The group of valses, nocturnes, and polonaises has for so long been an inevitable item in the programmes of recital-givers that Chopin has become a classic. For a romantic whose art has outlived the day of romanticism may be counted as such. But it is still worth while to discuss his music, for by

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this means we happen upon some facts of which many Chopin-lovers may be ignorant.

In a double sense the music of Chopin has a two-fold aspect. It is national and personal; it is aristocratic and democratic. In countries where a free expression of views upon current politics is often fraught with danger, and the material hopes of men have more than once been blasted by tragic circumstances, the pent-up longing of the heart finds refuge in those things which lie beyond the jurisdiction of the police agent. Voltaire's "Dictionnaire Philosophique" was burned in the market-place, but symphonies and piano pieces do not infringe the penal code. (There are one or two exceptions which prove the rule.) One of Chopin's biographers divides the polonaises into two classes—those in which the martial feeling predominates and those in which the dreamy melancholy of the Pole gains the upper hand. This simply means that in Chopin the polonaise attained to an artistic significance to which it could not previously lay claim. Firmly rooted in the affections of the Polish people, it had been handled by many composers, among them the celebrated Kurpinski. But it was in Chopin that it reached the height of its expressiveness. With him it is no longer a mere dance measure, a brilliant cascade of notes which was found so entrancing that it travelled to Italy and burst forth there in the shape of the operatic polacco. Chopin was a Pole and a poet, and, when the Pole spoke, the recollection of the former glories of the kingdom fanned the flame which smouldered in his breast. In these pages we have music fit for the reception of a Sobieski, for singing the praises of a Kosciusko. When, however, the reflective poet contemplated the chequered history of his native land, the mood was different. Here are strains of comfort and solace, tinged with the *zal* which is common to the Slavs. In the mazurkas Chopin is more consistently national. The hand of the great artist is evident, of course; but there is less of the personal element in them. As the composer of *polonez* and *mazurek*, he was the mouthpiece of the nation.

In his impassioned patriotic moments Chopin was like an orator whose eloquence intoxicates the surging multitude. As I have said, there is another aspect. No picture of the composer is more delightful than that which is given to us by so many of the social figures who frequented the Paris drawing-rooms in 1836. The pianist played to his intimate friends. In the dimly lit room, poets and painters, novelists and musicians surrounded him, paying silent homage to his art. Chopin is probably the only notable composer whom we can call a salon writer without using that threadbare term in a derogatory sense. The Chopin of the drawing-room is the essential Chopin, the Chopin of the nocturnes, the études, the ballades, and the valses. It is at close quarters that you learn what this musician really is. His mood is caressing, his art *intime*, fit for performing *entre quatre yeux*, when he is most himself.

In his dislike of the commonplace, Chopin was an aristocrat of the right kind. Every artist fashions for himself an imaginary universe which is more real to him than the material world. That is why cynics tell us that the artistic temperament consists in a disinclination to pay tradesmen's bills. Chopin's imagination wove beautiful pictures. He was fastidious, and his fastidiousness had much in common with the extreme sensibility of those choice spirits in whom refinement is most pronounced. Again and again his music gives us the impression of being that of a man to whom ninety-nine failures were justified by the perfection with which the hundredth version was rewarded. But you cannot say that he had not his democratic moments. If he showed something of the aloofness which characterised the demeanour of those brilliant coteries which gathered in the mansions of Warsaw and Cracow, he also possessed much of the sustaining enthusiasm of Mickiewicz. Strife was not unknown to him. Chopin the rebel, with his sympathy for the people, was a Polish figure if you like, but it is more than probable that the liberty-loving side of his nature was ministered to by the leaders of thought in the Paris of his day. Readers will not forget that he wrote a revolutionary étude and that the Fantaisie Polonaise (Op. 61) is said to have an historical basis.

It is impossible to close a fragmentary study of Chopin without contrasting him with Schumann and Liszt, two writers with whom he often rubs shoulders in recital programmes. Schumann is deeper than Chopin. The Saxon was by nature introspective. More than half the difficulty which the apprentice finds in grasping the full meaning of Schumann's music lies in the fact that he sought to articulate what was hard to communicate. He was a silent man, and it is by no means easy to convey to others the thoughts which course through the brain of a reflective poet. One feels, too, that although Schumann was deficient in orchestration, he often found it all but impossible to express himself pianistically. Liszt's manner is grander than that of Chopin. His sweep is greater, his music more heroic. He was like a magnet which drew to it all the finest things. With him the piano was no longer a soft voice for the chamber. It was an orchestra which surged and coruscated under his ten fingers. To say this is not to deny that Liszt understood the genius of the instrument. While many laugh at his transcriptions (I have generally found that those who laugh at them are those who cannot play them), it has been left to Saint-Saëns to point out their many merits. By writing piano music with a new heroic note, Liszt was moving with the times. From the days of the fragile instruments of Vienna to those of the present, the tendency has been for the piano to become more robust.

In these three men we see three aspects of Romanticism. Chopin's is that which is expressed in small things; it is the romanticism of moonlit nights and eager whisperings. Schumann's is less sophisticated. It is the romanticism of the Bürger legends, having its home in sombre forest and the Brocken. That of

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Liszt is wider. It invests in a new significance the spirits of the past. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso—these were three heroes with the Abbé. It is full of enthusiasm—misdirected, if you will, but enthusiasm is, at least, a motive power. It is the romanticism which animated the young Werthers when they argued fine points of æsthetics and morals in the salon. It would remould mankind and throw the world into a crucible. The great dawn of its to-morrow was heralded by Gautier's crimson waistcoat; the religion of its freedom had the smoke of Georges Sand's cigars for incense.

Each of these men contributed much to the literature of the pianoforte, and this brings me back to Chopin. It has been held that he challenged Western art (which calls to mind what is said concerning the modern Russians) that he proved it possible to write music which had its roots in Polish culture. It can, at least, be said that Chopin was, in his day, the most considerable musician who owed as much to his native land as to the German and Italian traditions. For even Glinka's patriotic operas are often redolent of the land of Donizetti. Smiling and sad, his art reminds us of the expression which animates the face of the Mona Lisa. To-day his countrymen are fighting for three emperors, and the sight of Poland, once more lacerated and bleeding, hallows his magic strains.

REVIEWS

The Endless Quest

The Stoic Philosophy. By Professor GILBERT MURRAY. (Watts and Co. 6d. net.)

THE need of humanity for some system of thought by which life should be explained and guided has been felt from the earliest years of which we have any recorded knowledge. Mankind, gazing upon the world, realised that it had two aspects; that it was in many respects extremely beautiful, and that it also harboured some very mysterious, apparently harmful things—pain, sorrow, enmity, despair. From the beginnings of philosophy, in the simplest attempts to reconcile these two impressions, it has been recognised that they form an inscrutable puzzle, and the energies of a thousand brains, of every possible mode of approach, have been directed to the task of solving the problem. Whence did life come, how should it be regarded, and what, in the last event, constitutes goodness and truth? Thus sprang from the human mind, busy in its fertile factory of ideas, many religions, many creeds, many clever philosophies; and still the endless search goes on, still the investigation continues—quite naturally, since no single belief, however, distinguished may be its exponents and interpreters, can satisfy every group of restless inquisitors.

Among the systems of thought which gained in their day thousands of adherents, that of the Stoics was one of the most fascinating. Its two chief preachers were, "the one a lame and penniless slave to whom worldly success is as nothing, the other an Emperor of Rome, keenly interested in good administration." The scope of such a formula of living, then, was wide enough to satisfy tastes presumably very different; examined more closely, we become astonished at its austerity, and are forced to realise that in sternness, calm acceptance of evil and of suffering, absolute faith in abstract goodness, a very fair proportion of humanity in all ages can find supreme satisfaction. "No wonder," says Professor Murray, "such a religion appealed to kings and statesmen and Roman governors. Nearly all the successors of Alexander—we may say all the principal kings in existence in the generations following Zeno—professed themselves Stoics. And the most famous of all Stoics, Marcus Aurelius, found his religion not only in meditation and religious exercises, but in working some sixteen hours a day for the good practical government of the Roman Empire." Maintaining its ideal unchanged, Stoicism, whatever its weaknesses, "fulfilled the two main demands that man makes upon his religion: it gave him armour when the world was predominantly evil, and it encouraged him forward when the world was predominantly good."

> It afforded guidance both for the saint and the public servant. And in developing this twofold character I think it was not influenced by mere inconstancy. It was trying to meet the actual truth of the situation. For in most systems it seems to be recognised that in the Good Life there is both an element of outward striving and an element of inward peace. There are things which we must try to attain, yet it is not really the attainment that matters; it is the seeking. And, consequently, in some sense, the real victory is with him who fought best, not with the man who happened to win. For beyond all the accidents of war, beyond the noise of armies and groans of the dying, there is the presence of some eternal friend. It is our relation to Him that matters.

It will be seen that in this stimulating little volume—which formed the Conway Memorial Lecture for the present year—Professor Gilbert Murray is concerned more with the psychological aspect of the Stoic philosophy (we prefer to term it a philosophy rather than a religion) than with its historical side. He criticises his subject occasionally in a masterly manner, admitting—as all thinking men are bound to admit—that the "vast assumption" of an Eternal Purpose behind all phenomena is inherent in the human race. "We find it everywhere in the unsophisticated man. We find it in the unguarded self-revelations of the most severe and conscientious atheists." Then comes the illuminating phrase: "It is very important in this matter to realise that the so-called belief is not really an intellectual judgment so much as a craving of the whole nature." And in the end, in his closing sentences, we are able to observe in the author himself this craving for the ultimate truth. Beautiful indeed is this final, hesitating conclusion:

> It may be, it may very possibly be, that, in the matter of this Friend behind phenomena, our own

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yearning and our own almost ineradicable instinctive conviction, since they are certainly not founded on either reason or observation, are in origin the groping of a lonely-souled gregarious animal to find its herd or its herd-leader in the great spaces between the stars. At any rate, it is a belief very difficult to get rid of.

Thus is the human mind again, as ever, confronted by the blank mystery; two thousand years after Zeno lived, thought, and died, we have made very little advance among the mist-wrapped country where truth hides. And, two thousand years hence, if the earth with fresh inquisitive generations still spins round the sun, philosophers will still be seeking to solve the same problems; though they will perhaps realise more fully that the fascination of the mystery may vanish if the veil between is ever rent in twain.

A Momentous Twelve Days

The History of Twelve Days, July 24 to August 4, 1914. By J. W. HEADLAM. (London: Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

A BOOK such as this, detailing the negotiations immediately preceding the outbreak of war, and giving an almost complete summary of the official papers, is of undoubted value. It deserves a fuller study than we fear it will get, except at the hands of those who, like Mr. Headlam himself, read everything bearing upon it in the search for truth. Overwhelmingly strong as we know our case to be, shamelessly weak as we know Germany's to be, memory in these days of rush and anxiety is apt to be short. Moreover, few have the time or perhaps the mind to examine documents in detail and collate their evidence. Mr. Headlam will save us the trouble, and we can only commend alike his patience and his skill. Needless to point the moral of this summing up, which is as nearly judicial as can be expected from anyone whose patriotism is unqualified. Germany's determination to go to war is obvious on the face of the negotiations, and she dragged Austria-Hungary into this mighty conflict at a moment when Austria's desire to find a way out was equally obvious. The war was of Germany's making, and the responsibility for the greatest crime ever perpetrated in the history of the world rests with her, and her alone.

If anyone still doubts her criminal intentions, he need go no further than Mr. Headlam's pages for incontrovertible proof. Having embarked on this earth-shaking adventure, and not being able to justify it by the success of which she was assured, her Government have been driven to every trick known to the defender of an indefensible cause to put their case in such a way as to convince their own people, if not the world at large, that they were wholly innocent. Germany does not make a very righteous show in Mr. Headlam's pages. He finds the explanations her Government have put forward inconsistent with one another and inconsistent with the facts with which they profess to deal.

"The feeling left upon my mind, after a long and careful study of all that has been put forward by the German Government," he says, "is that it is impossible to put any reliance on anything that they say, either with regard to their own motives or intentions, or in regard to the simplest facts, unless their statements are amply corroborated from other sources. It is, after all, not a difficult thing to give a clear, consistent, and intelligible account of one's own actions, even in a prolonged and complicated dispute. Such an account can, however, only be convincing if the explanation is in all details in accordance with what happened. Truth alone is always consistent with itself. As soon as there is something to be hidden, then it becomes necessary to slur over important points, to omit essential steps in the narrative, to avoid a full, clear, and precise explanation. On the other hand, when we find an account which is not consistent with itself, in which the offers and suggestions of other States are not quoted, but are passed over with vague and inaccurate generalities, then it is legitimate to assume that these qualities are evidence that something is being concealed. This is the feeling which we have throughout—something is being concealed. The English and the French publications seem, on the face of them, to be inspired by the great desire to bring out into the clearest light the course of negotiations, and to analyse the situation in the clearest manner. The more closely they are studied the more does this appear to be the case. In the German Book and other German official documents we have precisely the opposite phenomenon."

The German Government does not tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, because presumably even in Germany there are some who would be shamed by it, but, if the truth is hidden now, the day must come when it will out. The authors of this war cannot cover up their tracks for ever.

Fiction

WITH a sure artistic touch, with a neat humour, and with a spirited attack rather on the abuse of established conventions than on the conventions themselves, Mr. Douglas Goldring has evolved in his new novel, "It's an Ill Wind——" (Allen and Unwin, 6s.), a very fascinating study of opposed temperaments. The picture of Bohemian life in Soho or other quarters where free-and-easy ideas are talked of more than they are practised has been drawn times without number, but Mr. Goldring has succeeded in making the little company known as "the Squash" quite delightful, and the story of its happy days and nights, its gradual disintegration, and its jolly couples slowly coming round to the notion that a wedding is not, after all, necessarily the collapse of everything that is desirable in life, makes pleasant and sometimes piquant reading. The character of Adrian Corbet, suffering from what Mr. Arthur Symons once called "our cold Northern sense of sin and judgment to come," is at

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the top level of this author's delicate work, and the various girls who tangle their careers with his are excellently contrasted. Rose, seeking relief from her grimly religious home, fixes on Adrian as her "way of escape"; we are glad to find that she loses him, and that the lightsome "Queen Elizabeth"—one of the prettiest maidens of fiction we have met for a long time—comes to him at last. The relationships of the several characters are excellently sustained; Father Martin, a jovial Catholic priest, is another successful personage drawn with true observation. Mr. Goldring not only writes a good novel; he adds to the writing just that hint of French methods and that skill in phrasing which enhance so much the pleasure of the critical reader.

It seems almost impossible to picture Russian life in any of its phases without the inevitable touch of sadness. The country so full of possibilities, so hidden in mystery and interest, gives always to its men and women a touch of pathos, an air of suffering borne patiently and meekly as though no other lot were possible. Under an administrative order, Yelaina Grigorovna Mardova, the wife of a Russian official, on account of some correspondence she once had with a suspected countess, is separated from her husband and detained on one of his estates. Although free so far as personal supervision is concerned, she dare not leave the boundary of the land whose name, Mardova, she bears. In "A Lady of Russia" (Wm. Heinemann, 6s.) Mr. Bowman pictures her as a woman of great charm, with ideas and aspirations much too progressive for the Russian bureaucracy, who would still keep the peasants in a state of servility. This lady of Russia recognises their claims to be considered human beings, although her methods are in no way self-assertive or ignoble; a mine is worked on the estate, and she wishes at least one peasant from each dwelling to have his share in the work in order that he may earn sufficient to support his household. Fearing that the mine may be closed down, a deputation waits upon this fair lady, who assures the men that their fears are groundless. This simple promise is wafted to Petrograd, where lurk the enemies to progress, and the gently nurtured woman is taken to Moscow and thence to Siberia, where after many years of striving against an unkind fate she is taught by her waiting-woman to seek temporary oblivion in spirits, until overtaken by a still sadder end. Her career is drawn with considerable skill by Mr. Bowman, and is probably the record of many an offender who has been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the terrible power existing in Russia, separating the Tsar from his people and living only for its own aggrandisement and the suppression of all liberty and freedom.

Mr. Alexander Black is not as well known on this side of the Atlantic as he is in America; but, if we get one or two stories from him, written in the style of "Thorney" (McBride, Nast, 6s.), his name should soon be one to conjure with among the novel-reading public. This "tale of a tropical island and two isolated people" piques curiosity from the very moment the hero is wrecked and finds himself in the presence of a beautiful maiden, who, as he soon learns, has spent years in this solitude. Given a very manly young man on a desert island, who has come straight from the conventional social conditions of an American city, and a perfectly natural girl, whose only memory is of a dead father buried on the island, and at least one nice problem presents itself to the reader's mind. Mr. Black handles his subject in the happiest way—so happily, indeed, that we positively regret the rescue of these young people. To some extent "Thorney" may perhaps be regarded as a challenge to Mr. de Vere Stacpoole, but it is that in no sense of the word. Its merits are entirely its own.

An interesting novel, dealing with rural life in Lancashire a hundred years ago, is "Paul Withnell: A Lancashire Idyll," by A. W. King (Wm. Dawson and Sons, 6s.). The author is well known in the Blackburn district as a racy writer having a wide acquaintance with local character in the county. The writing of "Paul Withnell" has obviously been a labour of love, and as is not unusual in such circumstances, the result is altogether admirable, especially from the aspect of sincere work for the sake of the work. Quite unaffected in its grace and simplicity, "Paul Withnell" holds the interest of the reader from first to last; while in some of the characterisation, notably in the sketch of "Our Will," the indispensable gas-man at the Opera House, a vivid sketch becomes almost Dickensian in its whimsical truth to nature. We need hardly say the psychological problem finds no place in this book; and, indeed, we are fain to confess that even the love-making is of the amateurish order. In his description of scenery the author is certainly at his best, and the fine sketches of the countryside extending over a wide area, and including his favourite Greyburn (Blackburn), Prestborough (Preston), and Chorfield (Chorley), will greatly interest all who know the country, and many who do not.

Shorter Notices

A Difficult Country

The average man, suddenly forced to take an interest in the history and development of the chief countries of Europe, is absolutely ignorant of the story of those more Eastern States in which wars and rumours of wars have been so prevalent for the last thirty years. Roumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, and half a dozen others, are to him mere names; therefore we welcome the volume on "Roumania and the Great War" (Constable. 2s. net) which Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson has just written. We do not realise the size and importance of this kingdom. Her trade almost equals in volume the combined trade of Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria and Greece; the Roumanian race numbers between twelve and thirteen millions; and she guards the estuaries of the mighty Danube. After a clear *résumé* of the history of this "Belgium of the East" and of Transylvania, the author discusses the position of affairs in recent years, and answers the question as to Roumania's present atti-

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tude. She was not ready for war, and as the autumn advanced Germany and Austria-Hungary—with which countries her orders for armament had been placed—"showed a growing reluctance to allow even consignments which had been already paid for to pass through their territory." The book is a very interesting and acute study of a very complex problem, and the appendices of statistics on racial distribution form a valuable addition.

A Splendid Achievement

The Bible, read without any explanation or commentary, is a fascinating but often puzzling collection of books; read in a re-arranged form, with its various sections placed in a new order agreed upon by scholars as probably correct, its beauty is enhanced, and some, at least, of its discrepancies and problems are lightened. Mr. W. L. Courtney, specially gifted as a student of classical and Biblical lore, has now added to his "Literary Man's Bible," published a few years ago, "The Literary Man's New Testament," and the complete work forms a very helpful guide for those who have neither the time nor the knowledge to investigate the innumerable theories of able men, written in various languages, upon the origins and changes of the text now accepted. With a series of six short essays, finely straightforward, Mr. Courtney begins his task, and, to take only the second, on "The Language of the New Testament," we find it most suggestive. Paul, it is now known, dictated his letters, and, with experience of modern times to guide us, presumably the scribe was not perfect. We have the treasures of the Epistles and Gospels, says the critic, "in earthen vessels, that the praise may be not of men, but of God." The New Testament of the Authorised Version, "because it belonged to a good time of English and a bad time of Greek, formed a singular instance of a translation being better and more literary than its original." From the bad schoolboy Greek of the Apocalypse to the cultivated Greek of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Mr. Courtney "places" each book, and the process is extremely interesting. After these essays comes the New Testament chronologically arranged, as nearly as research can manage it. The Gospel of Mark, which has come down to us in a mutilated form, begins the third portion of the book, then follow Matthew, Luke and the Acts; of the latter, Mr. Courtney says: "Let us accept Luke, the physician, as the author without further qualms, and believe that the book as it stands is an unity." We congratulate Mr. Courtney on his devoted labours, and there is no question that his reward will be great in the appreciation of all thoughtful readers.

The Theatre

WITH the coming of a more complete understanding in regard to the European situation, the London theatres have been seriously affected. The once popular policy of business as usual is drawing to an end, the most débonnaire of playgoers feels the icy hand of circumstance.

Many of the most promising productions of the last few weeks are now being withdrawn, but melodramas such as "Gamblers All," with some of the light musical pieces and such revues as that by Mr. Grattan at the Ambassadors, and the newly-treated "Passing Show" at the Palace, are delightful to the many army men on leave who still enjoy the stage with their friends.

All those who have followed the theatrical fortunes of Miss Wish Wynne at the music-halls or in the more regular theatres, must have foreseen that her accomplishments and her artistic resources would be of incomparable value in the gay and irresponsible humours of a revue. Mr. Butt has lost both Miss Janis and Mr. Hallam. Yet, who is missed! Miss Wynne, Mr. Michaelis, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. Keys, and the rest are so admirably fitted by Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Carrick that the actors appear to be improvising for our amusement, and "The Passing Show," although different from its earlier forms, is more entertaining than ever and, we think, a more artistic and less elusive production.

Although the theatre of war is almost the only one in which the world is interested, still our stage is freely used for the benefit of those connected with the vast European struggle. Royalty and those leaders of society who are left in England have helped every one of these performances—with results that greatly encourage others. As theatre after theatre closes in the ordinary way of business more and more entertainments are given in aid of charities. Sir Herbert Tree is closing His Majesty's in a week or so, but has already planned many productions in the interests of soldiers, and many other managers are turning their minds to the same sort of schemes. Thus the army, which has done so much for the stage in times of peace, seems likely to receive no little support from the theatres now that horrific wars enchain most of Europe.

EGAN MEW.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORDBOOKS, FROM THE YEAR 1690.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The British Museum possesses a book of 30 pages called: "Rare and Excellent Receipts. Experienc'd and Taught By Mrs. *Mary Tillinghast*. And now Printed for the Use of her Scholars only. *LONDON*, Printed in the Year, 1690." It has also an edition of 1678. From the second edition, presumably the less carelessly produced, one gets:

Page 2. *This Paste is good for Custards, and all Coffins, Feathers, and Esses.* ("Feather" is known as a confectioners term.)

P. 9 . . .; then lay a lair of Butter at the bottom, and lay on the Meat; then lay on some Suckets of Lettice, and Suckets of Lemon, . . . p. 12. . . . some Suckets of Lettice, and some Suckets of Lemons, . . . p. 16. . . . Suckets of Lettice, Suckets of Lemon, (apparently a variety of "socket" meaning *slice*.)

15. How to make a Lombard = Pie. . . . , a little Cinamon, and a little Salt, no more Salt then will take away the flashiness, and make it relishable;

16. . . . Candied Orange and Cittron Peal, Ringua Roots; (probably a corruption of *ringo* = *eryngo*, i.e.

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"the candied root of the Sea Holly.") How to make a Caudle for a Lombard Pie.

18. . . . : *if you please, you may put in as many Raisins of the Sun. This Pie will ask two hours baking.* (She means sun-dried grapes.)

22. How to make Chewits to set all round it. Make them of Lombard-Meat, put Marrow a top of it: when they be bak'd, liquor them with the same Caudle, as you make for a Lombard-Pie, but put no sweet Meats in your Chewits, only season your Marrow with Cinamon, Nutmeg, and Sugar. XXXII. How to make a Leer for the Batalia = Pie. (*Chewits* and *Lombard-Meat* seem to mean "mincemeat"; *Leer* the same as *lair* or "layer." *Batalia* perhaps refers to the great Abbey of Batalha in Portugal.)

23. How to make a Chadron Pie. Take a Calves-Chadron, and parboile it; (a variety of *chaudron* = *chawdon,* i.e. entrails.)

24. . . . : Then fill your Coffins with it, they being first dry'd in the Oven. (This means receptacles made of pastry.)

29. . . . ; lay on the Rabbets a good deal of pict'd Parsley; (recognised in the Dictionary as a variety of "picked"; but not illustrated by quotations.)

May these notes be useful to wordbookers, and other scholars also!

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Oxford, June 18, 1915.

SPELLING REFORM—IN WAR TIME.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As one who is at all times interested in literary matters, I do not blame you for opening your columns to the outpourings of Spelling Reform enthusiasts, but I do find it interesting to note how completely the man with a fad can expand it, like an unfolding screen, and hide from himself the realities of life. I fully expect your enthusiastic Simplified Spellers to assert, very soon, that if only the European nations had adopted their plans the present war could not have happened; the only improbability about this expectation of mine being that they seem quite unconscious of battle, murder and sudden death. War? What matters such a trifle? Let Hetton-le-Hole flourish, let Great Russell Street glow, with the Splendid Simplified Spelling ideals! Let us be true to these to the very last; let us comfort the sufferers with a pamphlet, distribute our leaflets in the trenches, teach a misguided world how to spell. Not for the brave Spellers is the thunder of the guns, the martial music, the rush of the transport-wagon; armed with dictionaries, they fight their dusty, futile little scrimmages at home and publish to a world of men their news of bloodless victories.

I have a suggestion to make. According to these reformers of our speech, their numbers are growing. Among them must be many healthy, able men with plenty of spare time—free to be of service to their country. If they will only band together and offer themselves to Lord Kitchener, I am sure he will allow them to retain their individuality by wearing the magic letters "S.S.B" on their shoulder-straps—"Simplified Spelling Battalion"—and doubtless some of their lady friends will weave for them a silken banner with a motto in their own beautiful language. Then, as they marched through the streets, we might begin to lose some of our dislike for these little pipers from Hetton-le-Hole and Great Russell Street. And as for Miss Christina Just well, sir, *is* Christina Just? I am, yours faithfully,

Kensington, June 30. RIFLEMAN.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The "etymological argument," so often advanced against spelling reform, is like the Austrian army, easily annihilated, but, like the same institution, it possesses marvellous powers of recuperation. After repeated attacks, you find that it is scotched, not killed. Where so many efforts have failed, I can hardly hope that mine will be successful. Professor Skeat, in his "Principles of Etymology," has exposed the hollowness of this argument with the patience of the true scholar and with a wealth of knowledge possible only after years of etymological research. Professor Lounsbury, in his "English Spelling and Spelling Reform," has achieved the same result by virtue of scholarship, allied to a certain urbane and sunshiny humour, delightful alike to scholar and sciolist. Alas! it is easier, as Bolingbroke said, to get a new idea into a virgin mind than to replace an erroneous conception by a correct one. Despite their work and that of their disciples, the ancient error still prevails. There is, according to its victims, a mystic joy in discovering the source of a word through its spelling. It may be that the spelling, originated by some blundering printer or misinformed mediæval reformer, sets you on a false trail. Nevertheless your delight is presumably unimpaired. I have never yet found a defender of "etymological spelling" who would ride his hobby with anything approaching consistency. Would Mr. Davis, who mounts this erratic steed so boldly, consent to part with the unetymological "k" in "back," "quick," "sick"? (written "bac," "cwic," "seoc," in that fine, strong and phonetically written Anglo-Saxon tongue, of which I am no less proud than he). If I, in the interests of etymology, repress my desire to write "fonetic" for "phonetic," will he for a similar reason substitute "phrenzy" for "frenzy"? Will he testify to the fatuity of spelling the same root "ceed" in "proceed" and "cede" in "precede"?

The truth is that the etymological argument is an exceedingly dangerous one to handle. If you are to be consistent, you commit yourself to some most awkward spellings. Take the present spelling of the word "head." Mr. Davis would not, I imagine, like to see it spelt as I should spell it—"hed." Yet his spelling is no more etymological than mine, and it is certainly much less sensible. "Heafod," "heved," "heed," "hed"—these all represent stages in the history of "head." It can hardly be shown that the conventional spelling gives any adequate picture of its history. The same holds true with regard to the spellings of nearly all the Anglo-Saxon words in our vocabulary.

There are one or two comparatively safe positions for the champions of conventional spelling. You can say that whatever is, is right, that those who are happy in the frying-pan should avoid the fire, that it is unwise to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow. These moss-grown maxims may command popular attention; it is hardly likely that they will claim it sufficiently to do any harm. But unless you wish to have the testimony of modern etymological research against you, avoid championing the "etymological argument." My defence of spelling reform is necessarily somewhat fragmentary within the limits of a letter, but I shall be happy to send literature free to any reader interested. A postcard to

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the "Secretary, Simplified Spelling Society, 44, Great Russell Street., W.C.,"' will be sufficient. Yours, etc.,

CHRISTINA JUST, Secretary.

Simplified Spelling Society,
44, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.
June 22, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Morals in Evolution. By L. T. Hobhouse. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Meeting of the Spheres, or Letters from Doctor Coulter. Edited by C. G. Herbine. (Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)

An Open Letter to the Nation with Regard to a Peace Plan. By James Howard Kehler. (New York: M. Kennerley.)

The Pilgrim Road. By W. B. Fitzgerald. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

Our British Snails. By Rev. Canon Horsley. (S.P.C.K. 1s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

The Literary Man's New Testament. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

Lena Hale. By C. M. Theobald. (G. Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

The Barbarians. By James Blyth. (John Long. 6s.)

The Mormon Lion. By David Ford. (John Long. 6s.)

Miss O'Corra, M.F.H. By Miriam Alexander. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

The Valley of Fear. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Love and the Freemason. By Guy Thorne. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The Wife Who Found Out. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The Persistent Lovers. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Signal, and Other Stories. By W. M. Garshin. Translated from the Russian by Captain R. Smith. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Love in War Time. By Ambrose Pratt. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

Follow After. By Gertrude Page. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

Honour in Pawn. By H. Maxwell. (John Long. 6s.)

The Heart of Joanna. By R. A. Hamblin. (John Long. 6s.)

Black Is White. By G. B. McCutcheon. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

Treasure of Tempest. By Shaun Malory. (Everett and Co. 6s.)

The Harbor. By E. Poole. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

The Roll of Honour. By E. Close. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

The Prussian Terror. By Alexandre Dumas. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Sally on the Rocks. By W. Boggs. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

The Path of Life. By Stijn Streuvels. (G. Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

His Father's Wife. By J. E. Patterson. (G. Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

The Human Octopus. By J. de la Val. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. net.)

The Nazarene. By W. J. Saunders. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

The Imperial Malefactor. By Winifred Graham. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

Rank and Riches. By A. Marshall. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Rose-Coloured Room. By Maude Little. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

It's an Ill Wind. By Douglas Goldring. (G. Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

School for Lovers. By E. B. de Rendon. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

Two Who Declined. By H. Tremaine. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Oliver. By B. Paul Neuman. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

War Poems and Other Translations. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

Song in the Night: A Little Anthology of Love and Death. Chosen and Arranged by Mary Warwick. Illustrated. (Alex. Moring. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sonnets of the Empire. By Archibald T. Strong. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. net.)

1914, and Other Poems. By R. Brooke. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s 6d. net.)

Escapes and Escapades. By H. Savage. (Pomegranate Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Fortnightly; Cornhill; American Historical Review; Nineteenth Century; Statesman's Year Book.

Messrs. J. M. Dent are issuing "Prophets, Priests and Kings," by A. G. Gardner, in their "Wayfarers' Library." This new edition completes 40,000 copies.

Mr. Arthur Waugh contributes a short introduction to a new book of poems by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, which Mr. Erskine MacDonald is to publish under the title of "The Further Goal."

Messrs. George Allen and Unwin are about to issue a new edition of three books by Mr. J. C. Squire. One is a volume of poems, "The Three Hills," and the other two are collections of parodies, "Steps to Parnassus" and "Imaginary Speeches." The latter, a burlesque of Mr. Lloyd George and others, was a great success when it was first published in 1912.

The "Poetry Review" for July contains an important and optimistic statement by the editor, Mr. Stephen Phillips, on "The Influence of the War on Poetry."

Mr. Taunton Williams' articles on Royal Auction Bridge which appeared in THE ACADEMY, are being revised and added to, and will be issued as a 2s. book by Messrs. McBride, Nast and Co.

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Notes of the Week

Progress and Prospects

THE Kaiser is said to have promised his people that the war will be over by October. No doubt there is truth in the report that Germany dreads the prospect of another winter campaign. Her dread accounts for the determination to make one more violent effort to reach Calais. All movements in Belgium suggest that the tactics adopted on the East are to be tried on the West, though how that is to be done without giving Russia the opportunity of a new offensive none outside Germany can see. Russia, indeed, seems already to have turned on her assailants. Some of the German papers which venture to discuss possible peace terms are taking a more modest view of Germany's intentions. They have, however, not yet got rid of the idea that peace rests with Germany. Another costly thrust for Calais may assist their ruminations. Events in the Gallipoli Peninsula may also before long be helpful. The Allies have had a tough task against Turkish fanaticism and German organisation, but their progress has been substantial in most difficult conditions. Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch published this week on the landing and initial fighting will stir the sentiments and fire the imagination of every man in the British Empire. Amphibious operations have made the Empire what it is, and no more remarkable example of daring and resource by the Army and Navy is to be found in Britain's Imperial history.

Lord Haldane's Indiscretion?

At a time when parties have sunk their differences it would be peculiarly unfortunate if individuals were to embark on personal recriminations. Lord Haldane's speech this week has brought him into sharp conflict with his late colleague, Mr. Lloyd George. According to Lord Haldane the Cabinet of which he was a member were fully informed last autumn of the shortage in munitions, and after consultation with General von Donop took the necessary steps to place orders so that the supply should be more than ample. The whole scheme, he suggests, was defeated by the difficulties with Labour, which confounded both the Cabinet and the manufacturer. Mr. Lloyd George instantly took the exceptional step of issuing a statement which describes Lord Haldane's version of what took place at the Cabinet Committee meeting, as incomplete and in material respects inaccurate. He hopes that he will not be driven just now into going more fully into the matter, and reads Lord Haldane a sharp little lecture on the unwisdom of partial and unauthorised disclosures. The incident piques a curiosity which were better not roused at this moment. Truth will out one day, and meanwhile the interests of the nation will not be served by any effort to cover up or excuse the sins of omission or commission on the part of the late Cabinet.

Mr. Redmond's Good Story

That was a delightful story told by Mr. John Redmond in Dublin, the other night, of how the offer of a place in the Cabinet came to him. It was addressed "care of Dublin Castle," and a young Englishman undertook its delivery. He seems to have gone half over Ireland before running Mr. Redmond to earth at two o'clock one morning. When at last he found the Irish leader he did so with the assistance of a policeman. Together they knocked at Mr. Redmond's door, and after some time it was opened by his cook. The messenger said he had come from Dublin Castle and wanted Mr. John Redmond, and the cook, with a lively recollection of other times, putting two and two together, promptly jumped to the conclusion that the policeman and the messenger could have but one object. She assured them that there was no such person as John Redmond in the house, and slammed the door in their faces. Ultimately a friend went to the rescue, and the offer was duly made and declined. The story of the faithful but not too truthful cook serves as an equally amusing and eloquent reminder of the worlds we have been carried away from the old order of things.

President Diaz and his Life-work

The clamour of conflict so near home has overpowered many events which at other times would have demanded public attention, but the death of Porfirio Diaz, eight times President of the Mexican Republic, at the age of 85, recalls memories of a remarkable career. When he first took charge of affairs in that troublous country it was in a state of simple chaos; brigandage prevailed, the advances of commerce from France and England were discouraged, and revolution was the daily fare. From 1884, when he took office for the second time, to 1910, his last term, law, order, education, and railway and steamship communication made most effective progress; the Mexican and United States Governments worked together; brigands became policemen, and prospects seemed bright. From his retirement in 1911, Mexico has lapsed once more into a state of discontent and revolt. The whole history of Diaz' twenty-five years of hard work shows how strong can be the influence of one wise, determined personality for good. He found confusion; he achieved success by fine administration; retired, and confusion reigned at once. Through his labours, however, Mexico's possibilities of development have become widely known, and in years to come the name of President Diaz will stand as one who did much to bring his land peace and prosperity.

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A Northern Minstrel

BY D. C. PARKER

"DARK and true and tender is the North"; so wrote the poet. The student is often confronted with the darkness of it before the truth and tenderness have been revealed to him. And so he turns away without having wrested its secret or fallen a victim to its charms. Ibsen, the silent genius of Norway, seems merely a forbidding critic of society until you have soaked yourself in his works. It is only after you have done this that the true greatness of the man is apparent to you.

It is because we harbour in our minds a picture of the North which is bleak and comfortless that we persuade ourselves that these latitudes must be barren of art. The scholars and philosophers, poets and minstrels of the laughing and volatile South—what have the wind-swept, snow-covered lands to set against them? Here, we say, is a part of the earth where Nature is remorseless to man and beast, where, surely, only a race of supermen could survive. We therefore hasten to those happy countries in which Mother Earth woos us in many colours and surrounds us with her countless fascinations. It cannot be denied that the productions of men in whom the long night of the winter seems to breed the habit of introspection lack the charm of those born amid smiling skies and endless blossomings. But they have a character which is peculiar to them, and it is only when you know the culture of the Northern races that you can really understand the South. A true valuation of things is based upon comparison, and we are in a position to compare two objects only when we have a knowledge of each. The steppes have a poetry of their own; mysterious mists enshroud the fjords; the hills are dark and gloomy. And the meditative Northerner has peopled them with the objects of his imagination. In the lakes which lie hidden in the depths of the Russian forest dwells the water-sprite who disports herself by moonlight. The dwarfish troll terrifies the Norwegian child. Among the mountains live the giants, forging their mighty swords far from the haunts of men. Who shall say that these sturdy races, to whom we owe the sagas and the Kalevala, have not a history that is worth knowing, that these sailors upon the surging foam have not songs worth singing and stories good to hear? When we have penetrated the darkness which for so long surrounds them, we are arrested by the truth and tenderness of which the poet spoke.

I have made this preamble because we are accustomed to think that Berlin and Rome are somewhere near the ends of the musical universe. But the enterprising traveller tells us of a country where forest and flood, lake and mountain delight the eye. It is inhabited by a well-educated race in whom the love of culture amounts to a passion. The most prominent composer which these people, the Finns, have given to the world is Sibelius. He is known everywhere as the writer of "Finlandia," which, being concise, impressive, heroic, and tender, is all that a patriotic tone-poem should be. It has the sincerity of the "Marseillaise," and, in addition, good musical qualities. So it is popular both with the public and the pundits. It would not be altogether untrue to say that Sibelius has suffered from the vogue of "Finlandia." Another tone-poem, "En Saga," is fairly well known. But his masterpiece has satisfied the many who have no curiosity. Instead of asking for other examples, they have shouted "Encore!" Still, the composer should console himself with the thought that his fame with the public is based upon his best work. Of few can this be said. To be known as the Handel of the "Largo" or the Schumann of the "Träumerei" is, indeed, a tragedy.

You can best realise in what relation Sibelius stands to his country by indulging in a little historical retrospection. Musical activity in Finland practically began in the time of Pacius, a Hamburger by birth. He is remembered as the composer of "Vort Land," a piece to which Mr. Edmund Gosse refers in his study of Runeberg. Following upon the work of Pacius came the missionary efforts of Wegelius and Kajanus. Then the student encounters the names of Merikanto, Palmgren, and Järnefelt. A poem by the last-mentioned, "Korsholm," was performed by Sir Henry Wood in 1902. But however much we are attracted by these musicians, we cannot repress the feeling that in Sibelius is epitomised the accumulated musical feeling of his race. If not exactly prolific in the sense that Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns are, he has, nevertheless, been active with his pen. There is a violin concerto, about the merits of which critics are divided. More than once he has expressed himself in the symphony, and in each case has put much of the personal into his music. (The fourth example has been quoted in a modern harmony book to adorn a tale.) Mention must also be made of the incidental music for "Kuoleina" and "King Christian II," of "The Swan of Tuonela," the suites "Karelia" and "Pelleas et Mélisande," the tone-poem "En Saga," and the songs, which, always full of emotional expressiveness, have, in many cases, an unusual harmonic interest—as in the well-known "Black Roses."

These compositions are not all of equal value. But Sibelius's feeling for harmony is very generally apparent, and he follows his course more or less heedless of what others say and do. You do not feel that he has very much in common with the modern Germans. On the other hand, his methods are not those of the French impressionists, nor yet of the young Russians. Even in such a slight thing as the "Valse lente" there is something individual. When he is at his best, the craving for articulation is prominent. In "Finlandia," for example, he speaks with tongue aflame. English composers are at present much occupied with the subject of Russian music, of which, until recently, they knew far too little, and, no doubt, the work of the Finns, which forms an appropriate extension to it, will be given that measure of attention which is its due.

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Laon

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

THE astonishing situation of Laon—now once more in the hands of enemies and the scene of historic happenings—is enough, in itself, to account for the military importance of the city throughout the centuries. It stands on a flat-topped hill rising abruptly out of the plain, and dominates the countryside for miles round. So sharply does it rise from the lowlands that the hill looks as though it might almost have been made artificially, by some race of giants.

The bishopric of Laon was founded as early as 497 by St. Remi, and its bishops soon became personages of great importance. Their power was threatened, however, by the later Carolingian kings who made the place their capital and built a palace there. The history of Laon as a fortified town begins in the sixteenth century, when it was made a first-class fortress for those days. In more recent times, during the campaigns which ended Napoelon's career, it surrendered to the Allies on February 12, 1814. In the following month Blücher made it his base against Napoleon, who, after the engagement known as the "battle of Laon," retired on Soissons. An attempt was made to reform the French army at Laon after Waterloo, and the fortress withstood a siege from July 18 to August 10, 1815. In the war of 1870 Laon again played an important part and was the scene of a curious and melancholy incident. On September 9, 1870, after the terms of capitulation had been signed, when the Prussians were about to enter the citadel, an engineer sacrificed his life in an heroic but ill-conceived attempt to blow up the invaders by setting fire to the powder magazine. Unfortunately, of the 500 victims, there were more Frenchmen than Germans.

The plateau on which the town itself is built forms two sides of an equilateral triangle. Of the two extremities, that on the east is occupied by the citadel behind which is the cathedral, that on the south by the Parish of Crenettes and the ancient Abbey of St. Vincent. At the apex of the triangle, to the north-west, the plateau grows broader and bears on it the principal buildings in the town, which are comprised in the Parish of St. Martin. The opening of the triangle, looking towards the south-east, forms a deep depression called the *Cave Saint Vincent*, which is highly cultivated and divided into market gardens.

The city of Laon to-day (or, rather, yesterday) seemed wrapped in a profound slumber, a slumber only broken by the sound of the horses' hoofs, dragging "flies" full of English school-marms and other tourists from the station, a mile below. The population of the town has for years past tended to decrease. The place lives in the past; has turned its back on Progress. Its narrow streets, with their beautiful mediæval stone houses, seemed, less than a year ago, to radiate a profound peace. A delicious day of repose, freshened by the gentlest of breezes and warmed by the most delicious sunlight, was offered by Laon on a June morning, as the delighted traveller emerged from his inn. Cats slept contentedly in sheltered and sunny corners—and all the inhabitants seemed either very old or very young. The school-marms and others attracted by the "sights" seemed to be the only link with the life of to-day which the place possessed.

These "sights" were, to me, a little disappointing. The world-famed cathedral—as light inside as an artist's studio, and restored to such a point that almost every trace of age had disappeared from its interior—struck me as being cold and repellent—a paradise for the architect's apprentice and for unintelligent readers of the now accursed red handbooks.

To me the less "important" beauties of Laon were the most attractive. The shady walk round the hilltop outside the old rampart; the grass-grown dell where Napoleon's soldiers watered their horses; the ancient city gates, the Porte d'Ardon, the Porte des Chenizelles and the half-ruined Porte de Soissons; the Bishop's Palace (now Palais de Justice); the Church of St. Martin and the curious sixteenth-century houses with pointed gables, in the Rue St. Martin—all these were delights to come upon and treasures to remember. And who that has seen it will ever forget the weird moonlight of Laon! The white pathway of light down the narrow streets; the deep shadows; the black outlines of the roofs; the unearthly stillness of the little country town that goes to bed very early—all this comes back to me when I think of moonlight nights at Laon, and try to imagine the heavy-footed German soldiery tramping to and fro in its clean, prim little streets. How well do I remember the tiny "Café de Paris," whose yellow light used to mingle with the white glare of the moon and in whose penetralia sleepy shopkeepers played billiards and drank their bocks! Now, no doubt, the patron shiveringly obeys the orders of intolerant Teuton officers, unless, like so many other innocent civilians—leaders of quiet lives in the quiet and sunny towns of France—he has met his death before a firing party outside the city gates. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death! When I remember how warm the sunshine was on the old walls of Laon last June, the breathless moonlight nights, the heavy scent of the flowers, the intense stillness, it seems as though I were in the midst of some dreadful nightmare which refuses to come to an end.

On Fear

ONE of the unanswered riddles of humanity is why fear—a perfectly natural and reasonable instinct, one of Nature's weapon's for furthering the perfection of every species—should always rank in men's esteem among the most craven, deadly, and dishonourable vices. No man can be branded with a more opprobrious epithet than that of coward; there is no weakness to which men will not more willingly confess than that of fear.

Another curious phenomenon is the superlative value

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we place on the possession of physical bravery. There are many who will resort to any artifice to cover the fact that they are afraid of pain, of danger, or physical discomfort and unpleasantness, who take no trouble whatever to conceal their moral cowardice from the eyes of all the world.

From time immemorial this disproportionate and unreal value has been placed upon bravery; it has been celebrated in all the ages of which we have any record by chant and ode, in legends and sagas innumerable. Most of these have been founded on the adventures of some "hero," celebrated for his picturesque recklessness, his triumph over pain and weariness and obstacles of every description, his strength, his power to slay the dragon and rescue beauty in distress, to battle with storm or with beasts as dangerous and untameable; but notwithstanding our admiration of this splendid physical prowess many of us can remember our private and youthful wonder on first reading the tale, that the hero, gorgeous in strength and shining armour, should stoop to deeds which we, with our unformed moral code, distinctly recognised as those of an outsider. It was impossible to reconcile a David or Ulysses, a Lancelot or an Anthony with our conception of the real hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*. It formed an early problem, one of the first refusals to accept the spirit of compromise on which the judgments of maturity are too largely founded. Recently it has been the fashion to whitewash these dark streaks in the characters of the famous; to find excuses, palliations on the score of race and tradition and environment, or of a grandeur which raises their vices above the level of the virtues of the common herd; nevertheless, behind the whitewash the unheroic stains remain dark and immoveable.

However, they were rarely those of physical cowardice. Fear, the dread of pain, of solitude, of hardship to body, of hunger and cold, appears to be one of the penalties attached to the refinements of a luxurious civilisation. To banish it, men have filled their lives with softness, with luxurious trivialites, with excitements that leave no room for the sensation of loneliness, with anæsthetics that dull the approach of pain, with a thousand diversions that drive away the possibility of the intrusion of the grisly phantom lurking in the background. But beneath all the artificiality of these elaborate precautions its presence was always felt—it looked into haunted eyes, it reared itself in the midst of the most gilded and glittering assemblies; it supplied that note of tragedy in the music and the literature of the last days of the time of gaiety before the war, with which we were all familiar. Sometimes men asked themselves, or in moments of intimacy their chosen friends, what was this note which permeated everything, to which they could give no name. Since they have been face to face with tragedy, with the reality which has swept away all vain pretences, they have recognised it for what it was. It was the note of Fear—fear of the unknown.

Men thought that these things—hunger, pain, and the like, were terrible. In their ignorance they feared them and filled their lives with antidotes, how successfully they alone know. The war brought them face to face with all that they had dreaded; cold and hunger, pain and danger, and the constant proximity of death. In their presence the phantom fled. These things were realities, could be fought and grappled with and overcome. They learned the truth that it is only the unknown which can inspire the sensation of fear. Men who have been under fire, in the trenches, or in the open, with shells falling all around, them and men stricken on all sides, will tell you that they had no fear as long as they could fight and bear their part in the struggle. But when wounded, lying powerless and helpless on the field, the enemy descended on them, fear of the unknown, of German brutality, of the long hours of waiting torture, of what fate had in store for them, has wrung groans from hearts that no pain could influence; each sound, each movement contained a menace for which they had no name, no reason, but which was full of unutterable horror, and for which there was no relief but merciful unconsciousness or removal into the zone of peace and safety.

This is a parable of life. The spirit which is whole has no room for the suffering of fear. It can meet life and do battle with it cheerfully; work and friendship and the daily round of events fill it to the exclusion of all phantoms; it is a joy to overcome obstacles, to right mistakes and to endure hardships in the hope of better days to come. But the spirit which is wounded, with love betrayed and self-respect broken, which has been pierced by the cruel darts of evil fortune, is in another case. To it all things are full of the possibility of an unknown terror. It is dragged down from the kingdom of light into a place of great darkness, where horror and despair crouch, prepared to spring, and in which there is no ray of light.

That is why men dread Fear. It paralyses all the virtues. It is the only form of suffering in which no good is hidden. Unconquered, it is the precursor of the death of the soul. Judas knew fear, and went and hanged himself. No coward has a place in the kingdom of heaven. Sorrow is ennobling—it is often the gateway to blessed visions; it is the passport to sympathy, it gives and receives that most healing virtue: fear is a corroding instinct, suffering alone and in darkness.

Loss is painful, it requires a readjustment of the perspective of life, but it is purifying; like pain, it is a beneficent arrangement of Nature whereby greater harm is averted; it purges the dross of selfishness, of the canker which attaches to great possessions divorced from the ideal. Fear contains greater pain than all of these and is without their compensations. For they, and they alone, are the weapons by which the phantom is conquered. By their aid we learn that it is a trick of the devil, a disorder of the sick imagination, a stage dragon to be trampled under foot; that outside ourselves it has no existence.

To the little child darkness has a corporate existence; it is not that which we know it to be, the absence

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of light. When afraid he will exclaim—"Let out the darkness." The man who is afraid reverses truth, and can only cast out the phantom by flooding the corners of his spirit with that light which is in reality within him, ready to drive out and make non-existent the darkness that he fears.

The Great Folk-Poem of the Finns

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

IN the imagination of other European peoples Finland has ever been a land of mystery. It lay near the borders of the known world, at the gates of the great silence; it was in this spot, according to the old Norse myth-makers, that the land of immortality might be found. It became associated with ideas of witchcraft and dark magic. In the belief of early sailors Finns were the wizards of the seaboard; they could sell a serviceable wind at any time, or maliciously pursue an ill-fated vessel with baffling hurricanes. Seamen did not like to sail with a Finn as comrade; they feared disaster. The Finn was the ship's Jonah. In the fitness of things the Flying Dutchman should have been a Finn. Somehow the Finns seem to be a race apart; certainly they are not Slavs. They have regarded themselves as Magyars, but are probably in error; it is more likely that they are akin to the Eskimo and other Arctic tribes, a survival of the primitive race that was driven northwards by successive waves of Celts, Teutons, and Slavs. Neolithic man in Britain seems to have belonged to this race. Be that as it may, a Finn is not a Russian and he is not a German; he has his own traditional antecedents and his own historic literature. In the past he would rather have been considered a Swede than a Russian; about a century ago he had almost come to believe himself Swedish.

Sweden had conquered Finland as far back as the twelfth century, and it was then that Christianity was introduced. The country was a constant source of trouble between Russia and Sweden until 1809, when it was finally ceded to the Muscovites. Situated as they are, the Finns were fated to fall under the domination of one or other of their more powerful neighbours; natural conditions opposed their independence; the best they could ever hope for was some measure of autonomy or home rule. Under Sweden, who fought hard and long to retain possession, the domination had not been severe: the Swedes had not oppressed or meddled greatly with the Finns, and their rule was not much resented. The Finns liked to live in peace; they were content to be a happy people that has no history. National feeling was actually dying of inanition, when the Russian occupation came to arouse and fire it. At first Russia followed on the lines of Sweden's easy rule, and left the people at least the semblance of being self-governing. But the annexation had stirred the Finnish imagination, and caused a revival of interest in folk literature. When a people is conquered or down-trodden, it flies back to the sources of its patriotism; old ballads and folk-tales win a new interest and become an inspiration; national spirit hastens to assert that arms and bondage cannot suppress it. Enquiries and researches were set on foot, the most successful and famous of the literary explorers being Dr. Lönnrot, professor at the University of Helsingfors. He first issued a collection of general folk-tales, and in 1835 his well-known version of the Kalevala. Though we must confess that he dealt too freely with his material, he did a useful work and deserves much gratitude. For it was he who reminded the modern world of the existence of Finland's old epic.

But the Kalevala is rather a collection of runes and folk-songs than an epic in the classic sense. Primitive peoples do not really write epics; the idea of any early bard setting himself down to produce an epic is quite a modern illusion. When we meet a long poem that claims to be ancient, we may generally assume that it consists of several shorter pieces linked together. This must originally have been the case with the Homeric poems. In some respects the Kalevala is more national, more truly popular, than the Iliad; it is less touched by outside influences, it represents a more primitive state of society, it contains less trace of culture. In some degree it is akin to the Saxon Beowulf, and to certain of the Norse sagas; and yet it appears quite uninfluenced by other folk-literatures. Something like it was in existence among the North American Indians, and was beautifully rendered for modern readers by Longfellow; in fact, the words that begin the Kalevala strongly remind us of the American poet's prelude to "Hiawatha." "These songs," says the Finnish singer, "were found by the wayside and gathered in the depth of the copses; blown from the branches of the forest and plucked among the plumes of the pine-trees. These lays came to me as I followed the flocks, in a land of honey-sweet meadows and of golden hills. The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea have talked and sung to me; the wild birds have taught me, and the music of many waters has been my master." We discover here a genuine strain of that nature-poetry which was so long absent from modern writings, and of which the Greeks knew comparatively little—a love of the wild and uncultivated, of nature apart from man, of loneliness and apparent desolation. This is the prevalent tone of the Kalevala. We must remember that it is not a Christian work; the poem or cluster of poems belongs to the mind of paganism. It mentions Christianity as a Greek might who bewailed that "Pan is dead." The title Kalevala means the "home of heroes." It begins by telling how Wainamoinen, a kind of Finnish Prometheus, was born in a time of savage chaos, and how he gave corn to man; and while the corn was ripening he sang. A boastful listener, enraged at the beautiful singing of this Northern Orpheus, challenges him to a trial of song; this man is the brother of the girl whom Wainamoinen loves. By magic he extorts from the

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brother a promise that he shall wed this girl, but the unwilling maiden escapes and is drowned, singing with her last breath, "Never may my sister come to bathe in the sea-tide, for the drops of the sea are drops of my blood." Torn with grief, the lover seeks everywhere his lost bride. Once he catches a strange fish, which leaves in his hand a tress of hair; the hair is hers. At last he goes to seek another bride at Pohjola, the "place of the world's end." Among adventures too many to mention he descends to Tuonela, the Finnish Hades; and when he returns he preaches to mankind about what he has witnessed there. It is possible that there may be a trace of Christian idea in this, fragments of which may have drifted to the Finns long before their actual conversion. The visit to Hades is itself an old myth found in almost all nations; but there is something like the note of early Christianity in some words of the poem: "They that pervert innocence, they that lead astray the pure in heart, shall be punished eternally in the depths of Tuoni. There is a place prepared for evil-doers, a bed of burning stones, fiery rocks, worms and serpents." Later, there is the description of a Finnish wedding, when Wainamoinen is married to the maiden of Pohjola. "Thy life was soft and gentle in thy father's house," sings the girl's mother; "milk and butter were ready to thy hand; thou wast as a flower of the field, as a strawberry of the wood; all care was left to the pines of the forest, all wailing to the winds in the barren woodland. But now thou goest to another home, to a strange mother."

The girl herself sings: "My thoughts are as a dark night of autumn, as a cloudy day of winter; my heart is sadder than the autumn day, more weary than the winter night." Even in translation, losing the rhythmic charm of the original, there is still beauty in these fragments—a solemn tone as of vast pine-forests and wide plains, of stark desolate winters and summers of fleet bewitching loveliness. This is no facile poetry of the study or the boudoir, no light lay of minstrel or troubadour; it is the free sincere utterance of one who has seen nature face to face in her naked realities, and has caught the echo of her voice. Traces of social life and culture are very few; the poem is concerned with the primitive necessities and passions of simply human life.

Labours as great as those of Hercules are among the exploits of Wainamoinen, one of which is the slaying of a wonderful bear. The singers who hymn this triumph do not forget to propitiate the dead beast; they delicately insinuate that the bear died by his own will. Touches like this reveal an earlier state of myth-making than the Greeks had attained in Homeric times; Homer's Greeks had got beyond beast-worship. It is only towards the end of the work that we find a definite reference to Christianity. In the last of the fifty Cantos there is a distorted suggestion of the Annunciation and the Nativity. It is the breaking in of a new light, something that shall completely transform the world, and the singer views the change with an undertone of melancholy. We are told of a maiden named Marjatta, "pure as the dew, holy as stars that live without stain." One day as she is feeding her sheep a berry falls into her bosom, and later she bears a child, having been cast out in shame by her people; the child is cradled in the manger of a stable. Feeling by some instinct that this child's coming boded the end of his own power, Wainamoinen played the part of Herod, and tried to kill him; but the babe conquered, and the old singer, magician, sage, had to give way before the dawn of a new era. "Times go by," he sang, "and suns shall rise and set, and then shall men have need of me, and shall look for the promise of my coming, that I may make a new *sampo* and a new harp, bringing back sunshine and moonlight and the joy that is banished from the world." This is the familiar note of paganism when confronted by Christian teaching—"the joy that is banished from the world," the old joy of life, the free desire and its gratification, the native unchecked impulse, the easy conscience before former habits were denounced as sins. The Christian conversion that was coming upon Finland was not a willing change to righteousness and love, not a personal regeneration, a voluntary denial of self-gratifyings; conversions did not come in that way after the first days of humility and brotherhood; it was a wholesale and outward conversion, ordered by kings and chieftains, in some cases almost as arbitrary as the manner in which Mohammed's faith was spread. Sometimes such transformations were brought about by a wave of sentiment and emotion, under the spell of some magnetic leader or preacher; but often it was merely a political transaction. An immense amount of superstition and myth survived, in part adopted by the priests of the new faith, in part denounced, but wholly intimate to the lives of the people and vibrating to their inner heart-strings. There are some such survivals still in country places—an observance of new moons and lucky days, omens from bird or beast, popular methods of divination or charms for disease, and a lurking terror of darkness. Centuries of totemism and witchcraft were not to be blotted out easily; Christianity had to destroy as well as to construct, and the process has not been completed. In many folk-songs we see the slow transition in its first stages, but there is very little of it in the Kalevala. That work is almost untouched by Hebraic culture; it belongs to the primitive folk-lore of northern Europe, and to a gentler paganism than that which has lately burst forth, a hideous reversion, to horrify the civilised world.

It is seventeen years since a volume of "Essays in Church Reform" was issued under the general editorship of the present Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Douglas Eyre has arranged with those of the original writers who still live to revise their contributions, and has caused new essays to be added; the revised version—priced at half-a-crown—will be issued this month by Mr. Murray under the title of "The Reform of the Church of England."

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REVIEWS

The Tsar and His People

Russia and Democracy. By G. DE WESSELITSKY. (London: Heinemann. 1s. net.)

THIS book appears with an excellent preface by Mr. Henry Cust, but for those who know something of Russian circles in England no note of introduction is necessary. We know Mr. de Wesselitsky not only as a successful publicist and a highly accomplished student of affairs, but as one of the best-informed men in Europe on Russian matters, whether domestic or international. His title is "Russia and Democracy"; his real theme is, however, the German canker in Russia. Germany has battened on Russia for the last two generations in a way which none who have not lived in Russia can possibly realise. The idea that Germany has lived in constant dread of the Slav power is a ludicrous pretence. Russia has been the victim, and if dread does exist in the German mind, then it is conscience making cowards even of Teuton supermen. Says Mr. Cust: "Two hundred years of tyranny, of suppression, of paralysis are being realised almost for the first time, and in that realisation are being swept away. Two long centuries of reaction, of intrigue, of exploitation, of perfidy, and of false sacrifice are going up in gunpowder along the banks of the San."

Mr. de Wesselitsky traces Russian history from the time of Peter the Great to the present day, and in Mr. Cust's opinion he is probably the most competent man living to write it. He has certainly packed a vast deal into fewer than 100 pages. It is an illuminating brochure, and, read in conjunction with Professor Wiener's recently published "Interpretation of the Russian People," will carry knowledge of the real Russia forward at a bound. We shall understand better than is possible from a dozen books by the casual visitor what are the forces at work which will make of Russia in the not distant future something approaching the greatest of democracies. The secret will be found in the perfect relations of the Tsar and the people, who have one aim in common—to get rid of the bureaucracy which to an extent not realised by most British students of things Russian is the creation of the German element and the curse of the country. Mr. de Wesselitsky says Russia may be called either a democratic monarchy or a monarchical democracy. In no other country is there so little aristocracy, as Mr. de Wesselitsky explains. The peasantry are the most important class, and are 90 per cent. of the population. They are fully alive to the fact that such rights and privileges as they enjoy are derived direct from the Sovereign. Those who stand between them and the Tsar are concerned only to keep them in a state of serfdom. To read this book is to acquire an insight into the character of Russia which will lend a new meaning to the Tsar's latest manifesto to his people. It will show why the Russian people and the Tsar are alike determined to have done with the German menace once and for all. "The sharp medicine of war is rapidly and thoroughly curing Russia of the German virus which for two centuries has poisoned the organism of that empire. The Russian democracy is at last coming to its own again. Its union with monarchy is indissolubly cemented and consecrated by the wise leadership of the great Slavic Tsar."

The wisdom and character of that leadership is seen not only in the war which is to be Russia's emancipation from an alien domination, but in the decree which emancipated her millions from the equally grave consequences of excessive vodka drinking. It is true the war, which had to come if Russia in the future was to be a free agent, found her unprepared. In the last few years Russia has been engaged in domestic reform to an extent not generally known. Mr. de Wesselitsky says she was surprised amidst momentous political, economic, and social reforms, and these will not lose but gain in importance if Russia is to do for herself all that she has hitherto done under the auspices of the German leaven. They who wonder whether the crushing of Germany in this war may not mean the beginning of a new career of adventure for Russia abroad fail to appreciate the great work which is awaiting her at home. The present war means for Russia the discovery of herself.

Essays in Translation

War Poems, and Other Translations. By LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE one thing essential to the translator, a thorough knowledge of the languages being understood, is sympathy. Without this gift, the most correct rendering of verse or prose from one tongue to another will seem lifeless, merely "clever," and a needless effort. Almost any advanced student of French, for example, could give the English equivalents for the verses of Verlaine's "Rain," phrase by phrase, and possibly could rhyme them well; but how far from any thrill would the reader be if the translator lacked the subtle sense, the delicacy, the self-transposition, which alone can spell success! No skill in the mechanics of language and grammar, no expert school knowledge, can compensate for the absence of these. "The translator," says Lord Curzon in his preface, "should remember that the work is not primarily his, but that of another man, of whose ideas he is merely the vehicle and interpreter; and, while endeavouring to convert them into the idiom and metrical form of another language, often with some loss, rarely with any gain, in the process, he should as far as possible subordinate himself to the conception and thought, and even defer, where possible, to the technique of the original writer."

The book before us is a delightful example, on almost every page, of how translation can appeal when undertaken in the right mood and with the right mental

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outlook. When, occasionally, Lord Curzon keeps with fidelity to the original, as in "Le Drapeau Belge" of M. Emile Cammaerts, he loses nothing—the first lines go "slap" into English:

Rouge pour le sang des soldats—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour les larmes des mères—
Noir, jaune et rouge—

and obviously the only thing to do was to avoid elaboration and let the rhyme go. It is quite extraordinary to note the close correspondence often possible between a poem and its partner. "Carillons de Flandres" runs beautifully into our common measure:

Sunday it is in Flanders,
And, blue as flax, the sky
O'er plain and windmill stretches
Its peaceful canopy.
The bells, high in the belfries,
Are singing, blithe and gay,
The overflowing gladness
Of coming holiday.

We hinted just now at a reservation, and it seems to us that the one failure in the book is the rendering of Francois Coppée's sonnet, "Ruines du Cœur." A difficult rhythm is chosen, and this is the sestet:

Long time, alone, I gazed on my disaster,
Many a sunless noontide, many a starless night
Passed, and I lived there days begirt with horror,
Till thou appearedst, white in the light.
Bravely then, to find a lodging for our two loves
Builded I my hut from the ruins of that site.

The sonnet does not go well into the metre of "Love in the Valley"—or something very near it—and we saw the same sonnet, set as a *Westminster Gazette* "Problem Page" competition, more musically and attractively rendered eight years ago.

From the Latin translations we select one gem, entitled aptly, "Crux Ferrea": "Affixus olim fur cruci; nunc crux furi"—which becomes:

In olden days they hanged the thief,
And on the cross he clung;
But now we've turned another leaf—
The cross on thieves is hung.

Among other interesting and occasionally inspiring pages in this rather novel volume are a part of Canto V from Dante's "Inferno," several Latin poems done into English, poems by Gray, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth ("Lucy"), Cowley, Hogg ("The Skylark") and Clough, translated into Latin, and Addison's well-known "Vision of Mirzah" adapted into verse—the latter an exercise, one would infer, only worth doing as the whim of a leisure hour or two. In addition, there are a few short renderings from the Greek. The whole effect is that of the finer, happier pleasures of the scholar, roaming through ancient and modern literature, selecting here and there a fancy that delights him and piques him into examining its possibilities by the touchstone of translation. The result may sometimes fail to satisfy completely, but it is always worth the trial, especially when essayed by one so competent and with such sound principles on the subject as the compiler and part-author of this charming collection.

Bonnie Devon

Through a Dartmoor Window. By BEATRICE CHASE. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

IT is a strange and pathetic thing that hundreds of people annually can visit Dartmoor and regard it as a bleak, barren waste—so little do they know. They drive across, alas! in wagonettes, or walk a few steps from the road at Postbridge to look at the old "clapper," and that is all they know of the Moor. They have never known the delights of a tramp from Ashburton, through Buckland, to Widecombe and then on to Princetown on a long, breezy, summer's day; never followed up the rivers until they become shy, tinkling streams half hidden among heather and bracken; never seen Bellever at twilight or Wistman's Wood at dawn. Still less have they lived on and with the great, mysterious Moor, or made the acquaintance of its men and women. To them Dartmoor is just a show-place, a series of brown or purple hills with a ribbon of road which they prefer to keep in sight; a lunch, perhaps, in the deadly modern annexe of the inn at Widecombe; and a drive home again to gas and bathrooms and electricity.

Not so is the Moor appreciated. Such folk may see Dartmeet with the bodily eye, but never will they see it with the spiritual eye. To know this fine, stern, beautiful western land needs a disposition which not many outside the bewitching county are fortunate enough to own. We are happy in recognising ungrudgingly that Miss Chase, herself of the North Country, is one of the charmed circle; she has lost her heart to bonnie Devon, and her books, whether her mood be grave or gay, thrill all who know the land and are tuned to her delicate key. We are far enough from the Moor at this moment—pent in London, with no heather or bracken in sight; but a long look through this "Dartmoor Window" has brought the people, the sound of the baby rivers, the cadence of the speech, the glory of the tors, the "back-along" days, straight to our hearts, and only grim circumstance holds us from rushing towards Paddington.

It is quite possible—even likely—that many people will not care a great deal for this book of impressions, humorous and true and lovable though it may be to the Devonian. They are perhaps not to be severely blamed. But we defy anyone to read some of its pages on such simple themes as the weather, the dogs and cats, the unique "Mr. Bluejacket," the confidential postman, and the day when everything "goes wrong," without lapsing into loud chuckles. Only on one point would we disagree—the statement that bulls are never at large on

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Dartmoor; for we have a poignant recollection of a hot midsummer afternoon at the remote end of Tavy Cleave, some years ago, when a particularly offensive bull forced us to eat our sandwiches perched on a hard boulder in mid-stream, awaiting his pleasure. From this experience, and others concerned with the missing of tracks when away from the road, we would draw the moral that it is always unwise to be without refreshment of some sort when exploring the Moor. To the writer of this book, and to the "Rainbow-Maker"—who must be a very charming lady indeed—we render hearty thanks for allowing us to halt so long at the bottom of that rough, steep hill (leading, shall we say, in the direction of Dartmeet?) before pulling up the opposite ascent into the noisy city-world again.

Town Planning

Modern City Planning and Maintenance. By FRANK KOESTER. (London: McBride Nast. 25s. net.)

NO book could well make a more timely appearance than this. Written before the war, as so elaborate a work must have been, it will inevitably be of a greater value than was ever anticipated after the war. In all countries where the health and the welfare of its citizens are a first consideration the future design and construction of towns are commanding more and more attention. The old haphazard if picturesque ways no longer suffice. Cities must be built to serve the ends of both hygiene and beauty, and the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association which came into existence six years ago is engaged on an educational work of revolutionary significance. In North-Eastern France, in Belgium and elsewhere new towns will have to rise on the ashes of the old, and much as we may regret, even mourn, all that has been lost, there will unquestionably be little attempt to restore. Expert guidance will be wanted in constructing something fresh, and such expert guidance we may get in ample measure from Mr. Koester. His book is, in the main, the outcome of years of practical professional study of the subject in both the United States of America and Germany. What he says of America is true of other countries: "This movement, the replanning of cities, has only begun to take shape in this country in the last few years, but already great progress has been made and plans of the most elaborate and magnificent character have been proposed." From Delhi to Letchworth, from Philadelphia to Berlin, the principles of the art of city planning have undergone vast changes recently, and this book is a reminder that, whatever else she may or may not have done, Germany had much to teach the world in regard to their application. Some have an idea that the town-planners would reduce all towns to a deadly uniformity. Mr. Koester shows how wide of the mark that view is: "The problem of every city is an individual problem and must be treated as such," and he urges the necessity for putting the execution of every scheme into thoroughly competent hands, not probably local hands. Architects, engineers and artists generally will find Mr. Koester both suggestive and informing. There are 160 admirable illustrations from photographs and sketch designs. The book should make an irresistible appeal to what he calls "the civic imagination," and it will certainly quicken the sense of civic duty in all who are concerned in the control of towns, either new or old.

Fiction

SOME novels make one wish that there were no rules as to the number of words to which a work of fiction should extend. "His Father's Wife" (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), is such a book. For quite half the story Mr. J. E. Patterson has made it interesting; farming life in East Anglia is presented in a manner which at once takes the reader "back to the land," but after each of the incidents—a chase by a bull, a picnic, a dance in a barn—usually connected with rural life, is described, there is not enough in the story to sustain an absorbing attention to the end. Aaron Rugwood is a prosperous farmer, at first slightly envied, and afterwards bitterly hated, by his less successful neighbours. He is a widower with one son, Roger, and Barbara, a fosterchild, who has been brought up to look upon Aaron as her natural guardian and Roger as her playmate and almost brother. Superstition is rife in this district. Aaron is many times cursed by his envious friends and told that the time will come when his flourishing acres will be laid waste and the name of Rugwood known no more in the land. The father is proud and ambitious; the son lacks his father's decision of character, and alternates in his choice of a career between sailor and farmer, much to Aaron's annoyance. Quarrels take place between them, not lessened by the fact that Roger, after his father has married

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Barbara, realises that had he not been a laggard in love, as in most other matters, he might have claimed his old playmate for himself. It is probably to emphasise the curse hanging over the land that, whenever a festival of any kind takes place, a scandal, a tragedy, or some unhappy event is certain to come to the board and make itself prominent before the close of the merrymaking. The author has not handled these happenings in a particularly convincing manner; they do not stalk in as the inevitable skeleton, but appear to be thrust there for effect. This does not add to the artistry of the story and makes the reading of it a little wearisome.

Mr. H. G. Wells as humorist pure and simple, with scarcely a thought of problems or lectures, has placed us in his debt with "Bealby" (Methuen, 6s.). Although we must say that there is nothing irresistible about the wit or wisdom of the story, it goes with a rollicking speed, and the adventures of poor Bealby, who in one week entered "service," assaulted a chancellor, ran away, became handy-boy to three caravanning ladies, went on tramp, and was the cause of many complications, are well enough described to amuse a leisurely hour or so. We find Mr. Wells's familiar tricks: the quaint spelling, the capital letters, the rows of dots, the little details of observation—especially of physical peculiarities—which bring some of his characters so vividly to life. His tramp has brief intermittent spasms of rabid socialism, but we are spared the usual pages of admonition. The book is one to be read in a mood of lazy appreciation, if possible out of doors when holiday-making.

During their existence most people, through courtesy, kindness of heart, or social politeness, have listened to a recital by uninteresting people given in an uninteresting manner. Those who vouchsafe the information have no intention of boring their listeners; but the fact remains that much more would be accomplished by the average *raconteurs* of trivialities if they would look around a little and talk or write of things that are really of account in life rather than of superficial happenings which can only be handled with any degree of success by an absolute master of style and diction. "Oliver," by B. Paul Neuman (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.), is an account of a man's career from an early age until his death many years afterwards in the presence of his young son. The tracing of a life's career seems to be becoming very popular with many writers, and it is strange how few handle the subject well. Sometimes one deals adequately with the early stages of the hero, while another writer seems more at home in touching upon his later years. Here, however, neither seems particularly to appeal to the author; for he goes so lightly over the canvas, touching the picture so slightly with his brush that ofttimes it is difficult to discern that any mark has been placed there at all. The best that can be said is that there is nothing objectionable in "Oliver," if the humour—which, when it appears, is pathetic—is excepted.

Shorter Notices

Men of the Hour

However sincerely we may protest that we are utterly tired of "war" books, the fact remains that a certain proportion of them interest us keenly, being well written by men who really have something to say. This is happily the case with Mr. A. G. Gardiner's new volume, entitled "The War Lords" (J. M. Dent, 1s.), which is, strictly speaking, a collection of essays on twenty of the personages who have been silhouetted on the screen of publicity by the lurid light of the last twelve months. He might, we think, have given the place of honour to anyone but the Kaiser—to French, Joffre, Jellicoe, or King Albert, for example; but, apart from this, the arrangement is good. The great military leaders, the naval and political heroes of the day, are treated in steady, illuminating phrases; the chapter on Lord Fisher is admirable, with its suggestions of the prolonged duel between him and von Tirpitz for supremacy of the fleet: "They have watched each other's moves for years, the one grimly and studiously, after the Prussian manner, the other with sardonic gaiety." The less-known monarchs and diplomatists—King Nicholas of Montenegro, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, M. Venizelos, King Gustav of Sweden—have each a section of criticism and explanation, and those who have influenced opinion, such as Bernhardi and Liebknecht, are not forgotten. This seems to us one of the most valuable little books on war affairs that has appeared, and its issue in the "Wayfarers' Library" is an excellent idea.

The Future Citizen

We have referred recently to several books dealing with educational matters, and especially with the treatment of the child. The work just written by M. L. V. Hughes, entitled "Citizens to Be" (Constable, 4s. 6d.), is a valuable addition to this specialised literature. The author discusses so many points in detail that we can only hint at the scope of the volume: Social Reform through Education, the curricula, Leisure, Humanism and the War—here are four chapter-headings which open a very wide view. The section on "Health" is particularly good. "The very low salary is an evil," says Mr. Hughes, "and the protest is just and right. But is it really a greater evil than the daily school environment of the teacher who, for instance, with a class of sixty, has to choose between a poisonous atmosphere and the roar of traffic coming in through open windows and rending him inaudible? In both cases the wrong is a personal one to the teacher, but the protest against the second is many times more justified and more urgent because it is also the direct wrong done to sixty." This is strong common sense, and the same note runs through the book. The subject of "Leisure," for example, leads to a page or two on the attractions of the picture-palace: "the educational criticism of the Cinema began after its anti-educational element had taken firm hold." Again, we note the fine common sense of the observation. This book, widely circulated among teachers, should do an immense amount of good. It has a keen preface by Professor J. H. Muirhead, M.A., LL.D.

Lord Esher has contributed a Preface to a little book by Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, which Mr. Murray will shortly publish, entitled "The Great Settlement." As its name implies, the volume treats of problems to be settled when the Great War is over.

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The Theatre

A Hundred Nights After

MOST critics, certainly ourselves, are generally wrong if they drop into the banal habit of stating that a play will be a success, or not, as the case may be. But there are some happy chances so obvious that everyone is tempted and falls. "Quinney's," at the Haymarket, is, of course, a case in point. We all knew, for once, that the public would like Mr. Vachell's play; its lively interpretation by Mr. Ainley, Miss Hemingway, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, Miss Malone, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, and Mr. Poulton on the first night showed that even in war time "Quinney's" would be an all-round success.

After a hundred performances the fun and character, the pathos and simple wit, are as fresh and convincing as ever. Each actor makes the utmost of his or her opportunities, and Mr. Vachell sees that there are plenty of stage effects ready to hand. The pleasure of the audience is a delight in itself. A dealer in antiques, whom we chance to know, and who had not seen Mr. Ainley before, spoke of the actor as being absolutely *the* man, and was charmed with him, not because the character was presented with a thousand skilful touches and cunning details, but because he believed him to be the dealer himself translated on to the stage. Art is so many-sided that there are hundreds of ways of enjoying it, and doubtless each member of the large audience at the Haymarket has his own method of appreciating the occasionally theatrical but always effective situations which follow each other so closely. Recently at the Palace Theatre we saw Miss Wish Wynne, Mr. Playfair, and the others, give the quaintest burlesque of the midnight love-making scene in the dealer's drawing-room. With all its fun and sub-acid satire it did nothing to destroy the pleasure of the original performance. Indeed, from one point of view it suggested that Miss Wynne and some of the actors at the Palace would play with excellent effect in the Haymarket piece; from another, that it was not quite fair to abuse Mr. Ainley's Yorkshire accent, which one recognises on re-hearing as perfectly true and easy.

It may be said, in fact, that "Quinney's" is one of the few modern plays that can be thoroughly enjoyed on a second visit. Both its artificiality and its art make it the most generally welcome entertainment to be found at present on the London stage.

EGAN MEW.

CORRESPONDENCE

DRINK, THE WAR AND THE WEATHER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In spite of the King's example, Lord Kitchener's warning and Mr. Lloyd George's sweeping assertions, it does not appear that the average soldier—or for that matter the ordinary civilian—intends to forgo his glass of ale or other intoxicating beverage it pleases him to imbibe. And looked at from a purely commonsense point of view there is something to be said for the tenacity with which a man, used for many years to take stimulating liquor, clings to the habit. Beef and beer are supposed by men of various shades of opinion to have been responsible for the greatness of England's sons in the past, and there is no reason to suppose that a cocoa-fed nation would in any way be likely to surpass in valour or intelligence the race that beef and beer have begotten.

Therefore, if it is conceded that beer in itself is not harmful, perhaps it is not amiss to see if any fault can be found with regard to its distribution, or more correctly with the manner in which, outside the home, it is taken. The last few days have been intensely hot. "Tommy" and his pals have been very, very thirsty and have had some spare time. They want to chat and they want a drink. There are tea-shops, say the ardent temperance "reformers." Yes, but the majority of tea-shops start the business of closing soon after seven and there may be two or three hours to spare between seven and the time at which all good citizens now feel that they ought to be indoors. Beyond picture palaces and theatres, what place is there left where friends can chatter over a friendly glass but the public-house? And, through no fault of the landlord, what is a public-house like during a heat wave like the present? A hot, stuffy place with very little fresh air, doors for the most part shut, and a general suggestion that customers while they drink must be hidden from view. Considering the intercourse Englishmen have had with the Continent, and particularly with France, whom most of us admire in many ways, it is astonishing that steps have not been taken to make our public-houses more places of real refreshment and less blazing gin palaces than they are at present. Why should they not have fronts that can be removed when the hot weather comes and small tables, even where space admits on the pavements themselves, where not only men, but their wives and children also could sit in the evening and enjoy a cup of coffee—if funds would run to it with liqueur—and a chat with mutual friends? What is to prevent the café system, so successful abroad, from working equally well in England? If drinking be wrong—and, of course, by drinking I mean what is usually described as "strong"—it is wrong whether indulged in behind closed doors or at a table in the open. If it is not wrong, then why not do it comfortably and in sight of others?

It must be a marvel to our Continental visitors, and also to ourselves, if we trouble at all to think about it, that one must listen to the strains of the very good music provided twice daily in Hyde Park with a dry and parched throat. Even the tea-house is placed at such a distance from the band that it is almost nearer to leave the Park and seek refreshment in Brompton Road than to walk the many yards between the band enclosure and the tea-house. Besides, nothing is obtainable here after dark.

In spite of bomb-dropping over Paris, the city, as soon as it was decided that the German armies would not enter her gates, immediately put out her little tables which she had temporarily taken in, and perhaps it is not vain to hope that when there is more time to attend to home affairs and our fighting boys return with an appreciation of the French system, some legislator, on a day when the faddists are all at home with a bilious attack on account of drinking too much cocoa, will be daring enough to suggest an alteration in our licensing laws and we may see small tables around which will be seated friends enjoying a cheap and harmless evening's entertainment of song or dance while they partake of light refreshment at a moderate cost.

Yours faithfully,

CLARENCE HAINE.

Walham Green.

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Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New Edition. (Constable. 1s.)

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The War, and What After? By Raymond Unwin. (Garden City Press. 1s. 6d.)

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Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

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Next week's ACADEMY will be published under new management. Every effort will be made to maintain the best traditions of the paper, to inaugurate new features, and in general to provide the public with a high-class review.

Notes of the Week

Pangloss Among Peoples?

GERMANY is said to be more confident of victory at this moment than at any time during the last six months. This shouting from professorial chairs and newspaper offices may help to keep up the courage of the people, but we entirely fail to detect the grounds for optimism. Does Germany really believe that Great Britain is short of food as the result of submarine activity? Statements such as this afford a clue to much else that appears in the enemy press. Germany would be a very Pangloss among peoples if she could find ground for confidence in, say, the magnificent response to the War Loan, amounting, as it does, to nearly £600,000,000 sterling. The result may be set against the Berlin bankers' assurance to the Kaiser that, if the war is prolonged, Germany must be ruined. In the field events have given her no sort of advantage during the last ten days, except a couple of local gains in the West, which are offset at other points. The Crown Prince has made another great effort to break through and has failed, and, in the East, Russia has not merely held up the German-Austrian advance, but has actually put the whole German scheme out of gear by once again turning the tables on the Austrians. Nor will Sir John French's latest despatch, if it is read in Germany, be encouraging. His reference to Lord Kitchener's New Army is a reminder to enemies and Allies that we are only now getting into our stride.

The South-West Africa Surrender

General Botha's triumph in South-West Africa is complete, and the news has caused as much searching of heart in Germany as rejoicing throughout the British Empire. The swiftness of this rounding-up movement was more effective even than the striking capacity of the gallant force with which he disposed of rebels and Germans alike. In all human probability, German South-West Africa will henceforth be part of the Union, and it can only be regarded as among the ironies of time and circumstance that it should have fallen to a Dutch leader thus to round off British possessions in South Africa. The loss of the colony is a very bitter pill for Germany, but as though it were not bitter enough, South Africans are now to join the Imperial forces in Flanders. Having done their work thus thoroughly at home, they are keen to lend a hand over seas, and Lord Kitchener, amid the chorus of congratulation, assures General Botha that he would be warmly welcome if he joined us in Europe. Thirteen years ago these two were negotiating the Treaty of Vereeniging.

The Empire's Opportunity

The thanks of Parliament to General Botha, General Smuts, and the South African Union Forces moved by the Prime Minister, the Parliamentary luncheon to Sir Robert Borden presided over by Mr. Balfour, the attendance of the Prime Minister of Canada at an Imperial Cabinet Council, and the speeches which have been made in Australia and elsewhere in the last few days provide further evidence, which happily was not necessary, of the absolute harmony of view throughout the Empire as to the war. The gratitude and admiration to which Mr. Asquith gave expression in dealing with General Botha's achievement is merited by every other part of the King's dominions. Germany's miscalculations have been the Empire's opportunity. Canada and Australia each have 75,000 men either in the field or in readiness, and each is prepared to send another 75,000, with many thousands more to come if wanted. The democracies of the Colonies have stood the test better than certain sections of the people at home, and it is matter for great regret that the Welsh miners have so early made it necessary for the Government to invoke the Munitions Act in order, if possible, to avert a strike, equally shameful and disastrous.

By Germany's Gracious Permission

Germany's reply to the American Note on the sinking of the *Lusitania* is nicely calculated to put the finishing touches to American resentment. It is almost a blunt rejection of President Wilson's assurance that the ship was unarmed; it shows an utter indifference to the loss of life, and boldly asserts that the destruction of the vessel saved thousands of homes in Germany from the loss of fathers and sons; and with a cool effrontery which could only come from Germany offers to accord a safe passage to American ships which bear distinguishing marks or sail by arrangement with Berlin. In other words, Germany having given President Wilson what amounts to the lie direct, proposes that American citizens should move about the world by permits granted by the German Government. It is mere futility to characterise such a document. Its cynical superiority to every consideration either of law or humanity would be amazing if it were not entirely in harmony with all that Germany has done since she found she could not ride rough-shod to victory. America would indeed be in humble mind if she did not regard the whole thing as brazen and outrageous.

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Technique and Temperament

BY D. C. PARKER

THERE are two ways of viewing every performance. You can view it simply as a piece of cleverness, a triumph of dexterity, an effort of memory; or you can view it as an expression of emotion. All save the very great come under one of these two categories. There are a host of clever performers who have all that technical ability can bring. In fact, the present age is suffering from the existence of an immense number of people who are clever and nothing else. There are also some in whom one detects the presence of that rare feeling for beauty and that joy in the expression of it which mark them out as having something in common with the master spirits of the art. Apart from these, there are, as I have said, the really great—men and women upon whom Nature has showered her gifts, and in whom we discover not only artistic perception but the power to convince their hearers that they have it.

Let us examine briefly the cases of the technicians and the temperamental artists of whom I speak. There is little doubt that, at the present day, technical efficiency has reached a higher standard than it ever did before, and when we hear the performances of an artist in whom technical ability is prominent we are apt to be carried away. But the worship of mechanical perfection can be overdone. When a man asks you to pay ten and sixpence to hear him play the piano, you certainly expect that the playing will be superlatively well done. And no one can deny that the pitch to which orchestral performances have been brought has been responsible for the discovery of beauties in the works of men like Beethoven, of which those who learnt them through perfunctory renderings must have been more or less oblivious. In spite of this, all who attend numerous recitals will agree with me when I say that the mere virtuoso is not a hero. The playing of scales and arpeggios is a task that anyone of average ability can accomplish. A poodle in a circus often does tricks far more difficult. And, after all, there is no mystery about the mechanical part of piano-playing. It is only a question of a man hitting so many white and black targets (and fixed ones at that) at a distance of so many inches. Compared with what a soldier has to do with his rifle, it is merely a child's game. And if success is to be measured by the number of times that the virtuoso hits the bull's-eye in presence of an adoring public, he is easily outdone by the pianola. In the game of sheer cleverness man is already hopelessly beaten. The gramophone never breathes at a wrong place, and the pianola never strikes wrong notes. They are infallible. And the only thing which differentiates the infallibility of mechanism from that which we characterise as divine is its lack of soul. This is the crux of the question. If we hear a pianist play a wrong note, or notice that he loses his memory for a bar or two, we are tempted to disparage him. Yet it is sometimes only the unrehearsed exhibition of humanity in the shape of a passing flaw which reminds us that we are listening to the activity of a man and not that of a machine. I have no desire to listen to people who play wrong notes; but if a man have good musicianly qualities, the fact that he has played a sharp instead of a natural, or a natural instead of a flat, should not cause us to lay too much stress upon it. The pity of it all is that we have so many virtuosi who know all the notes and can dash them off with consummate ease, while they lack the ability to give their performances any distinction whatever. Such people forget that the musical treatment of a composition can be thought of only when the notes are so well memorised that they are forgotten. Everywhere and at all times music is preferable to mechanism.

If the case of the shallow virtuoso be pathetic, that of the man who feels and makes you conscious that he feels is even more so. It is in listening to him, paradoxically enough, that you realise what technical efficiency can really do. As a result of experience, however, most of us will admit that we would rather hear a rendering which was notable for its sincerity and its fine conception than all the firework displays in the world. People sometimes say that a man plays "like a composer," meaning that the actual playing is bad, but that the feeling is right. I prefer this kind of performance to that of the acrobat. One of the greatest *liedner* singers I ever heard had a voice which was intrinsically wretched. So when I complain of the presence of merely clever people I am drawing attention to those who are not clever enough to forget their cleverness. The virtuoso is too often obsessed by his powers. He rejoices in his strength, but forgets that it is a means, not an end. It cannot be too often insisted upon that temperament, imagination, and rhythm are the three great necessities. With them you can work wonders. With an indifferent voice, with a technique not to be compared with that of Rosenthal or Sauer you can move your hearers. And if you are gifted with extraordinary prowess and can play Beethoven's sonatas at a sitting, or tackle half a dozen Strauss waltzes at the same time, learn to forget it. Treat this gift as your slave to be trained for the service of Bach and Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. It is only when you have done this that you have improved upon the pianola, and can count yourself as being on the side of the angels.

Messrs. Mills and Boon are shortly to publish a new and revised edition of Mr. Richard Bagot's book, "The Italians of To-day," at the price of one shilling. The whole of the author's royalties from the sales of this edition will be devoted to the Italian National Fund for the relief of the families of Italian soldiers.

Mr. Murray is publishing at once the shilling edition of Mr. Vachell's novel, "Quinney's," a story which already has become familiar to many thousands of readers and playgoers.

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The New Humanities

M. FLORIS DELATTRE is an "homme-miracle"; he is not unique in kind, for a bowing acquaintance with the lairs of the "anglicisants" at the Sorbonne and a desultory course of theses compiled with a view to Modern Language degrees convinced us long ago that the study of English has been carried to a rare pitch in France; but he must be almost unique in degree. He has written a book in faultless English,* he has given a definitive account of one of our English poets—readers of THE ACADEMY shall be our witness, for both of these works have been reviewed in these columns—and now he has shown an exhaustive acquaintance with the whole of English literature for the young, from "Tom Brown" to "Misunderstood," from "Carrots" to "With Moore to Corunna." M. Legouis, another scholar whose acquaintance we have not still to make, has supplied a preface, couched in his own genial and persuasive style, to the book.

"Culture" is an equivocal word, subject to gross misuse; Mrs. Hauksbee did not like it, and a Frenchman once defined the difference between the German and French national ideals as that between culture and civilisation. But culture is undoubtedly a necessary ingredient in any sort of individual or collective good living, and it is only justly denounced when it has sullied its reign with usurpation. Culture is as inevitable as clothes or food, as death or democracy; we may guide it, but in some form or other we must accept it as an axiom, for the race as for the individual. And so we come with freer minds to the ancient and modern battlefield of the Ancients and Moderns. We perceive, maybe with astonishment, that the strife has slackened, that another great principle has been established. M. Delattre did not formulate the new axiom; a cloud of contemporaries were with him, a host of predecessors went before him; but he has brought us his "basket of ripe fruit as a token of harvest." It is not so much the "direct method" as the whole cause of modern languages as an instrument of culture that is justified by the fruits he brings. From henceforth we may regard it as axiomatic that the living no less than the dead languages can sharpen the intelligence and mellow the mind.

"Language," we have heard, and more than partially believe, "was given to man to conceal his thoughts." The attempt to use a language not our own is a potent stimulus not only to the cunning concealment or, in occasional cases, to the successful transference of thought, but also to thought itself. We are shown in the first part of this book that the English language can teach the Frenchman an intimate knowledge of England, its people, and its institutions, and, later, how the body of English child-literature exhibits, in its diversity, certain common and essential characteristics that may contain a lesson for those of other countries. English grammar and English philology the author finds extraordinarily suggestive. What he says of the grammar is so excellent *per se*, and is so susceptible of adaptation to the case of an Englishman learning French, that we are compelled to quote a passage:

> Our pupil, no longer encumbered in English, as he was in Latin or German, by a network of inversions, no longer, on the other hand, assisted in his endeavours to discover the sense by an apparatus of declensions and conjugations, with their verbal and material transformations, must make a constant intellectual effort to discover the purely logical relations, to consider the words in their essential sense rather than in their external, changing forms. He must pass from the dead letter of the printed phrase to the living thought that is enshrined in it; he must infer the sense and peculiar *rôle* of every word from the context and from the idea itself rather than from the form. Thus we get a predominance and a superiority of the spiritual over the tangible, purely verbal element, and a more intelligent application is required of the pupil.

The English vocabulary is a handbook to the history of England, and the Anglo-Saxon purist is submitted to a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Normans not only simplified our syntax, as M. Delattre points out, with the arrogance of conquerors, but they also gave us more than a share of our basic vocabulary. The connotation of *home*, as M. Derocquigny, to whom this book is dedicated, points out, involves the use of a whole gallery of Gallicisms: "La conception du *home* n'évoque-t-elle pas, immédiatement, chez un Anglais, les idées de '*comfort*, *ease*, *independence*, *privacy*, *plenty*,' les images de 'a *substantial joint*, a *well-cushioned easy-chair* by the *chimney-corner* . . . a *quiet family circle*. . . .'"

The doubt assails us whether the seeds of this admirable method can by any process be made to fall wholly on good ground. Etymology, one of the brightest weapons in M. Delattre's armoury, is a delight to some, but an agony to others. Poetry is worse than the plague to an important section of the human race, and the surgical operation that might instil it would probably be even more serious in its general effects than that recommended for the insertion of a sense of humour. M. Delattre evidently thinks that this operation is worth trying. The French mind is admittedly too concrete; even M. Legouis, in his elegant defence of French literature for Englishmen, admits it. M. Delattre thinks that his pupils may get from the study of the English people, not only the taste for healthy sport and a modern social and political view of the world, but also the touch of mysticism that they lack by heredity. Our fear is that very few, even under the ablest guidance, will find this strait gate, much less be able to enter in at it. Of the thousands who set out on the road of classical culture only a few attain the beginning of their goal, and we question if the survivors of the modern curriculum will be much more numerous. Utilitarian considerations may sometimes keep burning a flame that was never lit from the altar. It must be remembered, however, that culture and utility are two

* *La Culture par l'Anglais*. By FLORIS DELATTRE. Préface d' EMILE LEGOUIS. (Didier, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

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masters difficult to serve at one time. Philology, poetry, and history are so many sign-posts, to attract or to warn, showing the road towards culture; but in the present state of our pedagogy they are absolute deterrents to the effective acquisition of a spoken language. The late Professor Sweet admitted that the gift of tongues was too apt to descend on second-class heads. Englishmen must be taught French, Frenchmen must be taught English, but whether culture or utility is to be the keynote seems to us to depend on a variety of circumstances too bewildering to contemplate; but then we do not understand practical pedagogy. One thing we do understand, and that is that a teacher must be extraordinarily well equipped if he is to explain, as M. Delattre recommends, to a class the difference between "dull, dim, blurred, misty, hazy, dusky," etc. It is certainly his duty to try to eliminate "go" from his pupils' vocabulary, and to substitute "walk, run, ride, swim, sail," etc.; but his task will be a knotty one.

M. Delattre is on less contentious ground in the longest section of his book, dealing with "La Culture par les Livres." Everyone can read some books, no one can read all books; M. Delattre cannot read, with complete satisfaction, "Alice in Wonderland." French literature is weak in books for the young; English literature is wonderfully rich in them. A large part of our juvenile literature has been written by great authors, and, as we are reminded in these pages, the difference between it and our grown-up books is one of degree only. This provision of a large body of sound but non-preaching juvenile literature keeps youth from forbidden fruit as a refuge from insipidity. M. Delattre remarks that English juvenile literature has only reached its present standard of sincerity and excellence within a generation or so, and he evidently hopes that his countrymen may be able to devise a similar instrument.

On fairies M. Delattre speaks, of course, with particular authority; that is why he discusses the annual miracle of "Peter Pan" with such fullness. We are a little surprised to find him attributing the strength of fairy tradition in England, as compared with France, to Celtic influences. He quotes various judgments, including one from an old number of THE ACADEMY, in which the fairy-tale is censured as an enemy of the truth-habit and the practical frame of mind.

The book is not addressed to Englishmen, but, *mutatis mutandis*, it contains a whole body of useful doctrine for them. Incidentally it may remind them what a wonderful people the French are, and what a wonderful language English is.

"A Picked Company" is the title of a book by Mr. Hilaire Belloc which will be issued in Messrs. Methuen's Shilling Library almost at once. It consists of a selection from seventeen of Mr. Belloc's books, and is representative of his talents.

Haymaking in Wartime

OUR cottage stands on a hill. To live on an eminence has always been conceded to produce drawbacks which counterbalance its attractiveness. It is so in our case. In summer we live on the edge of perfection, high in the sunshine, the sweet winds and scents and sounds of the countryside ascending to us as incense from the everlasting altar of the earth; in winter we are swept by gales, shaken by wind-storms which moan like haunted spirits in the wide chimneys, and even in the glow of the wide hearths it is difficult to find warmth and comfort. The fertile valley that smiles through the summer days is then covered frequently with a wide waste of waters.

But never are we without the music of the countryside. It may be the symphony of the winds, the brave chorale of a thousand birds, the incessant and varied noises of the valley which rise to us in infinite variety and convey endless suggestions to senses trained to their significance, or it may be the particular music of a certain season. Just now it is the orchestration of summer itself. The whole air is full of the scent and sound of hay-making. Of late mornings we have wakened to the sound of the scythe, that long rhythmic swish which is of the very heart of country mysteries, that contains in it something of the note of patience and wistfulness that belongs to all who wait on Nature, broken by the brisker tang of the stone sharpener at regular intervals whetting its surface again into condition, while all day long the soft burr of the grass-cutters rises and falls in cadence from the slopes of the hill and the valley beneath, and we know the horses are repeating steadily the ever-narrowing circle of the fields, the long grass falling to the sides in shining silvery lines. The days are very still and warm, and sounds hang suspended on the soft air—voices of men, of women, and children. The whole village is at work in the wide green fields.

All these are the delights of the ordinary hay season, given good weather and an ample crop, as are the scented nights and the warm dusk when the ghostly outline of the hay-cocks stands vigil for the carrying of the coming morning; but this year added to them is the feeling of strangeness, of walking in a dream country which invests the common things of life while our minds are on scenes so widely different. More than that, there are features which lend this year a distinction all of its own, apart from sentiment.

Of late years the blight of the machine, of hired and "foreign" labour, has been over all the countryside; the old ritual of gathering in the hay and corn, of hop-picking, and harvest-homes, had lost significance even to those who participated in them. We stood and looked at these things from without, with the eyes of strangers. They conveyed little to us of our relationship with the earth and its fruits, mother to us all. This year we are in it and of it. Men are realising that corn and hay, the food which the earth provides, have a value above that of gold. The land, and the land alone,

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can feed us, and it is rising once more to its true value in their estimation, a value which had been lost in the artificial conditions of hothouse civilisation.

We are returning to natural conditions of life. All over the countryside unusual sights may be seen. Those who have never come into intimate contact with the earth before are working in the fields and feeling the glamour of her spell, the contentment that comes of unison with the great forces which regulate our being. The practical results are far-reaching. There is not a house within a radius of some miles which has not contributed something this year to labour on the land. At other times the women's share has been largely confined to the times of fruit or hop picking. This season it is the rule, and not the exception, to see whole families at work, in the best and most healthy of conditions. There are farms near where the whole labour of the hay-making, with the exception of the cutter and the actual building of the rick, has been performed entirely by women; in other cases, where a certain percentage of male labour is available, it is being largely supplemented by that of wives and families. It is not only the working class so called who are affected by this difference. Owners of houses and estates are being forced into a practical understanding of and concern with vital affairs in which before they felt but a languid interest. A precedent is being set over the countryside whose influence may extend to untold generations. In cities men are pressing with enthusiasm into the making of munitions of war; on the land they are busy with the problem of obtaining the munitions for the conserving of life, an equally important factor of the moment. All physicians and philosophers prescribe the virtue of a new interest as the finest tonic for the disease of ennui. That disease has been for years the bane of our villages, driving men into cities and young people into unhallowed pleasures and excitements. It is now a malady unknown, crowded out of existence by the countless interests the war has showered upon us. What are to the newspapers fads, a means of exploiting advertisement, or the fillings of the silly season, are to us intense realities.

The garden crop for the coming winter, with meat at prohibitive prices, is a matter of deep concern. The utilising of the land to produce the greatest amount of foodstuff has become what it should be, the centre of the countryman's intelligent interest. The hay, now being carted under the glowing evening sky, is a potentiality of milk and meat, or, if the Government wills, of fodder for the gallant horses who will drag our guns into victory in the autumn campaign. Imagination has been touched, and labour, instead of being so much occupation at the rate of so many pence an hour, is our link in the bond of Empire, our share in the great struggle for a world's freedom. There are many weapons with which to fight, and the hay-rake and the pitchfork are not to be despised. Before the distorted intelligence of the human brain invented a Maxim gun or a Martini rifle, they existed, and in the end this same intelligence will teach us their superiority as factors in the development of a race that shall be truly great. The principle which gives life must ever be greater than that which destroys it, and that is why, when the ideas of civilisation become distorted and grotesque, Nature steps quietly in and asserts her supremacy. Genius may seem greater by far than hunger, but it is a less potent force in the laws by which the world keeps on its course, and there is a satisfaction in the supplying of that instinct by contact with the primal forces of Nature that none of the refinements of art can give to us. The genius of Jean François Millet brought out that which the war is teaching us here in the country—the greatness of simplicity. Of recent years we have been contented merely to be clever, to be brilliant, witty, epigrammatic. With these qualities the hayfield has nothing in common, but it contains the greatness of elemental things, where nothing is morbid, unwholesome, or unclean, but where, at the fount of Nature, romance walks hand in hand with the common ways of life. Darkness is falling, and quiet on the valley, and the labour of the haymakers is being exchanged for the communion of the home. The birds are silent and the earth is at rest.

A Mighty Hunter

WE hear much nowadays of expert riflemen who move from place to place in search of big game, taking train to their base and hiring a long trail of natives to carry into the wilds most of the luxuries of civilisation. Danger is met by these modern men of the chase—met bravely and often, without doubt; but it is not amiss to recall occasionally by way of contrast the prowess of those in times gone by, who trod lands absolutely unknown, who faced death and dared both savage beasts and savage men with nothing but their own guns, the accuracy of their marksmanship, and sometimes considerable tact between them and destruction.

One of these pioneers was Daniel Boone, of Kentucky. He was born at Exeter, Pennsylvania, in 1735 —Exeter being a log-cabin settlement on the borders of the white man's line of advance. In his teens, the passion of his life began to develop; he would go off, gun under arm, to roam and hunt for days together in the untouched country round. In North Carolina, whither the family removed when he was eighteen, his first love affair became the centre of a very pretty story, which certainly ought to be true. It is said that one night, in the forest, he saw two bright eyes glowing, and had almost pressed the trigger of his rifle when he discovered that a girl was the owner of them, and no wild beast. So sensational an escape ended, as was natural and proper, in a wedding.

For five years young Boone remained at home in comparative quiet, but towards 1767 the accounts given by returning adventurers of the possibilities of larger

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life concealed by the Western hills fired his brain, and in June, 1769, we find him camped with five other men in Kentucky—that "great shield, one of Nature's ancient battle-pieces, tilted away from the dawn toward the sunset," so loved and so perfectly described by Mr. James Lane Allen. Thinking they were safe—for Kentucky was considered as neutral ground—the explorers took no particular precautions against the Indians, but in December a party surprised Boone and one other, who chanced to be hunting together, and captured them. The two men made good their escape within a week, but never saw their old companions again; this sorrow, however, was relieved by the pleasure of an unexpected meeting with Boone's brother and a friend, who had set out to trace him. The joy was short-lived, for by the fury of Indian attacks their little company was soon reduced to Boone and his brother.

Even in the face of these difficulties, which might well have daunted the bravest of men, Boone refused to return to domestic life. So strongly was the spell of the new land upon him that he determined to move his whole family to Kentucky, and to push on still farther. The arrangements for this—the sale of the farm and stock—took up some time, and not until 1774 did the household "trek" west; five other families, armed and provisioned, joined in the removal. They were fated not to accomplish their desire, for the breaking out of fresh hostilities with the warlike Indians upset all their calculations. In these skirmishes, Boone, whose fame as a strong man was known both to whites and natives, was made a captain by the Governor of Virginia and given command over three garrisons. At the close of this minor war, some of the pioneers managed to settle in Kentucky at "Boonesborough"; there, it is put on record, Mrs. Boone was the first white woman to live in that wilderness. She must have been a true wife for the restless pioneer.

Affairs were still very far from tranquil. Her little daughter, playing one day by the river, was kidnapped by a stealthy savage, and only after a long and critical chase was she rescued. This incident, coupled with the general feeling of insecurity, depressed the whole company, and not without cause; more than once the fierce Indians attacked the little township—little, indeed, when we remember that a reinforcement of forty new arrivals made them shout for joy. In January, 1778, after a period of peace and reassurance, Boone and thirty men were out obtaining salt for the needs of the community, when they were surprised by the enemy. Boone, as the leader, surrendered at discretion to overwhelming numbers. Later on, although his friends were given back to British hands, the Indian chief refused to part with Boone, so great a liking had the warriors taken to this irrepressible fighter. He was made one of the tribe by the initiatory ceremonies of the Shawmees, and his behaviour disarmed all suspicions. When he heard, however, that over four hundred "braves" were preparing to march against Boonesborough, his own home and the town that he had practically created, he saw that he must escape at once. He did so, and forthwith walked to the settlement, 160 miles, in five days, having but one meal on the journey.

Captain Duquesne, bearing the British standard, allied himself with the Indians, and demanded the surrender of the fort; but the fifty inside defied the five hundred outside so finely that the attacking party was forced to declare a siege. Their provisions, however, ran short; their best men were continually picked off by the unerring rifles of the defenders, and after nine days they retreated, having lost thirty-seven men to the two of the other side. Henceforth Boonesborough was unmolested.

What with the almost continuous fighting and the incessant strain on brain and muscle in defence of home and property, it might be thought that Colonel Boone—as he became known—could take a well-earned rest at the age of fifty; but fate seemed to bear rather hardly upon him. His title to his land at the new settlement was not satisfactorily proved, and in his fifty-fifth year the founder of Kentucky was left practically without a foot of land in the world. Most men would have been disheartened; not so this intrepid and dauntless hunter. He moved to Virginia, and again started a farm; then, as in his youth, his blood was fired by tales of the fertile regions past the Missouri. Away he went, fifty miles west of St. Louis, where Spain (which then owned this district) took care that he should be comfortable; the Lieutenant-Governor in 1800 appointed him commandant. Here Audubon, the famous naturalist, spent a night with him, and was greatly impressed by his courage.

Once more Boone lost all his possessions, for Missouri was taken over by the United States, and his claims (by his own culpable negligence) could not be recognised. Congress, however, allowed him a back-handed sort of gift in the shape of a grant of a certain number of acres—to which every emigrant was entitled! As he was nearly eighty years of age, and had just lost his wife, the "insult" did not trouble him very much; his strength was declining, and he hunted no more. In a serene old age he resigned himself to the quiet life, telling stories, making knick-knacks for children, fighting his battles over again, and loved by all who knew him.

Sir Laurence Gomme is contributing an interesting preface to Mr. Frederic Swann's "Primer of London Citizenship," which Messrs. King, of Westminster, will publish shortly. Mr. Swann's work has been designed as a short sketch of the government of the Empire's capital, specially written for students in evening institutes, etc. In the words of Sir Laurence Gomme, this little volume "contains an account of all the essential facts, and is written in so simple a style that no one can be misled by its statements."

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REVIEWS

England's Economic History

The Economic History of England—I. The Middle Ages. By E. LIPSON. (London: Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

HISTORICAL research is for ever bringing new material to light, enabling the modern student to get a fuller and more intimate grip of the life lived by our ancestors. In no department has progress been greater than in that of economics. Mr. Lipson not merely brings exceptional gifts to a considerable task, but is fortunate in having at command the wealth of data revealed by patent rolls and the letter books and records of places like London, Leicester, Bristol, Coventry, Norwich and York. He takes these documents, collates them, and presents their salient points in a work which promises to be of as great importance as it certainly is masterly and fresh. Every one of his chapters in this initial volume dealing with the always fascinating Middle Ages is worthy of a separate review. Whether he is dealing with the views of rival schools as to the origin, development and break-up of the manor, the growth of towns, the agricultural revolution, industries, foreign trade or revenue, he has much that is fresh to say and what is not absolutely new is dealt with so ably that it all seems fresh. Now and again we come across passages which remind us that the problems of economics, like those of strategy, are eternal, though time and circumstance may vary their degree and their treatment. Take the enactments by which Henry VII sought to stop the decline of the English Navy. Foreign wines must be brought to England in English, Irish, or Welsh ships which had to be manned by Englishmen. Bacon comments on this in words of which the arguments of the modern Tariff Reformers sound very like an echo. He praised the King for "bowing the ancient policy of this realm from consideration of plenty to consideration of power; for that almost all the ancient statutes invite (by all means) merchant strangers to bring in all sorts of commodities, having for end cheapness and not looking to the point of state concerning the naval power."

Illuminating as we find every portion of this wholly admirable survey, no part of it appeals more strongly than the chapter on the gilds and their relations, at first antagonistic on purely economic grounds, with the civic authorities. From London and Bristol, from Norwich and Coventry, comes mediæval testimony of the supremacy of the civic powers in the supervision and control of all economic affairs. From opposition to the gilds in the belief that they were mere instruments for putting or keeping up prices, the authorities became the protectors of the workpeople against any injustice or exaction on the part of the masters. In these days, when the working man is all-powerful through his Union the story of the ancient gild makes curious and instructive reading. Mr. Lipson draws "certain conclusions" from his survey of the position of the Craft Gilds in different towns. "At first," he says,

> they appear to have been private and voluntary associations which struggled into existence in the face of vigorous opposition on the part of the municipal authorities, who regarded with jealousy their attempts to establish feudal immunities, and were apprehensive of an exclusive industrial monopoly which might prove detrimental to the welfare of the community. Subsequently, however, the authorities, impelled by the expansion of industry, changed their attitude and actively encouraged the formation of crafts and the development of the gild system, in order to tighten their hold over those engaged in trade and more effectively to exact a satisfactory standard of workmanship. It is worth while to notice that in the thirteen century the gilds as a rule were founded by the municipality, and not—as in the former century—by the Crown, and on this account were the more amenable to its control. The craft gilds now became public bodies vested with semi-legal authority, an organic but strictly subordinate department of civic administration, supported and controlled by the municipal government, which always retained a reserve of power while delegating to them the supervision of trade and industry. Whatever degree of autonomy and separate judicial authority the gilds may have possessed, they were strictly subservient to the rulers of the town. We find the authorities electing gild officials, amending gild laws, punishing bad workmanship, interfering on behalf of the oppressed artisan, regulating wages and fixing prices.

An excellent bibliography and index add to the value of Mr. Lipson's work from the student's point of view.

Of France's Best

The Book of France. Edited by WINIFRED STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

HISTORY abounds in records of the changing relationships of one country with another, and the study of these fluctuations of national friendship is peculiarly interesting. A hundred years pass by, and two peoples that were deadly enemies become firm friends; the year 1915 finds France and ourselves, Government and populace, bound so closely in struggle against a common foe that it seems incredible that such a bond can ever be broken. We trust it may not be; meanwhile, there are chronicles which go to prove that the present entente—we might almost say amalgamation—is one of the finest and firmest found in the story of the two races.

The happy fact set forth implicity, if not explicitly, by this "Book of France" is that a rare sympathy has developed between all classes both here and across the Channel. Articles, short sketches, and poems by the great writers of France are here collected, and each is followed by its translation, done by some known and proved authors and scholars of England, and it would be hard to find a more attractive method of illustrating the nearness of the two lands in thought at the present time. Exceptions to the rule of translation are the

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opening essay, "France," by Mr. Henry James, and the closing poem with the same title, by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; this is a touch of editorial genius for acceptable arrangement. What could be more ringingly true than Mr. James' last clear sentence?—

> It takes our great Ally, and her only, to be as vivid for concentration, for reflection, for intelligent, inspired contraction of life toward an end all but smothered in sacrifice, as she has ever been for the most splendidly wasteful diffusion and communication; and to give us a view of her nature and of her mind in which, laying down almost every advantage, every art and every appeal that we have generally known her by, she takes on energies, forms of collective sincerity, silent eloquence and selected example that are fresh revelations—and so, bleeding at every pore, while at no time in all her history so completely erect, makes us feel her perhaps as never before our incalculable, immortal France.

These are the words of one who has known and loved France for the greater part of a long life, and they picture perfectly for us that country to-day.

There would be no object in giving a mere catalogue of the remarkable treasures this book contains. Following quite aptly Mr. Henry James comes J. H. Rosny aîné with a brilliant little article on Great Britain, translated by Mr. Thomas Hardy; then a masterly discussion of "The Mentality of the Germans," by René Boylesve, translated by W. G. Hartog, M.A., F.R.S.L. Pierre Loti, Anatole France, Marcelle Tinayre, Eugène Brieux, Maurice Barrès, are some of the authors whose work appears, and Edmund Gosse, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Pett Ridge, Sir Sidney Colvin, are other of our translators. We congratulate Mr. Pett Ridge upon his pretty and colloquial rendering of "Brown et Lebrun," by Pierre Mille; it has just the right touch. Madame Mary Duclaux translates her own vivid sketch, "The Background of a Victory," and the impression of a corner of France—Melun—during the crisis of the Marne is excellently conveyed. "Are we getting the best of it?" she asked an English soldier who was kneeling at the kerbstone mending his bicycle. "Is there much danger?"—

> "Well, Miss," said he, "its like this: the place is full up with Generals; and I don't know how it is, but I've always noticed where there's so many Generals there's not much danger!"

Every page of this well-produced volume is worth reading, every illustration—and these are all by fine French artists—is good. The book has the express approval of M. Poincaré, and is published "in aid of the French Parliamentary Committee's Fund for the Relief of the Invaded Departments." We hope, therefore, that it will be a great success. Not all books issued for the benefit of a "fund" have literary or artistic value; this one, however, possesses both in superb measure.

"The European War, 1914-1915," is the title of a volume of poems by Canon Rawnsley which will be published shortly.

The Man Without a Creed

A Far Country. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE novelist who thinks deeply, and can present a character roundly and fairly in the midst of perplexities with an approximation to truth, is a rarity; one can almost number this class of writer on the ten fingers. Mr. Henry James, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, in England; Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison in America, would lead the list, diverse though their methods may be. In this latest book from Mr. Churchill we have a presentation of complex political life less ruthless, less forced, than that of Mr. Theodore Dreiser in "The Titan," and therefore more real. The hero of "A Far Country" is one of the crowd of lawyers who rise to eminence by all kinds of means which will not bear investigation in too white a light, and the story of Paret's development from a misunderstood and cramped boyhood in a Calvinistic home to the time when he is proposed for the Senate and the collapse comes, bringing with it possibilities of happiness such as he had never known, is a fascinating one.

With all the complications of business, the buying and selling of railroads and the "absorption" of small corporations by big ones, runs the love story of Hugh Paret, a self-centred man who did not wake to real passion until it was too late. His marriage was a more or less cool decision, and a failure until his children began to grow to an understanding age. Meanwhile, association with the girl-friend of his childhood revived the boy and girl love of years ago, and only by accident were the two, struggling in deep waters, saved from disaster. It was then, when fighting hard for position and power, that physical collapse came to this hero with the starved mind, and the working of the leaven of fresh thought and self-examination is portrayed by the author very finely. Krebs, the lawyer who stands fast for his humanitarian ideals and, while retaining his sweetness of disposition, is not afraid to fight Paret and his "progressive" ideas publicly, is a charmingly drawn character; the two, retaining a grim kind of friendship, are continually at conflict in their desires and their ambitions; Paret, anxious to preserve the "system" which has built the corrupt business world, Krebs, living only to overthrow it and to benefit those crushed beneath its wheels.

Through it all, Paret, successful and wealthy, is never happy. He lives for himself, and gradually arrives at the point which every man sooner or later reaches, to ask, "What is the good of it all?" He has no creed; we do not mean a religious belief, but an ideal of any sort by which to live. His conversations with the dying Krebs are illuminating. He begins to realise that instead of looking forward to some great revelation of faith and happiness, for most of us the joy must come in the seeking, in the struggle for an open mind, the constant, living desire to know more

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and more, through nature, books, intercourse, self-communion, through any source which promises the exercise of reason and judgment. His mind opens, at last, like a late-blooming flower, and the record of his slow impulses towards reconciliation with his wife, and the growing love for his boys and his little girl, forms a moving climax to the whole story. We have been interested for some time in Mr. Churchill's work, and this chronicle of an ordinary man's wanderings into "A Far Country" is a notable addition to the best American fiction of to-day.

Fiction

IT is not often that the setting forth and the suggested solution of certain social problems can be woven into an interesting work of fiction and coupled with a pretty and dainty little love story. Yet with great skill Cecil Adair has managed this in "The Sails of Life" (S. Paul & Co., 6s.), and after perusal of the story the reader is left in a thoughtful mood with regard to the many social evils the author unflinchingly faces and probes to their source. Whether or not many will agree with Mr. Adair's ideas for the amelioration of the lot of the sweated worker or with his notion as to the first cause of the many evils existing in the congested areas of large towns to-day is a matter for controversy; but, at all events, he states his case clearly and looks at all aspects from a very broad standpoint, not for a moment allowing his vision to be obscured by personal fads or private theories, taking, rather, history and experience as his ideals. From much that is necessarily sordid and squalid in the slum life of the East End we are wafted, when half-way through the book, to the shores of an Italian island and the ideal love story of one of the toilers of the London parish and the lady of his choice. This causes no abrupt breaking away from the earlier chapters, as the author manages to lead gracefully from one to the other. Those who are interested in improving the lot of the worker, as well as those who seek merely a charming romance, will do well to read Mr. Adair's latest novel.

A fantastic story, pleasantly told, is "Queen Anne Is Dead," by Patricia Wentworth (Andrew Melrose, 6s.). It treats chiefly of one Lord Clavering, who fought in the Low Countries and returned to England at the time of Queen Anne's death. It having been given out that he had been killed abroad, he enters his own house to find his cousin installed in his place, and at that very moment gambling away the property to which he now has no right. In a time of intrigue and Jacobite plots, Clavering is despatched, through the influence of his mother, a crafty and unscrupulous woman, to France to regain possession of some letters which he is led to understand, if found, will compromise his cousin Nan, for whom he once had a certain tenderness. The errand is a fool's one, merely arranged to get him out of the country, and, if possible, to bring about his death. He is saved by the niece of the villain to whom the letters—forgeries written after he had started—were entrusted. Hélène, the unsophisticated, innocent maiden, is not new to fiction, but here she serves the author's purpose very well, and appears in sharp relief to "my lord," the weary man of the world, disillusioned and cynical with regard to everyone and everything. He is kind to little Hélène in a patronising way, makes her his wife at a French wayside hostel, and brings her to England. Her faith and trust in him, and later on her love for him, at last awaken his healthy boyhood's spirit, and, the Dowager Lady Clavering being no more, and other enemies having fled the country on the landing of the new king, "my lord" and "my lady" settle down to enjoy happiness in their own way. The author has not aimed at great things in her narrative, but she has caught a certain old-world air in style and language, thus giving just the right atmosphere to the period with which she deals.

Shorter Notices

Verses from "Down Under"

Mr. George Gordon McCrae may not be particularly well known save to the few who specially study the development of literature in our Colonies, but his little book of poems, "The Fleet and Convoy," which reaches us from the Lothian Publishing Company of Melbourne, proves that those who neglect the work from these far countries make a great mistake. The title-poem is in some respects the best in the collection; it gives a finely vivid picture of the fleet at sea:

> Boom of engines, pulse of screw,
> Foam-flakes scattering o'er the blue;
> Castled bridge and smoke-stacks three,
> Boats to windward and to lee,
> White, uplifted o'er the sea;
> Ashen sides and snowy rail
> Mark the curling smoke-wreath's trail,
> Fading in immensity. . . .

When Mr. McCrae turns away from purely descriptive work he is not quite successful; his adjective "out-Eiffeling Eiffel" makes a clumsy effect, and there are flaws in the rhyming. But on the whole he is entitled to the noble name of poet, and we welcome this friend of Adam Lindsay Gordon to the circle of acknowleged artists far away.

The Spreading Wave

Articles and short sketches written for daily papers on the spur of topical interest are not generally worth preserving in book form, but since the war seems to be persistently topical there is valid excuse for the appearance of "The War of all the Ages," by Evelyn Sharp (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.). We are liable to regard this all-pervading subject in its larger issues only; this little volume shows how it reaches into the most humble lives and touches every quarter of human society. It is strongly written, with touches of observation and humour excellently given—as in the story of "The Breadwinner," where "the lift-man, proclaiming himself of Swiss nationality with Scottish parents, had

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changed his name from Fritz to Frank when the war broke out; and the temptation to yell 'Mornin', old Zepp'lin!' was ever afterwards irresistible to every 'smart lad' in the building." There is a pathetic little picture of the string of small children waiting outside a baker's shop for the stale loaves and buns, not overdone, as is usually the case in articles of this kind; and the sketch entitled "The Window-Cleaner," even if we may be permitted to doubt the precise language supposed to be used by him, is very true to life. In fact, in these twenty-six short outlines Miss Sharp has penetrated deeply into some queer and not always pleasant domains, and the book is of real assistance in opening our eyes to the way in which the wave of war casts its ripples against the most hidden shores.

The Theatre

"Enterprising Helen"

ON the evening of July 7, quite a clever company struggled with the many difficulties to be found in Mr. Francis Coutts' careless comedy at the Vaudeville. Unintentionally it proved to be the most innocent and amusing thing we have seen for many a long day.

Helen, as played by Miss Mary Clare, is a wonderfully curious actress who interests herself in the business affairs of the stupid gentleman—he is very gentlemanly—to whom she is engaged, and in the marital matters of the author of those plays in which she appears. This last is Ernest Sinclair, Mr. Herbert Waring, whose every seriously intended line is wildly funny. In the desperate endeavour to provide Helen with a chance of showing her remarkable enterprise, several strange people have to do odd things. A Lady Dollary, Miss Gladys Mason, has, for no earthly reason, to make mischief between Sinclair and his wife, and Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Jessie Winter, has to display the ultimate note of folly. Further, City people have to do wicked things about a City company, and then, when affairs are in a quite objectless muddle, Helen has to put everything right and be happy with the future husband she has made rich, and the good author (who earns £12,000 a year, by the way) whose wife she has restored to him. We are afraid this sounds rather absurd, but it is not a bit unfair to the play, which is infinitely more amusing than any member of the audience could have hoped at first to find it. We have seen it stated that the critics rudely jeered at "Enterprising Helen." We do not know the critics very well, but there was really only genial merriment among the guests of the management on the first night. Personally we were sadly silent, firstly because so much trouble and money, and, no doubt, loving care on the part of the author, had been spent on so futile a result, and secondly because one could not help feeling that if "Helen" had, as it were, been boiled down by Sir James Barrie into a one-act burlesque of worn-out conventions, and played in exactly the same way by the Vaudeville company, it would have gone with peals of genuine laughter and possessed a gay future. Unfortunately, such secret laughter as there may have been was entirely against the play's most serious situations. Few plays can hope to charm very greatly in a war-time July, but never was a Helen less likely than the lady drawn by Mr. Coutts to fire the topless towers of Ilium.

EGAN MEW.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As "Rifleman" is concernd about the patriotizm ov my nativity more than meeting my arguments against our idiotic orthografy, may I say several hundreds out of a populashon ov 16,000 hav joind the colorz, and more ar joining, whilst the vast majority ov my naborz ar keeping the Coal Minez at wurk. I am, alas, past the limit.

Did it not ocur to "Rifleman" to ask himself—why he "botherd to reed and rite to periodicals during the wor?" Acording to hiz advise to Hettonianz he shud be doing sumthing elz. I prezume he findz it eezier to be satirical, to evade discussing the question ov Speling Reform, than to meet arguments in its favor, or those urged against the current orthografy.

I am not ov "Rifleman'z" opinion that we shud avoid aul materz exsept the wor; and I am further confirmd in my convicshon sins reeding Lord Haldane'z speech. He said we wer too slugish, and ther shud be no curtailment ov educashonal equipment. The late Duke ov Devonshire said our first defens waz educashon. If this wos so in pees, it wil be dubely so *after the wor*. Enything that hinderz educashon or cauzez it to be more costly, shud be alterd as soon as possibl, that we suffer no handicap in our contest with the Germanz, Americanz, etc., for trade. I want to see the grait and needless waste ov time and muny on teeching children to reed ended, and that speedily, espeshaly when ther iz such an outcry for economy. Let us proov our sinserity in this crusade for thrift and carefulness by permitting teecherz to uze a sistem ov speling which duz not waste time, duz not set reezon at defians, nor disregard both history and etimolojy. Adults may spel, doutless wil continue to spel, acording to the old fashon until the end ov the chapter. As Lord Haldane says—they ar too slugish to change, unles they wer paid for every redundant letter emploid, then history, etimolojy, fashon, rithm, poetry ov wurdz, wud fly to the winds. It iz to the yung and the future we need to giv attenshon. Again, I wud urj your reederz to join the ranks of the Simplified Speling Sosieti, 44, Great Russell St., W.C. "Rifleman" sayz its membership iz increesing. More power to its arm. Yourz, etc.,

H. DRUMMOND.

Brook Villa, Hetton-le-Hole.

ÆSTHETICS AND PHONETICS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May I support Miss Copland in her defence of phonetics as an aid to the teaching of elocution. Phoneticians have fallen into discredit lately, because several of them in their zeal for phonetic truth have published the results of their investigations in colloquial speech. No one who has ever seen certain of his modes of speech reproduced phonetically is likely to get over the shock: it is only one degree less chastening than seeing

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one's gait reproduced on the cinematograph. But phoneticians are not "out to shock." They do, however, find it necessary to have a clear *phonetic* idea of what ordinary speech is before attempting to teach the refinements of good speech. No phonetician I have ever known is in danger of confirming what is with what ought to be. I think it is more just to compare the phonetician to the doctor than to the chemist. A doctor is not the poorer authority on health because he studies diseases.

It is not necessary to prove that a course of phonetics is the only scientific cure for faulty speech; the fact is now pretty generally accepted. An elocution teacher who has no knowledge of phonetics is most inadequately qualified for the work. Unfortunately, a training in elocution is not possible to every one, but that training in phonetics, which is the most vital part of elocution, could be brought within the reach of every child if only we had a spelling based on the sounds of speech instead of the present haphazard system based on no principle at all. The child would imbibe all the phonetics he needed in learning to read.

It is because I am a lover of beautiful speech that I am interested in the spelling reform movement, on which I note with approval you bestow the editorial blessing. May I recommend every lover of good speech to send a post-card to the Secretary of the Simplified Spelling Society, 44, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., who can supply, as I cannot do in the limits of a letter, detailed and convincing proof of the beneficial effects of reformed spelling. These have been proved by experiment in schools. Yours faithfully, A. COPESTAKE.

[We do not "bestow the Editorial blessing" upon the Spelling Reform Movement, but we print this letter, which seems to have reached us under a misapprehension, as an interesting addition to the correspondence on the subject in our columns.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE UNDIGNIFIED PRESS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Bearing in mind the excellent reputations some of our great daily organs have built up for themselves in the past, one cannot but feel sorry to see the undignified and boastful manner in which a certain section of the Press now tries to push forward its circulation and attract attention. Journals of old, run by conscientious men who held tightly to their opinions and did not change them with the fluctuation of public feeling or the suggested loss of a certain portion of the advertising revenue, would have ceased publication before appearing with announcements such as disport themselves on almost every page of some of the cheap newspapers of to-day.

The average person consistently avoids another who is always ready to smile with a superior smile and "there, I told you so," air about him, particularly if the individual in question had given no warning at all, but had simply hastened to be the first to impart the news revealed by someone else—a very different affair. So in time the public must certainly realise how small is the value it is getting for the coins it spends in supporting the large circulation of newspapers whose chief if not only concern *is* to increase their circulation, throwing to the winds dignity, self-respect, to say nothing of other virtues still regarded by many as of even greater value.

We read daily that a certain paper persistently warned the nation about the war—in fact, nothing has happened of which this all-wise, far-seeing journal did not warn everybody. Yet not so very many years ago this same journal was ridiculing the idea of a German airship flying over England and the North Sea. "Accounts of phantom German airships alleged to be flying over England and the North Sea . . . are placing England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light before the German people," began an article headed "The Phantom Airship." The article further went on to say: "For the most part our idea of good taste has simply been offended by what has been gossiped about nefarious German plans. The invasion danger the airship cruising over England at night, compel our ridicule." Is it possible for anyone to read into these words any sort of warning of the danger to come in a very little time after they were written? We have prophets in our midst who warned us and did their best to prepare us for what has now come, but they were not the writers of this article, which was more calculated to alleviate any suspicion of a German menace than to compel observation with regard to her plans. We are indeed a long-suffering people, slow to anger, and still ready with our halfpence to buy and support the journal which must needs praise itself so constantly. Yours, HAPPY MEDIUM.

WORDBOOKINGS FROM THE YEAR 1808.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—There is "in the Bodleian Library and British Museum" (to quote from its page 85,) a book of xlviii and 100 pages, preceded by 4 unnumbered, bearing the title: "Fashionable Biography; or Specimens of Public Characters: by a Connoisseur. With a preface and notes, pantological and pantagelastical. By ΡΙΓΔΥΜ ΦΥΝΝΙΔΟΣ. London: Printed for S. A. and H. Oddy, Oxford Street. 1808. W. Lewis, Printer, Paternoster-row." On pages 73-77 *Rigdym Phynnidos,* whose pseudonym appears not to have been solved, refers to "The Morning Post," and "The Prince of Wales's morning-dress, etc." The following items, overlooked by our wordbookmakers, are to be noted:

Page 9. With the most *deeply ensoul'd* veneration for your august character I add, Madam, my particular prayer (*to that of human nature in general*) for the preservation of those virtues, which daily dispense blessings to others upon earth, while they store them for yourself in heaven: And shall ever *memorise, prime* of intellectual solaces, that condescension, etc., "Madam" being "Her R.H. the Duchess of York."

P. 11. . . . ; unless, as is probably the case, she alludes to some recent fit of the rheumatism, or dislocation of her needle-arm.* A foot-note referring to this says: *An Irish gentleman lately begged a surgeon to attend a friend of his, who he said, had fallen from his horse, and wounded his *pistol*-arm.

14. . . . , and make them earnestly wish they had never sinned in pink-satin boddices, and demicannon sleeves.

75. . . . , with a fancy-stripe waistcoat, and light stone-colour musquito pantaloons.

77. . . . light, stone-colour musquito, longitudinal pantaloons.

80. . . . , resembled a modern half-boot, back-strapt.

83. Whether the Romans used boot-hooks, and of what kind and shape, I have not been able to ascertain, although I have perused with attention the folios of Grævius and Gronovius for that purpose.

90 and 91. Every newspaper records their discoveries; every manipulatory publication (vulgó, *hand-bill*) teems with their praises, and persons are officially appointed at Somerset-house and the Royal-Exchange, with specimens suspended on poles, which raise the involuntary admiration of every passenger at all conversant with the subject. The ocreatic glory even of the H*bys and H*mbys of the age would be greatly obscured, if it were not for the inventors of the Royal Patent Imperial Black-

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ing, and the double-distilled London particular boot-top essence.

91. Its being written in Greek, it is hoped, will preserve it from the degrading imitation of city-haberdashers and men-milliners, who devote their Saturday nights to the thrice-soled boots that they intend sporting on the Sunday in Rotten Row.

94. . . . , buying and selling is now refined into a mutual interchange of generosity and benevolence, in which the vendee (or the buyer) is frequently under the most weighty obligations of gratitude to the vender (or seller).

The Oxford Dictionary, the best and the biggest, quotes, "Pantological and Pantolgelastical," from the above title-page, but omits the longer of the two in its proper place; does not quote *ensouled* before 1865; *memorise* before 1856; *pistol-arm* before 1842; *manipulatory* before 1827; *men-milliners* (with *men* in stead of *man*,) before 1850; *demicannon* after 1735; nor *back-strapt* and *ocreatic* (from *ocreatus*, as used by Horace and Pliny,) at all. It records *boot-hooks*, without quotation or date. In my "Jottings" published in THE ACADEMY for July 3, 1915, read *"Feathers and Esses."* I know not what *"Esses"* may have been. They invite guesses.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford.
July 12, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

Some Elderly People and their Young Friends. By S. Macnaughtan. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

The Driving Force. By George Acorn. (John Long. 6s.)

The Despot. By Ellen Ada Smith. (John Long. 6s.)

The Tocsin. By Alice and Claude Askew. (John Long. 1s. net.)

Left in the Lurch. By Nat Gould. New Edition. (John Long. 7d. net.)

A Little More than Kin. By Patricia Wentworth. (Melrose. 1s. net.)

The Faun and the Philosopher. By Horace Hutchinson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Ice-bound Hearts. By J. D. Curwood. (Everett and Co. 1s. net.)

WAR BOOKS.

The Great Settlement. By C. Ernest Fayle. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Kultur and Catastrophe. By Theodore A. Cook. (Murray. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jesus the Christ and Paul the Apostle. By W. Douglass Reid, M.A., B.D. (A. Brown and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Book of France. Edited by Winifred Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Maria Again. By Mrs. John Lane. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

For the Week End. By "Handasyde." (Lane. 1s. net.)

Montesquieu (Selections). (Nelson. 10d. net.)

VERSE.

Poems. By Margaret Maitland Radford. (G. Allen and Unwin. 2s. net.)

The Fleet and Convoy, and Other Verses. By George Gordon McCrae. (Lothian Publishing Co., Melbourne.)

Poésies. By Alfred de Vigny. New Edition. (Nelson. 1s. net.)

The Paradise of Dante. Translated by C. L. Shadwell. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Booklover, Melbourne; Collegian, Calcutta; Dublin Review; School World.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland, 15s.; Foreign, 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.*

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TO ONE DEAD.

There is a time when patience, self-control,
And silence all are vicious and outworn,
And wondering men see strange new virtues torn
Out of the heart of hell. It seems my soul
Has known this change and now would have me whole,
Who am sick and weary of burdens, having borne
The weight of your intolerable scorn
Too long and writhed beneath your vitriol.

So when I think of what you were to me
And what the gods have made me, I could pray
That primal wolves were loose at that name Friend,
And be no villain. Yet this may not be . . .
Love lingers trembling. I will only say,
This was our friendship: I have made an end.

H.S.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE scatter-brain cry for business persons does not please us. We are acquainted with a number of business persons. The lawyers have failed us—to a lawyer. But that is no reason why we should pin our faith to the drapers.

One statesman is worth all the business experts that were ever born. And he is better also for a people than the advertisement writers.

Mr. Lloyd George's "settlement" of the coal strike moves the *Star* to the following ecstacy:

"The nation to-day heaves an enormous sigh of relief mingled with gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George for using his matchless genius for statesmanship in combination with his power of personal magnetism. . . He [has] played the part of an inspired peacemaker."

The *Daily Express*, being doubtless short of a rhapsodist in consequence of the presence of all young Englishmen of talent at the front, is content to remark that "all [Mr. Lloyd George] has done is to agree to practically all the strikers' demands." The grammar might have been a little sounder, but the truth is there. And so wags the merry world away.

The other day Sir Henry Wood, echoing half a dozen other performers with the baton, was kind enough to tell us that a classic is still a classic, even though it be of German origin, and that the fact of its German origin should not disturb or irritate us. And another gentleman of musical tendencies, Mr. Leslie Stuart to wit, has written to one of the ha'penny papers to point out that the music trade is experiencing great loss and serious inconvenience "following on the internment" of many expert German music engravers. Mr. Stuart goes on to say that a similar inconvenience is probably being experienced by other trades and industries. Probably it is. We make no doubt that the persons responsible for the production of revues, for example, are feeling the loss of the smart young gentlemen who formerly constituted their male choruses. And we understand that in more than one fashionable emporium great stringency is being felt through the loss of certain eminent shopwalkers and winning counter attendants, who have donned the khaki. But of these latter tribulations nobody groans, rather the contrary. The plain fact is—and the sooner everybody admits it once and for all the better—that till the end of the war all things German, no matter whether they be classics or otherwise, must be taboo for English people. It is this disposition to keep on with Wagner and to howl for German engravers, German gilders, German cooks, and the maintenance of German friendships in places high and low which is at the root of a great deal that we are regretting and shall have to regret. Sir Henry Wood may tell us that the performance of a German work of genius at one of his far-famed promenade concerts can do no sort of harm, and Mr. Leslie Stuart may assure us that a German music engraver is usually an inocuous, inoffensive and entirely benevolent being. But for present purposes we must have none of them, and we

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must deny ourselves both the work of genius and the engraver till better times dawn upon us. This kind of toying and dallying with vital matters does nobody credit. It is all of a piece with the German "friends" of Cabinet Ministers and their wives, and just as dangerous and unpatriotic.

From a literary point of view, the war may be set down for a disappointment. We have had eleven months of it, eleven most exciting, distracting, and nerve-stirring months, and out of the welter the piece of writing that we might have looked for has wholly failed to appear. Even for the populace nothing has been produced that can be considered worth discussion. During the present week one of the journals which flourishes on its railway insurance policies has printed the words of what it describes as "one of the most popular patriotic songs ever published." And here, O England, is the first stanza and the chorus:—

How long ago is it now, mother,
Since Daddy first went away?
It seems such ages to me, dear,
For I'm missing him ev'ry day;
And when with bugles and drums that beat,
The soldiers come marching by,
I think of him and I try to cheer,
Yet somehow I want to cry.

When Daddy comes home again all will be right,
He will be smiling, our eyes shining bright;
I'm thinking how happy and proud we shall be
When Daddy comes home again to you and to me.

In the same paper appears another screed entitled "Sons of Empire." More words and more chorus:—

When duty calls we hasten forth—
We need no hand to beckon—
And when we meet the foe they'll know
With whom they have to reckon;
For we are stalwarts, every one,
Whose aim is right and proper,
And when we meet the German hordes,
They's bound to come a cropper!
So we're
Marching away to Flanders,
Marching to meet the foe;
Bugles blowing,
Banners flowing,
Hurrah! and away we go!
Marching away to Flanders,
Sons of an Empire free
We speed along,
With a cheery song,
To death or to victory!

It seems but yesterday that, declaiming before an audience of hefty munition workers, Mr. Lloyd George condescended to describe England as a land of incomparable poets. All we have to say is "Out and fie upon him for a flatterer."

Even in the trenches the soul of poetry seems to be dead. Writing from "somewhere in France," a person possessed of a trifle of critical judgment says:—

"The 24th, after a spell in the trenches, went to rest in a village. The dressing-station had a lovely white wall, on which the following lines were written:—

South Wales Borderers,
8th City of London,
What about the
6th City of London Rifles?

"The poet of our battalion then blossomed forth with the following:—

The 24th have rested here,
And shifted beaucoup, beaucoup beer;
If any regiment can do the same
They're welcome to our glorious name.

"We left two days later for the trenches, which we occupied for a week before our return. Imagine our surprise when we beheld the following lines by way of reply:—

The 21st have earned that name,
They, too, are noted for their fame;
In peace or war they're always best,
And jolly pleased for a darned good rest.

"Another regiment of the brigade attempted to eclipse the others' poets with a longer poem, but a faulty last line roused the 24th poet to the following final effort, which effectively silenced his rival:—

The 24th have read your stuff,
They'd never heard such glorious bluff,
For if for a swank they felt inclined,
They leave you miles and miles behind.
You talk right well, but 'tis deeds that tell,
To joke is good, but to boast is hell."

We had hoped and prayed for better things, but our "nest of singing birds" is evidently out of voice for the time being.

And on top of all this there comes to us the second number of "Blast," which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be worse than the war. On the second page of the second number of "Blast" we find these terrible words:—

> "We will not *stop* talking about culture when the war ends."

Which is at once a threat and a deplorable scandal. A few lines below Mr. Wyndham Lewis says:—

> "Germany has stood for old Poetry, for Romance, more stedfastly and profoundly than any other people in Europe."

Apart from the fact that Germany is not a people but a country—doubtless your true Vorticist has no use for common distinctions—we might, if we were so disposed, put up a blank denial to this assertion.

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However, as our Vorticist friend goes on to be very rude to Germany we will spare him. There are pretty well another hundred pages of "Blast," and we are free to say that not one of them has anything on it which merits serious attention. From a "Notice to the public," we gather that the delay in the appearance of this second number has been partially due to the illness of the editor. The present is an hour of self-sacrifice, and with all respect to the editor, we should not have been sorry if he had found it possible in the public interest to remain ill a little bit longer. We are sorry to discover that as usual the still small touch of offensiveness which will creep into the best managed publications is supplied by a lady. Until the Germans close up all the linoleum factories the artists of "Blast" should never be short of work.

The "New Age" has discovered a poet of the name of Selver. Here is some Mr. Selver:—

The pustules of the leprous "Dail Mail"
 Festered, and from them oozed vermilion slanders,
Faithfully putting dullards on the trail
 Of all that is not happening in Flanders.
In streaks of black that sprawled on sickly buff
 "John Bull" had vomited his slimy babble.
I saw the gobbets of his monstrous bluff
 Gulped down and savoured by a mangy rabble.

We are not enamoured of either the "Daily Mail" or "John Bull," but at their worst they would find it difficult to be as objectionable as the poet Selver.

We have had all sorts of war prophecies trotted out for our edification of late weeks. But a very remarkable prophecy by the late Leo Tolstoy appears to have been entirely overlooked. We quote it herewith:—

> "I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of strange battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925."

We wonder which British newspaper proprietor will not slap himself on the chest at the sight of this vaticination and say "I am the man."

The point of view has always been a great thing in its way. A few weeks back Mr. John Lane published a translation of a book called "With the German Armies in the West," by Dr. Sven Hedin. The book provoked a good deal of severe comment in England. In America, however, it has been reviewed in the friendliest way. The following is a good sample notice:—

> Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer of the Asian uplands, was last fall invited by the Kaiser to visit the German battle lines in Belgium and France with a view to acting as a sort of neutral "eye-witness" and reporting the conditions as he should find them. His book, "With the German Armies in the West," has just been translated into English, and makes, because of its quiet directness of style and its author's evident intention of honesty, distinctly interesting reading. It is by no means a non-partisan report, however. The writer is an enthusiastic pro-Teuton and an active anti-Britisher. He was, too, a privileged observer, with the careful limitations of opportunity that this implies. But, except to the intransigent, these facts, instead of being fatal, merely serve to restore the balance of credibility between "eye-witnesses."

All of which goes to show that it is possible to be very neutral indeed, even in a review.

To atone, perhaps, for the insufferable doggerel by a certain Lord Latymer in the June *English Review*, Mr. Austin Harrison gives us in the current number of that journal some poetry by a Mr. John Gurdon. We were prejudiced at first, it is true, by an accompanying announcement to the effect that Mr. Gurdon's muse had the approval of the Poets' Club. But Mr. Gurdon wins us by sheer dint of merit, and we hasten to make our acknowledgments to all concerned. At the same time, we shall keep an eye on the *English Review*, which in the past has not hesitated to print the unwholesome lucubrations of Mr. Aleister Crowley (now serving the Muses in the United States of America), of Mr. Frank Harris (on a very different errand), and the equally unwholesome views of divers females with regard to sex.

DICTATORS.

It has been said that drowning men catch at straws. We shall venture to assert that the thoughts of muddled nations are apt to turn lightly to dictators. Since the beginning of what is euphoniously called the war, England has lived and moved and had her being in an atmosphere of muddle. There were muddles in August, 1914, and there were muddles in September and muddles in October of that same year of grace. By the process of time we are now in July, 1915, and there are still muddles. And out of the accumulation of muddles upon

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muddles there has arisen naturally the beginnings of a call for a dictator. One of the morning ha'porths, having nothing better to do, told us flatly when Mr. Asquith built out of muddles the present glorious Coalition Government, that it was our duty to support, encourage and tolerate that Government because in the event of its failure there would be nothing left for us but a dictator. For our own part, we shall not prophesy in regard to the ultimate fate of the Coalition. It may succeed in its sole duty —namely, the successful prosecution of the war—or it may fail. That is not the point. But what we will say is this—If the Coalition Government does not succeed, all that can happen in England will be a general election of the old unhappy far-off sort, which may or may not put us in possession of the Government we desire and deserve. This is as far as we may go in the article of prophecy, if prophecy it may be called. But beneath the hard probabilities of the situation the idea of a dictatorship persists, and is undoubtedly being discussed not only by the rabblement, but among those persons who are commonly accepted for authority. That idea, as we have seen, creeps out in the Press; it is familiar among the political squabblers of the street corners; it is discussed in political clubs; and there are politicians in the land who have it in mind that when the dictator, the supreme and benevolent autocrat England may look to for her salvation, is discovered he will be none other than one of themselves. We shall not be mealy-mouthed or attempt to butter parsnips in dealing with this possibility. So far as the view of England with regard to a dictator may be said to have assumed concrete form, that is to say, if we are to ask ourselves who the possible dictator is to be, we are brought face to face with the circumstances that there are only four men for it. One of them is Lord Kitchener, who may be reckoned to have the odds-on chance. Next comes Mr. Lloyd George, a nice two-to-one chance. The betting about Mr. Asquith may be put down at a hundred to eight; and we must say it, though it causes us pangs, there is an outside, say a hundred to one chance, for a gentleman of the name of Bottomley. We are not putting up this statement of the position as a happy or ingenious idea of our own. We imagine, rightly or wrongly, that it reflects what is more or less hazily passing in the public mind, and if our judgment is not serving us properly we must be excused. But assuming that we are right—and we do not think we are far wrong—it is reasonable that we should look a little more closely into the trend of things. We are of opinion that no matter what the thought of the country may be it will never stand for any of these four candidates excepting in thought. If the pinch comes, and every reasonable person will pray that it may not, the desire and will of England will turn out to be a very different affair from what even England itself at the present moment imagines. Out of centuries of struggle and political development we have built up in England a Constitution and a governmental machine which until Armageddon took us by the thrapple we were wont to believe would serve us in any conceivable vicissitude or emergency. That Constitution or machine has, in fact, served us admirably in spite of the defects of its qualities, and though it may have shown signs of a breakdown under the enormous and unprecedented strains which have fallen upon it in these late disconcerting and disastrous months we are still doing our best to believe in it and to have faith in its power to carry us through. But if by the act of God it should ever be shown to us as a broken, shattered and unreliable instrument we do not think that it follows at all that we shall discard it. As it now stands the Governmental machine may be said to consist of three main parts, namely and to wit, the King, the Houses of Parliament, and the people with votes. Plainly, if the breakdown is to come it will be a breakdown of the middle part or section of the concern, that is to say, the Houses of Parliament. Parliament, which is already an affair split up into a Cabinet, with all the authority and powers, acting almost independently in a surrounding body of critics, quibblers, and reformers, is really the sole portion of the instrument upon which we have hitherto based ourselves. That it shows signs of giving out, that it creaks and rattles and shakes in an ominous and discouraging way, means simply not that the machine itself is going to pieces but that the portion of it on which we have depended is not the sure rock we have conceived it to be. So that, roughly, we may suggest that if the Coalition fails it is the Cabinet which will have failed, and if another Cabinet produced out of a General Election also fails then the simple thing wanted is not a dictator but a dropping or casting overboard of Cabinets. We have not space to deal elaborately with the four possible dictators we have mentioned, but we contend that each of them is as impossible as dictator as the least presentable of them. Lord Kitchener is a great soldier, but we would as soon have Mr. Bottomley to reign dictatorially over us as Lord Kitchener, and we would as soon have Mr. Asquith as Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Lloyd George as Mr. Asquith.

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None of them is of the stuff of which dictators for a nation with any sense of its greatness could be made. When the worst comes to the worst, therefore, and we find ourselves compelled by the force of overwhelming circumstances to be done with Cabinets we must fall back on what is left of our essential selves, namely, the King, representatives of the people assembled in Parliament for the advice and support of the King and the expression of the people's wishes, and the people themselves. King, Parliament and People must stand or fall together. They are England, and they only are England. They will be here and capable of looking after their own affairs when the demagogues, place-hunters, and bestowers of patronage are all dead and damned. They are of their essence honest, forthright forces and they need no saviours, no "leaders," and no dictators other than themselves. This, we maintain, is the thought for the time and the only thought that is proper to be indulged when we are reduced to the contemplation of the failure of Governments.

RUPERT BROOKE.

1887-1915.

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887, the son of a Rugby housemaster. On leaving Rugby School he went up to King's College, Cambridge; in 1913 a dissertation on Webster gained him a Fellowship of his College. In September, 1914, he joined the Royal Naval Division with the rank of sub-lieutenant, and after taking part in the Antwerp Expedition in the following month, he died in the Ægean in April of this present year. He was buried at Lemnos.

These few facts, so often recapitulated during the last four months, contain all that is materially relevant to Rupert Brooke's career. But behind them there lurk the activities and interests, the gifts with which he was so lavishly endowed, that make up his personality. His passion for life, for beauty, and for the unattainable things imagination suggested, no less than the visible world of sea and sky and field and wood, was transmuted into his poems, the whole sum of which is contained within two slender volumes. His poetry resembles none other that comes under the "Georgian" title. Certainly it is lyrical, a record of personal feelings, which tells us a good deal about the poet; in its point of view, however, it is necessarily different from that of any contemporary writers. Its intensity, its humour, its delight in youth and life—and hence obversely an insistence on death and the horrors of age—its incessant adventure to express the things of the spirit, felt only and perhaps impossible to communicate, are entirely its own. It is because of this particular texture that the poetry of Rupert Brooke is comparatively small in bulk; he wrote only when he had something to write about, something to say which he thought worth saying. Indeed, in everything of his there is the feeling of a thought or fancy put in an original way, or a series of incidents, as in "Menelaus and Helen" seen in a new light. Here he throws a flood of cold reason on the half-told tale of the poet; he goes to the real end of the story, beyond the romantic ending, with the perfect knight kneeling before the perfect queen. The old poet does not see "the long connubial years" coming after:—

> "He does not tell you how white Helen bears
> Child on legitimate child, becomes a scold,
> Haggard with virtue. Menelaus bold
> Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys
> 'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice
> Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old.
> "Often he wonders why on earth he went
> Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came.
> Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;
> Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.
> So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
> And Paris slept on by Scamander side."

It is because of an ending like this that critics have accused Rupert Brooke of mere cleverness. Such a criticism is hardly adequate, for here it is much more the pointed, undelusioned climax of a writer who knows so well what he means that his sense forces itself into a quick, terse conclusion. It is the same in the satiric piece describing the fish theology of a future heaven of their desires; the same also in his early Sonnet, "I said I splendidly loved you; it's not true," or in the fantasy about the "damned successful poet" loving a radiant lady, though both, unawares, were dead.

In the lines we have quoted above it is easy to see his objection to the conventional romantic attitude; in this matter he had no delusions. Mr. E. J. Dent, who knew Rupert Brooke well, has insisted on his detestation of romanticism* and the "quaintness" that so often accompanied it. Mr. Dent quotes a passage of Brooke's criticism à propos *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*:—

"And as it matters nothing if we find a little less in *The Knight* than its author intended, so there

* *In an article on Rupert Brooke*, The Cambridge Magazine, *May 8, 1915.*

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is no need to find more, as happens with such literature and other antiquities as time has robbed of all good and vigorous qualities, and given only a pathetic second childhood, which the young, in desperate veneration, value under the name of 'quaintness.' There are a few places in the play where the decay may have set in, if we are not careful. How 'quaint' of the Citizen's Wife to ask for 'shawms'! Grotesque word! But the Elizabethan, who was used to shawms in the hands of waits on State occasions, would not have understood our mirth. But quaintness, which swathes dead books as sentimentality swathes dead people, has little hold on the living."

We remember well at Cambridge hearing Rupert Brooke read a paper on modern dramatists, in which he showed particularly his interest in Tchekoff and Strindberg. They appealed to him, because in their work—and this is more a Russian than a Western characteristic—there frequently appear those unreasoned thoughts and speeches, odd freaks and twists of the mind which thrust themselves forward on most unexpected occasions, of tragedy or horror perhaps, and which are susceptible of no reasoned explanation. They are so much a past of life; and two modern dramatists in particular have used these queer, obscure moments with often startling effect. These things may be details in their drama, but they appealed to Rupert Brooke. And the reason of this was that he himself had so often felt the wild "incommunicable thrill of things," perhaps not precisely in their way, but at any rate in the region of things *felt* which cannot be expressed. He was so often conscious of a restraining influence in what would be his highest flights. This is what he means when he describes how those beyond the sun will no longer hover over the earth so lately left, but find some forgotten nook, and there:—

"Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

And that is what Mr. Walter de la Mare, so sympathetic with this side of his work, meant when he wrote of the haunting quality of his verse. "But what haunts it," he says, "is the remembrance, the desire of that 'shattering ecstasy,' that amazing, instantaneous, age-long pause and poise which comes and is gone, exalts and casts down. The one dread—knowing human nature, knowing how 'the faded dreams of Nineteen-ten were Hell in Nineteen-five,' knowing, with all his clear, vigilant consciousness, his heart as he did—his one dread was not that he should die, but that he should live on, dead, when 'infinite hungers leap no more.' . . ."

And so, in spite of the depths of these inner feelings, these elusive moments of ecstasy, it is no contradiction to speak of him, as we have already done, as an intellectual, undelusioned, tremendously aware of what to him were nightmares and horrors. Old age was one of these. And so, naturally, as an escape, he turned to love and death. But here also his love does not realise itself: there comes a moment of awakening, a disillusionment, as in "The Voice," where a wondrous spell, a captured instant of perfect knowing, is hideously shattered. And love destroyed itself.

Another love poem, "The Hill," one of the most beautiful things he ever wrote, shows a different facet of the same. It is a lovely pagan utterance, this cry of the poet as they lie flung together on the windy hillside.

"'We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!' we said;
'We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!' . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away."

There is a further thought which continually intrigued Rupert Brooke in his verse—the thought of old age. He reacted to it with the disgust of an immortal who feels in himself the pulsing blood of an eternal youth. The lines from "Menelaus and Helen" show this, and more brutally his piece, "Jealousy." "When we are old, are old," was an ever-present fear with him. There was no joy in age, when the first fine ardours of life were extinguished, and love had become routine, and the old wonders were losing their thrill. He was of so different a calibre from the ordinary, so full of pulsing vigorous life, so eager for new emotions; these he wonderfully succeeded in expressing in his verse.

What, then, of his feeling towards Death? He did not fear it as an enemy; rather it was to be a new experience, was to provide a last new thrill before extinction. Guyau, the French philosopher, has somewhere written of the strange final irony of Death, for sometimes, he says, it is our fancy that perhaps in their last moment the dying will guess her secret and close their eyes in a quick, clear flash of light. "*Notre dernière douleur reste ainsi notre dernière curiosité*," said Guyau. This must have been

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somewhat Rupert Brooke's feeling. He wrote much about the inexplicable side of Death, as well as of the gross material side which so often shows itself in unreasonable ugliness. "There are things—pieces of folly, or bad taste, or wanton cruelty—in the Christian, middle-class way of burying the dead that make me ill," he wrote in a letter shortly after his father's death. But he felt no less immediately that other aspect which Guyau tried to explain—for Death to Rupert Brooke would be at least a new adventure, a change more vital than any other he had known, even though he did not afterwards exist to recognise it. He was conscious of the dignity of it after the events of August last year: his 1914 Sonnets have expressed that finally and definitely. But before the war the same idea was present. In "Clouds," written in the Pacific two years ago, he compares the dead to the unending columns as they press "Down the blue night . . . in noiseless tumult":—

"They say the Dead die not, but remain
Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth,
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
In wise majestic melancholy train,
And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,
And men, coming and going on the earth."

In Rupert Brooke's earlier poems there may have been some deliberate intention to stir foolish people with a penetrating realism, a few youthful bravados, but on the whole it is fair to say that there is little in his work that is not based on genuine feeling or the desire to express a definite thought deserving expression. It was this, along with his attention to form, that marked him out so particularly among contemporary poets. And then, he had humour which peeps out again and again; it appears in the "Grantchester" poem, written in a famous Berlin café. There is joy and laughter in the piece, and it reveals some of his intense feeling for his own soil and the Cambridge county which he knew best.

"Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*."

Just as his poetry has this peculiarly individual note, so it was impossible to be in contact with Rupert Brooke for the shortest space of time without becoming aware of a rare and vivid personality. This penetrating personal charm and his wonderful physical comeliness went quite naturally with his intellectual qualities. There was no arrogance. Always he showed the greatest interest in and sympathy with whatever one happened to be telling him. The perfectly frank and open expression of

"A young Apollo, golden haired,"

inspired genuine friendships. He had great sympathies. It may well be, as more than one writer has suggested, that in the future he will live as a mythical figure, a legend almost, to which two slender volumes are the only key.

J. F. H.

"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

The assassination of Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, of the Bombay Civil Service, caused widespread regret among all those who valued his scholarly contributions to the anthropology, history, and linguistics of Western India. —*Athenæum.*

Mr. D. S. MacColl, Keeper of the Wallace Collection, is preparing for early publication a volume of verses to be entitled "Seaweed and Rose." The book will be issued by Messrs. MacLehose, publishers to the University of Glasgow.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Brown, the Editress of "Home Chat," is one of the best known and most gifted lady journalists in the world. She is a director of the Amalgamated Press.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Mr. Bottomley . . . is perhaps the most widely read and listened to man of the day.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

A certain number of cotton frocks and plain white skirts suitable for tennis or boating are indispensable, but the plain coat and skirt of sturdy tweed or rainproof covert coating, which can be worn either at the seaside or in the country whenever the weather is dull or cold, is a most important item in the holiday wardrobe.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Sir Edward Grey's return to the Foreign Office restores to politics the statesman to whom more than to any of his contemporaries the world looks for the means of re-establishing its normal life. Nor has his country a less expectation of him. It has at this moment a special use for his calm mind and disinterested character. Periods of storm throw up many personalities, and a nation quickly discovers the stuff of which its ablest sons are made.—*Nation.*

Lord Curzon's book is one of great variety. He translates the war poems of M. Cammaerts and other Belgian poets into English verse; Collins, Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, Clough, Hogg, Cowley, Gray, Mrs. Hemans, and others into Latin metres, various pieces from Plato, the Greek Anthology, and other classical authors into English verse, and makes a rhymed adaptation of Addison's "Vision of Mirzah." Such an enterprise, in these unlettered days, is very agreeable.—*Nation.*

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CARBER'S CRUISE.[1]

AN IRONIC RHYME.[2]

I.

Undoubtedly we do not think enough
 About the simple fisher folk at sea;
Their constitutions must be very tough
 To stand such weather—it occurs to me
That that is why they wear, these fish retrievers,
Oilskins and hats affected by coal-heavers.

Rugged they are and wrinkled, I believe,
 (I know them only, reader, by report),
And not like other sailors, who achieve
 A name for having wives in every port.
The nature of their dangerous avocations
Does not permit of untoward relations.

Some things there are more true than alibis,
 Some things we know by hearsay, some will grow
To seem like truths and all the time are lies;
 Life is indeed uncertain, but I know,
For all my little knowledge of seafaring,
There is no pleasure in a tasteless herring.

My brother once upon a fishing smack
 Sought health and recreation on the sea;
He went out to the Dogger Bank and back,
 And he was ill—as ill as he could be.
I think if I was wanting recreation,
I'd find some much less trying occupation.

Not that the Dogger Bank has not its charm—
 The very name is instinct with romance!—
But all the same I view with less alarm
 The thought of some quiet holiday in France,
Or, greatly daring, at a pinch I'd lighten
Cares and exchequer with a trip to Brighton.

The Dogger Bank! I see its emerald green,
 The bobbing smacks, the glittering meshes—I'm
Sure in imagination better seen;
 Art shows the way to Nature all the time;
Doubtless the Bard of Avon we've to thank
That wild times happen on the Dogger Bank.

And then the trouble when the squall occurs!
 The Yo heave ho!—I hope I've got it right—
And all night long the hapless mariners
 Drink rum (I hate it!) till the morrow's light
Shall hint at Grimsby town or kingdom come.
No thanks, my lads, I'd rather stay at home!

II.

It happened in the spring of ninety-six,
 Or ninety-seven—what's the odds when Time
Is only part of that mad box of tricks
 We call the brain, and more important's rhyme'—
The fishing fleet put out from Grimsby harbour,
Bearing, with others, John Nathaniel Carber.

Carber, a quiet, meditative man,
 As some remarked, "a bit above his station,"
Once on a time had been an Anglican,
 But Darwin came and spoilt his education,
Disturbed his simple faith with that amœba,
And made him an enigma to each neighbour.

He stood now at the helm the while the fleet,
 Under a moon, white, cold and sinister,
Put out to sea, a ghostly troop, to meet
 Whatever luck fate might administer.
But Carber was at work on other things,
Trying to fit tails under angels' wings.

His was a case of philosophic doubt,
 As you have guessed—a very bad condition
For any man—a tooth you can't have out,
 And fatal for a man in his position;
For just consider, children, would you wish a man
Who doesn't know what's what to be a fisherman?

Out on the rolling deep (I think it is),
 Where perils hover always round the smacks
The philosophic doubter fails in this:
 He hasn't time to get the faith he lacks
Before, what ho! the stormy winds do blow,
Reminding him of all he doesn't know.

Carber was arguing this way and that,
 Sometimes the angels won and then the apes
Sometimes he wondered what the gods were at,
 That his imaginings could take such shapes.
Children, beware! you'll never know what peace is
If once you read "*The Origin of Species.*"

I haven't read it yet, and don't intend to—
 I'm told it's very dull, and what is worse,
Or much the same, perhaps, there is no end to
 Its criticisms of the universe,
And such-like stuff that doesn't really matter:
The universe can stand a lot of chatter.

(1) *Crûise* (1) *s.* (*Dut.* kruis—*a cross, from Lat.* crucem, *accus. of crux.*) *A voyage made in several directions; a sailing here and there for pleasure, exercise, or in search of an enemy.*

"*In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder.*"
Smollet: Epilogue to the Reprisal.
Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary.

(2) *Warning to Libraries: The story, having no "love-interest," is not for the* jeune fille.

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Carber, however, was a pious man,
 And, what is more, a man of resolution.
"I'll know the truth about it if I can,"
 He muttered, pondering on evolution,
Like many others, little to their profit,
Who cannot see the truth for thinking of it.

The bark held on its way—I say the bark,
 This being a poetic term for boat;
Beauty lay all around him in the dark,
 Supplying—had he known!—an antidote
To Darwin, Spencer, Mill, and all the rest of them:
Not worth a yellow daffodil, the best of them.

Green of the seas by night, there is no green
 Like that clear emerald! It is the king
Of all the colours as the virgin queen
 Of colour is the fairy green of Spring.
My God, you readers of a fatty *Punch*,
If you loved colour better than your lunch!

I question very much if Mr. Smith,
 Whose soul is one with that unhappy journal,
Has ever seen the train he travels with,
 Or anything indeed but his infernal
Self, that, when considered, after all,
Is really microscopically small.

It's not for me to be contemptuous,
 But if for once he looked, and looked again,
He might—by all that's great and marvellous!—
 Go home and say: "My dear, I saw a train."
Thus building in the mind of Mrs. Smith
Foundations of a mighty monolith.

For Mrs. Smith would look at him and say,
 "You don't seem very well, dear," and if he
Persisted, would suggest a holiday
 At Margate for a week or two. "The sea
And change will do you good"; and Smith, a prey
To new imaginings might go away.

And then—you never know!—the joy of trains
 Awakened in his breast might lure him on
To "empty some dull opiate to the drains"
 And taste the vintages of Helicon.
Life without Keats would still have cakes and ale,
But leave us *Punch*, just Heaven, and *The Mail*! (3)

(3) *"Golly, what a paper!" was an ejaculation of Stevenson's, Dick, regarding the* Athenæum. The Mail *is a* classic. De mortuis . . . *you know. But don't worry about these things. I'll hark back to that really interesting point in your letter about the Gore girls.—From a letter in the possession of the Norfolk Family*, 1937.

And after that—indeed, you never know!—
 Smith on the Jetty, minion of the moon,
Hearing a lover's somethings whispered low,
 Might learn the meaning of the world; and soon
Be asking in regard to Mrs. Smith,
Why she seemed less than kind and more than kith.

God of the social order! Tooting cries,
 And Bedford Park, and Balham, and Belgravia,
Where are you leading us? The moral ties
 Will not permit of Juan-like behaviour.
My answer, sir or madam, as the case is,
Is in your hearts: be calm and keep your places.

I don't care twopence if he fled that night,
 Or, dreadful thought! succumbed to Margate's charms.
The things I care about?—well, "wretched wight"
 Is a poor substitute for "knight-at-arms."
The key to which remark is there for all
Whom *La Belle Dame sans merci* hath in thrall. (4)

Smith's history, at any rate, is over,
 His future troubles no concern of mine;
You can't pluck grapes from thistles, though you cover
 With fig leaves every tendril of the vine;
And so, no doubt, he'll end as he began,
A "moral," unimaginative man.

(4) *The spread of the American language was not the least of the immoral and vicious tendencies of the age of the Propagartists* (1900-1920). *The line:*

What can ail thee, knight-at-arms

in the great romantic poem of Keats, was still being printed in some editions

What can ail thee, wretched wight.

And this in the twentieth century! And with a library censorship!—The Memoirs of Lady Dorothy Hatton, 1948.

(To be continued.)

I wonder if we realise how immensely such a material detail as our hedgerows may influence national character. —*Outlook.*

Mr. Reginald Hely, manager of Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd., has sent me a highly interesting little brochure containing something like a hundred letters of appreciation which owners of Straker-Squire cars have felt prompted to write from all parts of the world. The series opens with a description by Mr. G. W. Bransby Williams of his experiences in India, where he made a tour of some 5,100 miles, in the course of which he covered 297 miles on the Grand Trunk road from Calcutta on a total consumption of eleven gallons of petrol—27 miles per gallon—and he remarks that although the temperature was well over 100 degrees the extra air inlet enabled him to get a perfect mixture in spite of the heat. —*Outlook.*

Genius always gets the better of pedestrian talent.—Dr. Whibley in the *Daily Mail*.

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REVIEWS.

CHANTONS, CAMMAERTS, CHANTONS.

"*Belgian Poems.*" By EMILE CAMMAERTS (Lane.) 5/-

It is better to be born lucky than lyrical. We will say right off for Emile Cammaerts that he was born both lyrical and lucky. And this volume of Belgian poems may be taken as a monument alike of his luck and his lyricism. To put the matter another way, let us imagine Britain over-run by howling and ravening American soldiery and, say, Mr. Binyon a refugee in Brussels publishing War Verses with the Mr. John Lane of that city, and suddenly becoming the pet and plaything of that section of its inhabitants which may be termed the titled and official classes. This is what has happened to M. Cammaerts. As poet, at best, he is a Binyon, and falls short of Mr. Binyon intellectually and in the gifts of austerity and restraint, and as war-verse writer he is, at best, of about Mr. Binyon's level and at worst of about the level of Mr. Begbie. Yet it is a fact that for weeks past the literary press of the country has been out to do the honours and to pile up the praises for M. Cammaerts. It is a fact also that wherever one goes by social paths, Cammaerts is the affair of the hour. At the Duchess' charitable parties it is a case of "Chantons, Belges, Chantons!" with Rejane and slow music. It is the same at the Palace Theatre, and even so at the Bohemian Night Club. Only a few months back a Hindoo gentleman named Rabinadrath Tagore held the critical and social floor. But after basking in the approval of Mr. W. B. Yeats and bagging the Nobel prize, he went off to India's coral strand ablaze with hope and glory. Now, M. Cammaerts reigns in his stead and literary and gadabout London has no room for anybody else. Passing, we may remark that the prompt appreciation of foreigners is an eminently British trait. In music and in painting it has been marked and combated by jealous British genius. There is a movement afoot for the establishment of a British Opera, as opposed to the Continental product. And soon it may be that we shall find the British minor poets agitating for that hearing which seemed so ready for the Hindoo, the Jap, and now the Belgian, and is so implacably denied the native born.

However, let us look into M. Cammaerts. He divides the present volume—the worth of which, by the way, is not enhanced by the fact that "the proceeds of the first edition are to be devoted to the Belgian Soldiers' Fund for the purchase of tobacco"—into four portions, namely, Patriotic Songs, Carols, Love Poems, and "Mystic" Poems. For all artistic purposes we may dismiss each of these sections with the exception of one, the carols. Though he has written "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," which has been set to music by Sir Edward Elgar and recited with hurricane passion by Rejane and others, M. Cammaerts is not the great patriotic poet, but simply a middling writer of Hymns of Hate on the right side of the bellicose hedge. Take "New Year's Wishes to the German Army," for example. We use the very literal translation supplied by the poet's wife:—

I wish that every hour of life
May wound your heart.
I wish each step you take in strife
May burn your feet.
I wish that you may be both blind and deaf
Unto all lovely things,
That you may walk all day and night
Beneath a sky bereft of light,
Seeing no flowers in the fields,
Hearing no word, no bird's sweet song
To mind you of the wives and children left
Alone at home so long.
I wish the soil—our country's soil—
May open and become
A quicksand 'neath your ranks,
And that the streams—our country's streams—
May overflow their banks
And drown your hosts.
I wish your nights may poisoned be
By all our martyr's ghosts,
That you may neither watch nor sleep,
But ever breathe the smell of blood
By our Holy Innocents shed.

And so on and so forth. That we may not be accused of quoting a translation wherein the beauties of the original are lost or suppressed, we also reproduce M. Cammaerts' own French:—

Je souhaite que chaque heure
Vous meurtrisse le cœur.
Je souhaite que chaque pas que vous ferez
Vous brûle les pieds.
Je souhaite que vous deveniez aveugles et sourds
A la beauté des choses,
Et que vous marchiez, nuit et jour,
Sous un ciel morose,
Sans voir les fleurs écloses au coin des haies,
Sans entendre un mot, sans surprendre un chant
Qui vous rapelle les femmes et les enfants
Laissés dans vos foyers.
Je souhaite que la terre, notre terre,
Se creuse de fondrières
Sous vos canons,
Et que les rivières du pays, de notre pays,
Sortent de leur lit
Pour submerger vos bataillons.
Je souhaite que les spectres de nos martyrs
Empoisonnent vos nuits,

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Et que vous ne puissiez plus ni veiller, ni dormir,
Sans respirer l'odeur du sang
De nos Saints Innocents.

We maintain this is the 'Im of 'Ate as spluttered and sung by Fritz and 'Ans, and pretty lame and impotent at that. There is really no hate in it, none of the fierce, high rage which justifies the setting down of such a passion on paper. It resembles rather the roar of sucking doves, the angry bleat of lambs, or the shriek of vengeance of rabbits. In other words, it fails because it is written by a poet who is not a good hater, and not a patriot in the sense that patriotism is a flame with him and all he knows and cares about. Any person with an elementary understanding of the differences between poets, who read at Christmas, 1912, M. Cammaert's carol "Les Rois," could have told him then and there that if ever he threw himself into dithyrambic competition with poets of the calibre of the genial and bloodthirsty Herr Lausser, he would be bound to make a mess of it. "Les Rois" is probably the most beautiful and pellucid visualisation of what we may term the "Noel sentiment" in literature. This is high praise, but it is deserved; even the translation triumphs, because it could not escape the touch of the poignant simplicities which inform and illuminate the poem itself. For this poem and for two others in the same kind, named, respectively, "The Shepherds" and "The Ass and the Ox," we must be grateful; we must be proud to have M. Cammaerts among us, and glad to have him read and admired by Buckingham Gate and Bayswater. And we must forgive him "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," "New Year Verses," and even "Au Grand Roi d'un Petit Pays."

DANTE AGAIN.

The Paradise of Dante.—Translated by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., with an Introduction by John William Mackail, LL.D. (Macmillan.) 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Mackail's Introduction to this translation of the Paradise contains the following passage:

"Poetry, as the pattern and interpretation of Life, is the ultimate expression of all thought and of all knowledge; as the expression of mankind begins with poetry, so it ends on it; and the great poet who appears at intervals of many generations sums up or interprets—one might almost say incarnates—the whole material, social and intellectual movement of the race. . . . As art pure and simple, poetry like all other art is untranslatable; in the process of translation the work of art ceases to be itself. Yet the instinct to translate poetry is natural, and the translation itself need be neither meaningless nor useless."

We take it that Dr. Shadwell concurs in this judgment, as we ourselves heartily concur. That is to say, so far as a philosophic definition of poetry is concerned, and so far as the truth about translation is concerned. As the instinct to translate poetry is natural, the soaring human translator is perhaps not to be blamed for attempting a task which *au fond* is impossible. Nobody who can read Dante in the original will ever admit that he has been translated in anything like a poetically satisfactory manner, any more than the man who has read Shakespeare in the original could be expected to abide him in the language of France or Russia, or especially of Germany. So that all persons, if they be reasonable, must take their translators with a reservation and a critical deduction or allowance for ungetoverable circumstances. We have no doubt in the world that Dr. Shadwell's version of Dante's *Paradise* will be welcome to the student, and it may even be to the theologian, and we desire to extend to him all the charities that a hard-working and well-meaning translator has a right to expect. But in spite of all that may be argued by friendly prefaces and all that may be conceded by friendly criticism, we still venture to maintain that if the reading world possesses any rights at all, it possesses the right of demanding from a translator of poetry not only that his work shall be "neither meaningless nor useless," but that it shall also possess or exhibit at least some traces of artistic judgment and poetical feeling. It is with the greatest regret that we find ourselves compelled to say of Dr. Shadwell's translation that it is not the work of a poet. We turn haphazard to the beginning of Canto 8, and this is what we are permitted to read:—

In days of old the world believed,
By fancy perilous deceived,
That the fair Cyprian dame
Beamed forth love's maddening flame,
Wheeled in third epicycle round:
Wherefore in ancient error bound,
Not her alone with cries,
And votive sacrifice,
Men sought; but to her son, her mother,
Homage they paid, both one and other,
Dione, Cupid, erst
In Dido's bosom nurst.
Hence unto her that prompts my song
Doth that fair planet's name belong,
Close to the sun inclined,
In front or now behind.
Of my ascent I was not ware:
But well I knew me entered there:
Taught by the added grace
Of my fair Lady's face.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

It is not well to employ catch-words and catch-phrases during a time of grave peril. . . . As Borden is Canada, and Botha South Africa, so our Coalition must be the British Isles—the heart of the Empire.—*Saturday Review.*

As to the future of the land campaign in the autumn and winter, the future of the three great land campaigns, we shall not prophesy now. *Nobody knows.—Saturday Review.*

There is, it is true, no real ground for the feeling in certain classes that the rich are preaching economy to the poor, and neglecting to practise it. —*Saturday Review.*

Here is a little great book that soldiers ought to carry in their kits, and that women should keep by their bedside.—*Saturday Review.*

The volume contains, among other poems, a reprint of "The Sea-Farer," Mr. Pound's masterly translation from the original Anglo-Saxon. This poem, which the *New Age* had the honour of first publishing, is without doubt one of the finest literary works of art produced in England during the last ten years. I would put it myself alongside of Mrs. Hastings' "Odes" as the best serious verse the *New Age* has published. For this poem alone "Cathay" is worth the shilling charged for it.—*New Age.*

I wonder if anyone has any right to talk about themselves as much as I do? I can't believe that they have; and yet I can't stop.—Alice Morning in the *New Age.*

Perhaps if man had less personal vindictiveness he would have more of that social zeal that we at present call patriotism.—*Nation.*

Carey's "Dante" is better or worse than Dr. Shadwell's merely as Carey is better or worse at English poetry than Dr. Shadwell.—*Nation.*

The story that angels were seen by the British troops during the battle of Mons has provoked two clergymen to diametrically opposing statements.—*Outlook.*

"We are not Hindu magicians," says Mr. Wyndham Lewis, "to make our mango-tree grow in half an hour." And that is a very sensible statement.—*Ford Madox Hueffer in the "Outlook."*

The announcement that Mr. Henry James has chosen the time when this country is being supremely tried to throw in his lot with us is good hearing. Mr. James has paid us the highest honour in the power of an individual to bestow.—*Outlook.*

Yes, we are getting on.—*Outlook.*

Now is the time when everyone gets stung by a wasp.—*Nation.*

Criticism has not yet had time to go far with the salutary task of placing war literature in its proper perspective. A few pieces of work seem to us already to be visibly outstanding from the rest. —*Nation.*

"Oliver" is a sincere attempt to outline the impulses and motives of a boy and man, naturally refined, sensitive, and intelligent, but inclined to egoism, slyness, and self-indulgence.—*Nation.*

A nation at prayer.—*Evening News.*

"I am very deestressed," Mlle. Gaby Deslys told the *Evening News* to-day. "I 'ave lost my leetle dog, and since he gone I 'ave not slept all ze night," she said. "It is dreadful," and tears quivered in her eyes.—*Evening News.*

The visit of the King to his Fleet has turned the thoughts of many this week towards the British Navy. Perhaps our thoughts, normally, are less than they should be with the men and ships of the Fleet. The work of the Fleet is a silent and steady thing, of which almost nothing can be said in print.—*Saturday Review.*

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland, 15s.; Foreign, 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the Academy *are at 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.*

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THE ROSE.

I go to see my lass
When rain falls on the street,
She whose beauty sweet
More healing quiet has
Than green arbours in heat.

Day long she sits and sews
With nimble hands, bent head,
Stitching clothes for bread,
Poor rain-forbidden rose
Unblown yet withered.

Hard by her window panes
No birds sing, but the spool
Hums o'er silk and wool,
Unwinding slender skeins,
Heedless, unpitiful.

And when I leave my lass
And join the idle rout
Whose hard glances flout
The quiet gaze she has,
I hear the stones cry out.

Wilfrid Thorley.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE affairs of the country appear to be taking care of themselves rather nicely. The men at the helm are going on with their jobs, but the talk has died down. Certain kinds of people are always with us, however, and though we have escaped from Parliament, we have not escaped from Lord Haldane and Herbert G. Wells, who, for want of something better to do, have been doling out prosy opinions in "The Nation." We have tried to read Haldane, and failed utterly to get on with him. Let us hope that on their National Register papers both these gentlemen will discover to the Government parts and capacities of which we have never suspected them, and that they will be given *work*. Herbert G. has a good falsetto voice, and he might be employed to sing soldiers to sleep. As for Haldane, he could push trolleys in a munition factory. We note with satisfaction that Herbert G. finds that owing to the war the "provision" he has made for his "old age" has depreciated thirty per cent.

We take the following from "The Times":—

An enumerator, whose district includes about 150 houses in one of the poorest parts of London, stated that as a result of one day's work he had visited 62 houses and issued 292 forms, of which 83 were for men and boys. He said:—

I have met with no refusal whatever. From first to last, everybody is only too pleased to give me the information asked for; but they made no secret of their hope that the registration will lead to definite action. Naturally, most of those I saw were women, but wherever I spoke to men I found that the same feeling prevailed. They assume that compulsory service—not necessarily military service, but certainly war service—will follow, and they are not afraid of it. In fact, they openly welcome the register because they regard it as only the preliminary to a summons from the Government to work for the nation, and they will be disappointed if the summons does not come. The women are particularly enthusiastic about it.

If the Government send round recruiting agents to appeal to men to enlist, the agents will not get a very cordial reception, at any rate in the houses I have visited. People there tell me they are tired of coaxing, and think it is rather contemptible. What they are waiting for, they say, are definite orders to do this or that, and as soon as they get those orders they will jump to the work, whatever it may be.

They seem to have grasped the idea of registration pretty thoroughly. I simply introduce myself as "The National Register." They say that they were waiting for me, and the ice is broken at once. In fact, several people were almost offended because I would not stay to have tea with them.

"The Times" "enumerator" is no doubt a very excellent gentleman, but if he will come and have tea with us we might inform him that he is entirely exceeding his duty in communicating the results of his labours to a newspaper, and that we have no hesitation in asserting that when he says the people are enthusiastic about the National Register he is not speaking the truth. Perhaps "The Times" will be good enough to publish the name and address of this wonderful person. It is among the boasts of the Kaiser that he would arm every cat and dog, and it should soon be one of the boasts of the

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Harmsworth Press that the very dogs in the street howl for conscription. As a matter of fact, England will not stand for conscription, and all the enumerators that ever talked twaddle will be unable to bring it about.

We are not blind to the pretty little plot which underlies the cry for conscription. It has been observed by Mammon that the working classes of this country are getting a more adequate share of the good things of life than used to be the case. Wages have gone up, the standard of living has gone up, and the profits of Capital have decreased. If you take the youth of the country and shove it willy-nilly into the Army at your own price, you strike at the root of the wage-earners' strength. You "discipline" him and reduce him to the cheap and subservient machine. German labour is cheap because every German has been kicked and starved in German barracks and has had his soul well knocked out of him. Even in England the man who has served his country finds that when he leaves the Army and wants civilian employment he has to take less money than men who have not been soldiers. The agitation for tariff reform, though put up as a good thing for the democracy, was really a capitalistic venture. It failed because Englishmen saw through the trick. The agitation for conscription is put up in the name of patriotism, but it really emanated from quarters where patriotism is as little considered as common honesty. It is a pity that any organ of the Press possessed of a sense of its duty to the public should, wittingly or unwittingly, lend itself to a cunning ruse of this kind.

It is not to be denied that, if we are to win the War, we must have plenty of men, but we deny absolutely the suggestion that it is impossible, or even difficult, to obtain all the men requisite by the voluntary principle. On that principle we have already raised armies which greatly exceed in numbers anything that the most rabid conscriptionists dreamed of before the War. We retain our freedom, and there is not a single Englishman at the front who is not there of his own goodwill. The talk of slackers at home is an absolute calumny upon the nation. And for ourselves we say that as a mere matter of military efficiency it is better that there should be ten slackers at home than one reluctant man facing the foe. Lord Kitchener knows this, and until he tells us that he wants compulsion we shall take it upon ourselves to do without it. It does not seem to have occurred to Lord Northcliffe that there is a limit to the public tolerance. One of these days he may find himself roaring for something quite different from conscription.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne resides in America, and he has evidently taken the United States to his manly bosom. If he is not already a naturalised citizen of those States, he should have no difficulty in getting his papers. To one of the American weeklies he has just contributed a poem called "The Funeral Torch of Kings," a portion of which runs thus:—

Liberty! born in Greece, in England nursed,
 In France a mother grown,
At whose wild breasts America did first
 Drink freedom for her own;
Now to the lands that reared her far she flings
 The light that once was theirs,
The light that is the funeral torch of kings,
 Now and forever hers.

Mr. Henry James, however, evidently does not agree with Mr. le Gallienne, and it is highly probable that there will still be a little freedom left in England when the New York Harbour Statue of liberty, under a picture of which Mr. le Gallienne's poem is printed, has been taken down for alterations and repairs.

The "Star" publishes what it calls a dramatic war sketch by Lady Kathleen Hastings. The name of Lady Kathleen is not familiar to us, and we have no acquaintance with her published works. We reproduce, however, the last lines of her ladyship's dramatic war sketch:—

Jacques: I am ready. (Enter L, French soldier.) God! What uniform is that?

French Soldier: French, parbleu! Cheer, camarade; we have brought you Deliverance!

Jacques: Deliverance! Oh, my God, Deliverance!

(Bursts into a shout of maniacal laughter.)

Some people will be tempted to do likewise.

The latest thing in poetry is what may be called the surprise lyric. We append an example:—

Is it success to have great wealth
 And all the pleasures it will bring?
Or is it poverty and health,
 As many sing?

Is it success to win estates,
 Vast areas of mines and land,
To have the pow'r to mock and fates;
 Supremely grand;

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To have a house with all the things
That luxury and taste desire;
Treasures to which the richest kings
May well aspire;

Has he the great, the true success
If Love and Fame and Wealth are his—
Is this the way to Happiness?

You bet it is.

A better one runs as follows:—

I said unto the angel,
"Tell me thy name, bright wraith,
That all the world may hear it
And share thy happy faith."
He turned sad eyes upon me
And said—"My name is Smith."

It is to the credit of the "Times" newspaper that it should have published and distributed gratis a collection of War Poems from its own columns, though some of the poems, notably that by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, are pretty foolish reading. Mr. Bridges rounds off his pedestrian stanzas with the following admonition:—

Up, careless, awake!
Ye peacemakers, Fight!
England stands for Honour,
God defend the Right!

Why is it that the laurel, greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base, has latterly appeared to make such a mess of otherwise respectable poets? However, the "Times" War Poems are not by any means all doggerel. There is Mr. Kipling's "For all we have and are," which everybody knows by heart; there is the passable "King's Highway," by Sir Henry Newbolt; and better than all there is the late Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle." We can forgive the "Times" for coming out, inasmuch as it has published this fine work. Who that has read the following stanzas will forget them?

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

This lyric as a whole must go into Literature.

NO BASIS OF UNITY.

From the Editor of the *English Review* we have lately had a certain amount of captivating open confession. He has confessed in one of the Harmsworth journals that "sexual perversion"—a perversion of which, in a literary sense, the *English Review* has not been innocent—does not "make men gentle, humane or noble." And now in the August number of his azure shillingsworth he writes these words, and puts his name to them:—

> If I were asked if I had never lied, never been unfair, unjust, cruel, wrong, stupid or what not, I should not like to pretend that I had not; had not so erred often, and in many ways.

The excess of "ifs" and "nots" exhibited by this brief announcement may, of course, be overlooked in the editor of a publication which claims to be "literary," and equally, of course, we are not concerned with Mr. Harrison's private digressions from the paths of moral rectitude. He says that he has "so erred often, and in many ways," but obviously it is no affair of ours. The only other eminent literateur of our own time who rather gloried in admissions of this alarming nature was, if we remember rightly, for some years editor of one of the snippet journals, and he wrote a book in which he advised office boys of this great country not to charge their employers with "tea money" unless they had, in fact and deed, had the tea. At the same time, and so far as Mr. Harrison is concerned, we shall not deny that we consider it to be part of our duty to take these confessions of his into account when we are called upon to deal with his multifarious pronouncements on large public questions. And we take them into account, not as the sheer carpers might—that is to say, by placing them to Mr. Harrison's discredit—but by putting them for what they are worth to the credit side of our opinion of him. In this same August number of the *English Review* Mr. Austin Harrison has a signed article called "The Responsibility of the Press." He says that about the time the *Times* was being burnt "for having exposed the omissions and blunders of the late Government," he went to see two editors, one a Conservative and one a Liberal, "with a view to establishing some basis of unity, without which the advocation of national thought and action is obviously impossible." Let us note with mixed feelings what a childlike person it is who would set out to reconcile even two editors over a premise which on the face of it is nothing if not debatable. Of course, Mr. Harrison failed in his adventure.

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"We simply could not meet," said one editor. "We simply could not meet," said the other editor. We could have told Mr. Harrison precisely what both editors would say before he set out to meddle. The journalist in him should have told him that the reformer in him was bound to be rebuffed, and, to put the matter shortly, it is plain that he should have stayed at home. If we did not know him, by his own showing, to be a man who will speak the truth and shame the devil, we should doubt whether he ever undertook such a wild goose chase at all, and whether he had not set down for us what his two editors would be morally sure to say rather than what they did say. Nevertheless, we are glad that Mr. Harrison has in mind the possibility of "some basis of unity" among editors which will help in "the advocation of national thought and action." We venture to assert that such a basis of unity is not likely to be achieved in England, but the idea pleases us. And now let us drag ourselves out of the political treacle pot in which Mr. Harrison is so fond of floundering, and bring him, on his own point, into less sticky but to our mind more important spheres.

"National thought and action" are not altogether a question of politics. "National thought" at any rate has its root in other matters—matters, by the way, in which both Mr. Harrison and ourselves are deeply concerned, and matters over which, in the main, we may be said to be as keenly opposed as the aforementioned two editors, "one a Conservative and one a Liberal." We refer, of course, to the question of literature. If we had space, we might recount the differences between the literary outlook of THE ACADEMY and the literary outlook of the *English Review*. We have no desire to flatter Mr. Harrison, but we will go the length of suggesting that "a basis of unity" between us might be of advantage in "the advocation" of proper national thought. Will Mr. Harrison meet us with a view to the establishment of such a basis of unity? Could we meet Mr. Harrison with such a view? The answer from both sides, and especially from our side, is "Certainly not!" And why? Mr. Harrison knows as well as we know that he would decline to think our way. And we know as well as he knows that we would rather be hanged, drawn and quartered and flung to the Germans than think his way on certain vital topics. So there we are. Mr. Harrison will go on "moulding" the national thought in directions which we consider to be dubious; and we shall go on placarding the literary highways and byways with "'Ware, Harrison," and on occasion "*Gott strafe* the *English Review*." Such is life. Evil, we suppose, has to exist, and it takes delight in existing. But it is there for the sole purpose that it may be combated, and it is out of the combating of evil that the best good usually comes. We shall live or perish in this faith, and when Mr. Harrison has confessed piecemeal that we are entirely right we shall no doubt discover other dug-in and concretely entrenched persons against whom we may project ourselves with decent fury.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

II.—Novels of Women, and Technique.

In "Catharine Furze" (1894) we are conscious at once of a relaxation in the atmosphere of Rutherford's art, as if he had chosen a medium gently attuned to the sex that was to be the subject of his three further novels. We drop smoothly straight into the flux of this charming story. The current of provincial life flows idly, openly by, and we watch it with interest as keen as Catharine's as she gazed on the Ouse from Eastthorpe bridge. The prose seems to rise like an emanation from the soil the novel depicts, Rutherford's native Bedfordshire.

In developing the truism that mainly it is character and not accident that shapes events, the author says: "There is a providence without the big P.... It appears as instinct prompting us to do this and not to do that . . . when we have no consciously rational ground for decision, to cleave to this person and shun the other. . . ." Of the working of this power Rutherford makes Catharine's life the active instance, her purity being guarded by Intuition till she grew to learn that Purity, while keeping the conscience tender, gives also to the senses their impressibility and ardour. Through her keen susceptibility to beauty, Rutherford makes his strong point that, "A perfect form or a delicate colour are the expression of something which is destroyed in us by subjugation to the baser desire or meanness, and he who has been unjust to man or woman misses the true interpretation of a cloud or falling wave." By being true to herself, Cartharine saved the infatuated cleric Cardew, and his wife and others much suffering. She is so uncompromising and direct that if she were not so deliciously real and so strong in imaginative passion we might think her merely a concept of the author given artistic semblance. Rutherford's use of

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well-worn mechanism to forward his plots, the employment of asides, and the habit of harking back to past events when developing a story seem here so in keeping with the antique rural tone of the book that we welcome rather than blame such devices.

In "Clara Hopgood" (1896) we have skilful fusion of form and subject. The even tracts of crisp transparent prose, with their frugal outlines of incident and their firmly poised ideas against lucid backgrounds, render admirably the local spirit of the story.

Once more ideals are pushed to their extremes. For Catharine, unconventional love was wrong; for Madge Hopgood, it is right. With the two narrative gems in "Miriam's Schooling" (1890) we have now had treated a thorough variety of the phases revealed by love and ideals in interplay. Dexterously the author lets his philosophy emanate logically from his characters. Both Madge, the woman of impulse, and Clara, who acts only upon careful judgment, are proved right because they are sincere. "What we believe is not of so much importance as the path by which we travel to it." The final philosophy, stated by Baruch Cohen, who has at length won his true love-mate by remaining faithful to his aspirations, is comparatively genial:

"Do you believe that the good does not necessarily survive?" asks Clara.

"Yes and no; I believe that power every moment, so far as our eyes can follow it, is utterly lost. . . . Huge volumes of human energy are apparently annihilated."

"It is very shocking, worse to me than the thought of the earthquake or the pestilence."

"I said 'yes and no,' and there is another side. The universe is so wonderful, so intricate, that it is impossible to trace the transformation of its forces, and when they seem to disappear the disappearance may be an illusion. Moreover, 'waste' is a word which is applicable only to finite resources. If the resources are infinite it has no meaning."

In the first two books of Mark Rutherford the nature of his spiritual experiences imposed on the stories their style and structure. Since, in the form of terse confessional chapters, they reached their audience and communicated their inspiration—a vision of lofty solace and subtle beauty that may be wrested from life by the meek and sensitive—they have admirably succeeded. Yet his fault as a novelist is that he is preoccupied unduly with these personal experiences and the call to give them repeated expression. His heroes and heroines, for instance, are equally with Catharine Furze and himself susceptible to a mysterious power, restraining or propelling them at crises when they are not aware of any conscious exercise of their own authority. And the fairy godmothers bobbing up opportunely in the shape of the Mrs. Carters and the Mrs. Caffyns are examples of a tendency to narrow the minor persons almost, it seems, to family groups.

But in his more impersonal characterisations Rutherford is deft without cumbrousness; supreme amongst many master-strokes is the exquisite delineation of the first Mrs. Coleman, who, conventionally and domestically perfect, yet enrages a man by her chill self-absorption and her prim bird-like shallowness. And throughout the books we have a unique insight into life, often achieving in statement by sheer force of pithy compression the epigram, as: "That hypocrisy which takes a pride in reducing the extraordinary to the commonplace." "It was his own inner being from which he revolted, from limitations which are worse than crimes." It is only when dealing with the squalid side of London life that his observations become extreme, and he displays the inability of a Gissing to see in the tenebrous realm a single gleam of beauty.

His actual writing is plain to the point of severity. "If you write anything you consider particularly fine," said his father, "strike it out!" What was left gained a sacrificial beauty. His infrequent descriptions of Nature are pointedly individual.

Spare and primitive as the framework of these novels often is, it works swiftly and without jar; and the prose, apparently artless, has an edge so rigid and keen that it stamps itself on the mind with a contact almost metallic. Rutherford excelled in expressing himself with clear conciseness, and he excelled above all in giving shape to the elusive thoughts that throng the consciousness of the spiritually reflective. His books have the sense of the infinite, in which he traffics so freely. He is constantly leading us, as it were, to the edge of a precipice in thought: with one vivid flash of a phrase he throws illumination into the nocturnal depths. Though we are often left mainly majestically excited or perplexed, with no solution of the problem, or at best with a bold intuition instead of a truth incontrovertibly reasoned out, we welcome contact with so many invigorating ideas. Because this sober idealist championed so dauntlessly the cause of the obscure and the unrecorded brave, we are heartened for the fight that lies before Democracy, and our faith is strengthened in the ultimate triumph of the moral idea that lies behind the dross and clash of our civilisation.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

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CARBER'S CRUISE.

An Ironic Rhyme.

VI.

No poet yet that I recall has sung
 The rapturous pageant of a dawn at sea
In such high fashion that his verses wrung
 Tears, idle tears, and compliments from me.
And I'll not venture where the great hob-nob:
Write for my epitaph[1]: "He knew his job."[2]

Sufficient then that morning came before
 The troubled Carber found relief in sleep
From that mad shuttlecock and battledore
 He'd been indulging in; I'd rather keep
White rats again as once I did when younger,
Than one unmetred metaphysic-monger.

I like white rats, they have endearing ways,
 And in their eyes I seem to catch a glimpse
Of sunsets glowing red on foggy days;
 Their young, again, are pink like little shrimps.
Compare them with some universe condenser:
They smell much less offensively than Spencer.

Ah, my young days! I don't regret they've gone;
 The high gods owe a year or two of joy
For much unhappiness they put upon
 The shoulders of a world-bewildered boy.
No wonder children go to bed so soon:
A mother's instinct bids her fear the moon.

The moon looked down at me one night and said:
 "You silly youngster, must you go to sleep
While I go sailing grandly overhead?
 I am a silver ship and you must keep
A record of my voyage through the night:
Sit down, you little idiot, and write!"

I had to write, of course; I wrote and wrote,
 And when she sought her ghostly solitudes,
A rabbit looked and laughed and fled remote,
 With white scut bobbing in the autumn woods.
And then there came a girl or so—ah me!
What paper has been wasted on a She!

I don't know much of women—I'm a child
 In such high matters, but repeated shocks
Have told me why the Lady Lisa smiled,
 And also why she's "older than the rocks."[1]
In the old days we met in Mitylene
But now the baggage lives at Hither Green.

Pan is not dead but looking rather sick;
 He doesn't like the lady, she has grown
Sophisticated, and the little stick
 Of greasepaint in her fingers makes him frown.
Je vous affie, he says, *que plus me plaisent*—
The rest's in Rabelais[2]—and you know his ways.

One has to bear the other types in mind,
 But still it puzzles me, upon my life!
That I can't find the key to womankind
 That links Dolores up with Cæsar's wife;
And so, meantime, lest cynicism call,
My motto is: Idealise them all!

There's nothing like idealising Woman,
 And if Dolores smiles, why, let her smile.
How should she know she's something more than
 human—
 And Masefield, too, affirming it the while!
But all such lovers deeply I esteem:
You'd better lose Dolores than your dream.

As for the strange variety that shrieks
 For that absurd requirement, a vote—
I know what *that* is wanting: she "that seeks
 Shall find"—but it would be as well to note
That even if you "give your life to gain it,"
You needn't trouble others to obtain it.

My dears! they've said a lot of bitter things
 About you and about, but I believe
It's all a tale of cabbages and kings—
 That orchard episode—; why they should heave
The apple at your head I fail to see:
The serpent's motives most appeal to me.

And whether where the tree of knowledge grows,
 Or coiled on woody Ida to advise
Paris concerning Beauty, still he knows
 Much more than I do, who remain unwise,
And am, moreover less than any clod
When blithe Euterpe won't return my nod.

(1) Cum grano salis atticum.
Author of "Carber's Cruise."

(2) *The newspapers of that time had the habit of chronicling, paradoxically enough, the ephemeralities of the moment under such headings as Sayings of the Day, Wit and Wisdom of the Week, etc. From a rare sheet that has come down to us we find a certain Lord Howard de Walden saying that there could be no finer epitaph for a man than that "he knew his job"; and to this probably the author of "Carber's Cruise" was alluding. Had the noble lord known* his *job imagination reels at the thought of what he might have done for Letters. As we have already observed, however, never in history were so many people the slaves of their age.*
Professor James Wallis: England: Decline and Fall. 1956.

(1) *For we that sing and you that love*
Know that which man may, only we
The rest live under us. . . .
Swinburne.

(2) *Livre III., chapitre XLVI.*
Pantagruel.

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Ah, there's the rub! for we who woo the muse,
 Know her inconstant, a capricious queen,
And yet can't give her up—so what's the use
 Of telling lies to Doris or Christine:
Always the shadow of our lady hovers
Across the wine and roses of her lovers.[1]

One gets a little sick of it at times,
 Waiting her pleasure, so we seek distraction,
But who would not be rather making rhymes
 Than making love! who once knows satisfaction
In rhyming finds the other pleasures pall:
There's not much in it, Doris, after all.

"So that's how you regard them!" says Sir Prig;
 "Dear Mr. Benson[1] would be horrified!"
No doubt, I answer, but I'm just as big
 A fool as any who's dissatisfied,
But manages somehow to jog along
With bits of faith, and woman, wine and song;

And (consequently) Mr. Benson's views,
 Or yours, *mon cher*, don't trouble me a jot;
Wisdom is somewhere in Life's avenues,
 And Life's as long as Art—they say it's not
Who quote the proverb, but they're analytic:
Ars longa . . . was invented by a critic.

If Wisdom won't elect to seek me out
 Before the change that no one understands,
Well, Wisdom better knows what she's about
 Than I do—my affairs are in her hands,
And Life too wonderful for me to question,
In spite of Doris, duns, and indigestion.

Cavil at this, or say that I've no *locus*
 Standi as you will, or damn my "I's,"
You can't talk to a man whom any crocus
 Knocks silly with its gold, or moralise
About him when he welcomes your attacks,
Grins at himself, nor fears the wit of Max.[1]

What troubles me—as I remarked before—
 Is Carber's way of getting out of hand;
The last time I came up with him I swore
 That till I had him safe again on land
I wouldn't leave him—if, of course, his fate
Permits return—; I'll not anticipate.

(Unhappy reader of this history,
 Would you have got as far as hereabouts
But for a human curiosity
 Regarding what will happen?—I've my doubts;
And if reviewers play the game, they'll not
Treat us like Garvice,[2] and reveal the plot.)

(To be continued.)

(1) *Max Beerbohm: Imp, essayist and caricaturist. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, his brother, an actor, lamenting that he had not turned his talents to the stage, is reputed to have said of him:*

"Had he not been Diogenes he might have been Alexander." Sir George Alexander, also an actor of the period, found the comparison less odious than the caricature of Sir George with which Max retorted.

Many interesting pen-portraits of this versatile genius may be found in the works of the French poet, Paul Verlaine. We select the following:—

"Oh! dis-moi vers quels
Mornes ou cruels
Désastres
L'implacable enfant,
Preste et relevant
Ses jupes,
La rose au chapeau,
Conduit son troupeau
De dupes?

Towry Piper: "Carber's Cruise," unveiled. 1921.

(2) *Charles Garvice: Popular Novelist. Had to write his own novels because typists were too interested in his dictation to do their work properly.*

Editor: C.C. A New Edition.

(1) *Nor Pierrot, nor Don Juan, my dear. He was, if anything, Scaramel—a sort of Scaramel among the caramels, so to speak. He should have died young. But, of course, they know what they're doing up there. Come round to lunch on Sunday. . . .*"

Extract from a letter, 1925.

(2) "*. . . that writer whose works were most dear to him because in them he seemed always to know so precisely what the author would say next, and because he found in their fine-spun repetitions a singular repose, a sense of security, an earnest of calm and continuity, as though he were reading over again one of those wise copy-books that he had so loved in boyhood, or were listening to the sounds made on a piano by some modest, very conscientious young girl with a pale red pigtail, practising her scales, very gently, hour after hour, next door.*"

A Christmas Garland: Max Beerbohm, 1912.

SUSSEX EVENING.

"Oo! Tadpoles!"

Mary screamed joyfully, and the two boys ran over to her. The next minute Philip was lying on his stomach, prodding at the wrigglers with his forefinger.

"Look! See how they don't like muddy water! . . . I've got one!"

Joan got up leisurely from the nest she had made for herself in the long grass, and sauntered towards the group on the stream bank. Philip held up the dismal little black lump.

"Ugh!" said Joan. "How disgusting!"

Mary craned over his shoulder. "Why, it's dead!"

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"It isn't! I saw its tail move."

"It is! Put it back and see, then."

They stooped. In the water the horrid thing wriggled away at once. Phil cried, "It was shamming!" and started to catch a handful. Joan, calling "Mind you don't fall in!" went back to her nest. From it she could see little but the clouds, and through a grassy cleft the flat green Wild Brooks stretching away till the woods and hills ran out a purple barrier to catch the river over there. The other way the clear line of the Downs cut the sky just above the grass-blades. The steep slope of the Mount was smudged, as if it was windy where the bushes bent sideways, though in the hot river-meadows not a breath stirred. If she moved her head ever so little, she could see through another green loophole the village and church and brown-yellow castle, under which the withes were already turning colour, just rusted at the tips; and behind that the white of the station quarry, with its nestling red-brick buildings, a grey corner of the river bridge, and clumped trees rising behind it. . . . She lazily stretched. "Oh, I am so bored," she thought.

A great splashing sounded from the stream. She was sure one of those boys would fall in! But it was only Philip beating the water with a stick, to see the tadpoles scurry off the yellow mud into deep water. He was tired of catching things that shammed every time . . . and soon he tired of the stick also. His brother was chasing butterflies; Mary had returned to her doll. He strolled over to Joan.

"I say, what shall we do?"

"Don't ask *me*!" she said.

She lay flat, and thought rebelliously. She was terribly bored. Everything was the same, day after day; the same place, hills, Downs, fields, the same walks. . . . The rich sunlight of evening drenched the meadows and gilded the trampled grasses and delicate reeds. From the Downs, miles away perhaps, came the sleepy *ding-dong* of a bell-wether. There! She could just see the flock sliding over a spur, tiny, like white ants. The cattle were being driven home over the railway crossing. The same sheep, the same old cows! A meditative fisherman, solitary, perched afar like a heron, was one, motionless, with the squat tree behind him. Mary's sharp little voice came to her now and them, "*Don't*, Phil!" "Phil, *do* go away!" The clouds, big lumpy ones, lounged across the sky.

A puff of white smoke and a distant whistle reminded her of the visitor Daddy said was coming to-day, and she half thought of leaving the others and going down to the station by hidden paths, from which she could spy at the stranger as he came up the Croft under the elms. But she couldn't be bothered. . . . Quiet reigned. The boys had gone away out of sight, and Mary was doing incomprehensible things with her doll. Really, Mary was getting too old now for dolls! . . .

It was nearly time to go home. Swallows, skimming about the reeds all day, were now dotted on the telegraph wires, like notes of music, she fancied. Little birds were chirruping in the osiers, ready for bed. The smudgy Mount became clearer, deep in shadow; the castle walls were golden. Blue smoke rose. And at last the London express (the children's clock) roared by, streaming its pinkish smoke over the black carriages, and curled away beyond Farmer Salter's fir copse. . . .

She rose.

"Come along, kids," said she in her best manner.

Phil flung a stone at her. "Kids yourself!"

"Philip, I shall tell Daddy!" . . .

They all raced up the sloping road to the village, past the oozy pond where the cows came down to drink in the mornings, and ran into the house, quite forgetful of the visitor. He stood, a serious-looking young man, on the lawn with their father, backs turned. Joan glanced at him, sniffed disdainfully, and went silently indoors. She sat down on a bench in the dim hall and noisily took off her shoes. "Joan!" called her mother from upstairs. She did not answer. "Joan! I want you." . . . A blackbird suddenly shrilled his song from the sentry elm at the bottom of the garden. . . . The governess was chasing Philip round the gooseberry bushes.

Presently silence descended on the little house while the children undressed. The dusk fell, misting the fields, aglint in silver on the criss-cross streams. Over all, the Downs, immense, seemed to brood. A first light winked down the village. . . .

This was the children's hour. Joan, leaning from her window, glimpsed a white figure flitting across the lawn to the bushes and back again. She ran downstairs and was joined immediately by Mary, showing audacious pyjamas. Their father and the visitor appeared at the end of the garden from a walk, still talking; and two shapes dashed towards them. Another hovered and beckoned. A ghostly Philip called "Cooee!" from the yew-tree under the nursery window; and at once the stillness was broken by a fountain of clear shouts from the children as they sped by. The father astonishingly leapt in mad pursuit, leaving his companion in doubt. He peered at the tumultuous whirl of white. Bare feet just touching the turf, Joan, provocative in the dark, rushed past him, clutching his coat.

"Catch me!"

She darted away, and he sprang after her. Fresh voices and quick little limbs, they flew. He panted, jerking laughter. The open doorway splashed light on the gravel path blinding, deepening the shadows. . . .

"Coo-ee!" "Coo-ee-ee!"

Over the Downs a single star pinned back the night's curtain for one last glimpse of peacock twilight, over the Downs which lay, huge and protective, dark above the creeping lights of the village, silent over the faint cries of the children eddying like waves of light about the garden and dusky house.

GERALD MILLER.

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REVIEWS.

A PROFESSOR AND POETRY.

Poetry and National Character. By W. Macneile Dixon, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow. (Cambridge University Press.) 1s. 6d. net.

This is the Leslie Stephen lecture which was delivered at Cambridge by Professor Macneile Dixon on the 13th of May last. Cambridge is a university which rejoices in the possession of a Chair of English Literature founded and endowed, we believe, by one of the famous Harmsworth brothers, and the occupier of that Chair is no less a personage than Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, who used to be described in the "Daily Mail" as "the famous author." So that from our point of view, and probably from the point of view of the right-thinking scholars of Cambridge, the appearance in their midst of a professor from Glasgow to talk to them about poetry was not exactly a matter for regret. We do not desire to figure among those critics of poetry who will have it that nothing good for the divinest of the arts can come out of universities. On the other hand, we do know that if we could catch a poetical genius young and wild in the morning and took it upon ourselves to shape his courses so that the muses and England might have honour by him, we should keep him from university professors even as we would keep a budding boxer from tobacco, or a promising silkworm from wet lettuce. By their works ye shall know them, and we will make here and now what may appear to be the sweeping statement that the works of those professors of poetry who still survive among us are in effect, and, it might almost seem, by intention, eminently unpoetical, and if it comes to that, even anti-poetical. Therefore it is that we rejoice humbly to gather from this Leslie Stephen lecture that we have in its author a professor who really knows something about poetry. Glasgow, it is true, is not the choicest of places from which to hail, but the servants of Apollo are a scattered race, and one chances upon them in the most unlikely quarters. We shall not attempt to outline the general scheme of Professor Dixon's lecture. That is a constructive affair, and perhaps one might almost say a mechanical affair. Professor Dixon wanted to lecture about poetry, and he has simply taken national character as a sort of peg upon which he might hang sundry expositions of the faith that is in him with regard to poetry in particular and with regard to letters generally though considered from the poetical standpoint In its book shape our professor's lecture occupies only a matter of fifty pages, and yet therein is packed away more wisdom, more shrewdness, and more inspiration than we have come across for many a long day. We will quote some passages of Professor Macneile Dixon which illustrate our meaning.

> To protect oneself against false prophets, against intellectual charlatans, even against clap-trap and fustian, is not an easy matter. The intellectual atmosphere is always thick with confused ideas, blurred images, incoherent emotions. Against a man who stands alone false standards will almost certainly prevail.

There, in a nutshell as it were, we have what such sane criticism as is left in England has been trying to say, and failing properly to say, any time this century. Again:—

> Our universities and learned societies have no more important function than to protect the nation from a belief in the second rate, the inferior men, and inferior products.

Speaking as he was in Cambridge, with the Harmsworth Chair of Letters to his credit, Professor Dixon was too polite to mention that this function, important though it be, is precisely the function which our universities and learned societies are a good deal too timid and a good deal too self-centred even to attempt to exercise. At Oxford and at Cambridge our youth will, it is true, be told that he ought to see genius in Shakespeare and genius in Milton, and genius in Tennyson, and Swinburne, and Shelley, and Blake, and Keats, and "the Brownings"—oh those excellent Brownings—but where is the professor who dare stand up in either of our ancient seats of learning and have a cut at the deadly and damnable second rate, the inferior men, and inferior products which are so thick upon the ground at the present moment? Let us not repine, however. Professor Dixon tells us that if freedom, to which blessing he traces all our English achievement in poetry—if freedom means anything it means tolerance. And he adds: "If tolerance is to be real we must, for the sake . . . of liberty, put up with every kind of disagreeable absurdity, with works manifestly in the worst taste, and ridiculous demands upon us to admire them, with the personal vagaries of well-intentioned but ill-educated persons who force themselves upon our attention, and too often succeed in capturing the public, in degrading its judgment, and confusing its conscience." The pundits of Oxford and Cambridge will heartily acquiesce for their own reasons, and for very different reasons we also acquiesce. But let it be noted that Professor Dixon

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rounds off the foregoing statement with these words. "In praising freedom one should remember that it does not sanctify all its permits." It would be a pity to see a Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow in the act and process of blushing, but we say that Professor Macneile Dixon is a competent professor, and the more we hear from him on this subject of poetry, and its cognate subjects, the better and stronger shall we be.

THE GENIAL GRIN.

Escapes and Escapades. By Henry Savage. (Pomegranate Press.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Henry Savage is afflicted with the conventional modesties. He describes *Escapes and Escapades* on his title-page as "Verses." Everybody who is anybody in the small book of verse way nowadays does that, and as a general rule everybody is more or less right. The perusal of volumes of verse over a period of many years has taught us that when a poet puts "Verses" on his title-page he knows what he is about, and the "Verses" are usually bad. There are some bad verses in this volume of Mr. Savage, and very bad at that. For example:—

As I sit down to think,
And scatter ink,
Wild cats in all directions fly
With tails uplifted, I
Am left alone to charm or otherwise
Persuade them to return and sit in rows
The while I try
Some simple lay—God knows
When they come slinking back again their eyes
Are very furtive, and
They do not love my hesitant command.

For our own part we should think not. This sort of thing may be all very well in books of verses, but it is nothing to do with poetry *qua* poetry. We should not be irritated and we should not complain were it not for the fact that Mr. Savage really can give us poetry when he happens to light on it. Here is a poem:—

I know in spite of all the strife
And doubt in which I live,
That something blesses my tired life:
I have some love to give.

O precious jewel hidden deep
Beneath the dust and mire!
Though I go down to endless sleep,
Though all my life I tire
Of what the foolish years bestow,
With no hope but of rest,
Yet this remains and this I know,
Of all my dreams is best.

The slips in the foregoing are obvious, and they are precisely the slips which we may expect from a man who will print rhymes about "sitting down to think" and "scattering ink" choc-a-bloc and cheek-by-jowl with the proper article. But the poem is a poem, and there are quite half a dozen other pieces in the book which are also poems. Therefore we may be thankful, and trust that when he next tempts fate and the lovers of poetry with "Verses," Mr. Savage will have the good sense to distinguish between poetical achievement and mere scribbling in rhyme. There is too great a tendency among the young, and it is to be presumed, innocent poets of our day to take themelves comically rather than seriously. Twenty years ago every versemonger who could get himself printed indulged in long hair, a sad smile, and an attitude of supreme gravity not only towards what he was pleased to call his art but toward life in general. Nowadays we have changed all that. The hair is shorn. The sad smile has been supplanted by the genial grin, and both art and life, my dear boy, are a joke. We are probably old-fashioned, but we cling to the faith that poetry, at any rate, is no joke at all, and when a poet is at pains to black his face and make noises on the banjo out of a sort of apology for the highness and goodness there happens to be in him we frankly do not like him. Poetry is a serious business, quite as serious as the War, and quite as serious as Life. There can be no possible wrong in admitting the fact, and the writer who tacitly makes light of it offends against the muses. *Escapes and Escapades* is probably good enough to survive the handicapping which the grim humour of Mr. Savage has bestowed upon it. But the father who cuts off the noses of his children lest people should imagine he was a proud parent has much to answer for.

Mr. Melrose announces for the autumn a volume by Mr. Cyril Campbell on the rebellion in South Africa and the campaign against the German Protectorate. Mr. Campbell was wounded while following the recent operations in South-West Africa.

No. 2 of the "Gypsy," the new literary and artistic quarterly, is in the press and will be ready shortly. The Pomegranate Press announces yet another quarterly, "The Music Cover," the first number of which will appear in September.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

We can trust to the general sense of the women when confronted with the registration forms to fill them in with circumspection.—*Saturday Review.*

In the mind of any journalist there must at this hour proceed a continual conflict as to what he ought and ought not to say. The question is one for his individual mind and judgment.—*Nation.*

A year has elapsed since the first war issue of the *Spectator*. We have tried elsewhere to say something in answer to the question, "How do we stand?" Here we only reply very shortly. If we cannot say all is well, we can at any rate say that no man whose mind is not blinded by panic or prejudice can fail to admit that the position is on the whole satisfactory. It is true that we are still in peril.—*Spectator.*

At the end of the first year of the war the writer of these words may perhaps be excused a personal note in what he writes. Terrible as have been the sufferings caused by the war—the agonies of the body for those who have fought and fallen wounded, and the agonies of the mind for those who have seen husbands, fathers, and sons go to their deaths or return maimed or ruined in health—the present writer cannot feel that sense of overmastering horror which the war seems to have inspired in certain minds.—*Spectator.*

Most men offer conditional forgiveness to those who have offended them personally. The condition is an apology. There are a few rancid characters before whom a man if he humble himself appears humiliated, and who will hurt him if they can, but they are very rare. Almost all grudges disappear before ample apology. Its power is enormous. Nine times out of ten we could all disarm the most justly offended opponent.—*Spectator.*

In the *New Age* of April 1st the writer (with my customary candour, I had almost written "the blighter") who owns the patent rights for irrigating the pages of that print with ink, actually has the temerity to "think," so far as his mental capacity permits him to exercise that function, that the world will be in for a real bad time after the war, owing to widespread destitution, destruction.

—*New Age.*

ὦ ξεῖν', ἄγγειλον Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

—*Saturday Review.*

Quæ regio in libris nostri non plena laboris?—*Saturday Review.*

The *contretemps*.—*Saturday Review.*

"*J'ai fait une croix sur la Belgique.*"—*Saturday Review.*

I note with pleasure the marriage of my old friend, M. "Louis de Rougemont," whose bliss will not, I am sure, be disturbed by an intrusion from the mythical family of which he was the admired centre somewhere in the "salwannas" of Central Australia.—*Nation.*

In Judges I. 19 we read: "And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." If we substitute "heavy artillery" for "chariots of iron" we have the present situation in, I was going to say, a nut-shell, but I would not seem to jest, even involuntarily, on so serious a subject.—Lord Winchelsea in the *Times.*

Our congratulations and thanks are due to our readers for their steadfastness in supporting the *New Age*. It must be a great trial at times to spend sixpence on a disagreeable duty.—*New Age.*

People do not now buy books to read only but books to keep; works, not of luxury, but of utility and necessity; and thus something good is likely to come of the war.—*New Age.*

The funniest incident of the war was the spectacle of the members of the London Stock Exchange casting the *Daily Mail* to the flames. Lord Northcliffe must have chuckled inwardly.—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

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IVAN MESTROVIĆ.

The acclamations, attacks, and vindications aroused by the genius of Ivan Mestrovic were inevitable, inasmuch as Mestrovic has something to say. No doubt the adherents of New Art are extremely amused that an exhibition of the work of a sculptor who has learned from their experiments should be given under gloomy official auspices at South Kensington. Their amusement, however, is not altogether timely, for Mestrovic says right out something which New Art has been unable to express.

Since the latter part of the fifteenth century European art has been directed almost entirely by a desire for beauty *qua* beauty. The inspiration of religion, whereby a man stated the exhaltations of his faith and, because he happened at the same time to be an able craftsman, created images of beauty, was finally crushed under the heel of neo-classicism. In our own times the corruptions resulting from this transition are well known and occasionally deplored. We have become so aloof from the inspiration which built and decorated our cathedrals, our eyes have become so accustomed to smooth surfaces and meaningless regularities, and our minds so occupied with psychological labyrinths, that to be suddenly confronted with the work of an artist like Mestrovic is to experience a severe shock. He is actuated by those elemental emotions which inspired the finest work of the Christian era, and it is only after a realisation of the changes wrought in us during the passage of time that we are able properly to examine his statues.

It has been remarked with truth that the history of Christian Europe is the history of wars with the Turks. We see in the career of that remarkable man, Æneas Sylvius, the culmination of the Turkish question as it affected Europe. When so eminent an historian and poet was elected Pope he was hailed by all who desired the head of the Church should preside also over culture. But Pius II. disappointed the cultured world, for he set aside his humanism as being of small importance in comparison with the spiritual and temporal menace of Turkish invasions. He died after a short pontificate, worn out by his ceaseless and unsuccessful efforts to induce European princes to drop their private quarrels and to combine against that Turkish invasion which later ravaged Eastern Europe and created political problems which still agitate us. Mestrovic's work brings us into focus with spiritual and national struggles we have preferred to forget. For him, as it once was for us, the Crescent is the symbol of the annihilation of religion and the art which religion inspires. We in this country have never had the immediate tragedies of Serbia, but our loss of interest in such tragedies was contemporaneous with our loss of spiritual inspiration wherewith to create and invigorate our art.

The new Art has been violently praised and cursed as all protests are bound to be. It is well to protest against the evil traditions which encompass us. But to protest by means of technical diversions alone, without recapturing the inmost vision, is useless. The bourgeois are enraged to no purpose, the sensationalists are pleased, and the general effect is inevitably one of dancing upon air. The importance of Mestrovic is that he has solved before our weary eyes the problem of recapturing visions hitherto lost to us. The strength and sincerity of his work are such that to admire his "Deposition from the Cross" merely as a piece of composition and wood carving is blasphemy. For if the Crucifixion never happened, this carving of Mestrovic's would be simply grotesque and absurd. The bourgeois will be enraged by the "Deposition from the Cross," as well as by the "Annunciation," not merely because the carvings are fashioned in a manner for which the Renaissance is not responsible, but because the bourgeois does not believe in the authenticity of religious facts.

H. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

Visions of the Dusk. By Fenton Johnson. (Published by the author, 130, West 134th Street, New York.)
Poetry and National Character. By W. Macneile Dixon. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 1s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Paul Quentin. By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock.) 6s.
Herndale's Heir. By E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.
Gentlemen of the Sea. By Paul Trent. (Ward, Lock.) 6s.
Sylvia's Marriage. By Upton Sinclair. (Werner Laurie.) 6s.
Edwards. By Barry Pain. (Werner Laurie.) 1s. net.
The Love of Navarre. By Margaret Peterson. (Melrose.) 1s. net.
Taras Bulba. By Nikolai Gogol. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.) 1s. net.

WAR AND GENERAL.

King of Kulturia. By W. Hugh Higginbottom. (Walter Scott Pub. Co.) 1s. net.
The War and After. By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen.) 1s. net.
A Handbook of the Ateso Language. By the Ven. Archdeacon A. L. Kitching, M.A. (S.P.C.K.) 2s. 6d. net.
The Book of Common Prayer in the Malay Language. (S.P.C.K.) 1s. 6d.
Un Commento a Giobbo. Di Giuliano di Eclana. (Pontificio Istituts Biblico, Roma.)
The Pupils' Class-Book of English History. By Ed. J. S. Lay. (Macmillan.) 8d.

PAMPHLETS.

The New Leviathan. By Alexander Gray. (Methuen.) 6d. net.
Meteorological Observations. By T. W. Backhouse, F.R.A.S. (Hills : Sunderland.)

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland, 15s.; Foreign, 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.*

The Editors cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

GRAFT.

He bids you take your Country's part;
 Mark him, the Danger and the Curse,
With one hand on his lying heart,
 And one hand in the public purse.

He glows with pride to see you drill,
 He loves to hear the martial clang;
He knows that though you learn to kill
 They never teach you whom to hang.

He is the venom in the Hurt,
 He is the treachery in the Cup,
Go, hale him from his natural dirt
 And beautifully string him up.

T. W. H. C.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE great Lord Harmsworth continues to thrust conscription down the throat of the public whom he despises. The whole of his newspapers are roaring for this iniquity like hyenas in a cheap menagerie. And his lordship's henchmen to a henchman have to bring in compulsion somehow, even though they be writing about the fixed stars. We shall see.

If the doctrine so sedulously and frantically preached by the Harmsworth hot-gospellers came from any other quarter, it might be dangerous *qua* doctrine. But coming from Carmelite House, it has, of course, neither force nor consequence *qua* doctrine. On the other hand, there are not wanting signs that it is rousing in the unthinking and the foolish a most dangerous attitude of mind. The men now at the front or enrolled in the armies are all volunteers, and stand where they are of their own free will. In the main they are content. They had the Englishman's right to judge for themselves before they enlisted, and they judged for themselves. Yet the Harmsworth press never misses an opportunity of suggesting that they are being unfairly treated, and goes the length of printing letters from shrieking persons who say that because they have sons or other relatives at the front they "demand" in fairness that other people's sons or relatives should be compelled at once to join the army "in common fairness." This is the old, old fallacy, very human and very pretty, but nevertheless not to be admitted for truth. If the present war is not a war against tyranny, we had better lay down our arms and become the bond-slaves of the Huns. But the bare fact that we are fighting against tyranny abroad will not justify us in setting up the Harmsworth tyranny at home. It has been said that strikers and shirkers are playing the game of the Germans. Boiled down to the fact all conscriptionists of whatsoever shape or quality are playing the game of the people with money and the other people who desire to cheat the labourer out of his proper penny. The brazen effrontery of snug and comfortable persons who write to the Harmsworth papers and coolly point out that a married soldier should be kept at home because the single soldier is cheaper, and consequently comes as a less drag on the fat pocket, is a sight for gods and little fishes. It is an ancient principle of Dives to pay nobody if you can help it, and least of all to pay the man who fights and dies for you.

Mr. Henry James has been holding forth on "The Mind of England at War," in the *New York Sun*, and he does it exactly as we might expect Mr. Henry James to do it. Here is his first "paragraph":—

> Great public convulsions are an upheaval of many things, and are only too apt to destroy more treasure than they collect, to agitate, even fatally to deform, more questions than they settle; so that among the elements let loose and the bewilderments multiplied confusion overtakes inward values no less than outward, matters of knowledge and experience, appreciation, conviction, faith,

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as one has held them and as one has more or less comfortably lived by so doing.

And here is a bit more:—

> The difference made, however, meanwhile, by our having to face them as comparative strangers, to introduce ourselves to them afresh and then introduce them afresh to others, dealing with them on new terms and picking them over as people are sometimes figured to pick over their visiting lists with a rise in the world; this difference is perhaps like nothing so much as the obligation, under some strange and violent law, to perform in public and the garish light of day those rites of the toilet or whatever, those common preparations of personal state and appearance, which usually go on behind our most closed doors.

Really, really, if the Mind of England at War or at Peace is anything like that, we are doomed. Why cannot Mr. Henry James send round to Mr. Bart Kennedy and borrow a few full-stops?

And while we are dealing with the *New York Sun* we note that a representative of that journal, who describes himself as an "American book reviewer," has been interviewing some "London literary celebrities." We will not mention the names of these gentlemen, lest we be accused of advertising them, but we append some delicate cuttings from the American book reviewer's observations:—

> Mr. ——, says the American book reviewer, apologised for being as he put it, "excessively talkative." This was occasioned, he said, by "worry and fatigue." I declined to stay for tea, as I noticed a chugging car awaiting me in front of the house. "You must come to see me again," said the grand young man of England. The last I saw of him he was rolling through his garden, tossing his mane; the famous garden that rose up and hit him, you remember, at the time of his unfortunate fall.

Again,

> Fine time I had with young ——. Those English certainly have the drop on us in the matter of clubs. They live about in the haunts beloved of Thackeray, and everybody else you ever heard of. Pleasant place, the Garrick. Something like our Players, but better. Slick collection of old portraits. Fine bust there of Will Shakespeare, found bottled up in some old passage.
>
> Fashionable young man, ——. I can't remember exactly whether or not he had on all these things; but he's the sort that, if he had on nothing, would look as if he had: silk topper, spats, buttonhole bouquet. Asked me if I had yet been to Ascot. "Oh, you must go to Ascot." Buys his cigarettes, in that English way, in bulk, not by the box. "Stuff some in your pocket," he said. "Won't you have a whiskey and soda?"
>
> Difficult person to talk with, as the only English he knows is the King's English. I was endeavouring to explain that I had left New York rather suddenly. "I just beat it, you know," I said.
>
> "You beat it?" said Mr. ——.
>
> "Yes, I just up and skidooed."
>
> "You skidooed?"
>
> I saw that I should have to talk like John Milton. "Sure," I said, "I left without much preparation." And then we spoke of some writer I do not care for. "I don't get him," I said.
>
> "You don't get him?" inquired Mr. ——.
>
> "No," I said, "I can't see him at all."
>
> "You can't see him?" queried Mr. ——.
>
> More Milton, I perceived. "I quite fail," I said, "to appreciate the gentleman's writings." Mr. —— got that.

We are beginning to think that the Americans do, in fact, "lick creation"; or, in plain terms, they "get us every time."

The *Athenæum's* notes on new books are doubtless interesting to the bookseller, but some of them have a deadly dulness about them which might appal even a bishop. Under the head of "Poetry," for example, the *Athenæum's* young gentleman gives us the following:—

> Dodge (Walter Phelps), The Purple Iris, 1/- net. Long.
>
> A booklet of fourteen short poems, some old, some new.
>
> Soldier Son (A). Dryden Publishing Co.
>
> A booklet of verses expressing a father's pride in a son who has enlisted.

Which last notice reminds us of the reviewer who said of "In Memoriam," which, of course, was originally published anonymously, "these verses evidently come straight from the full heart of an officer's widow." The *Athenæum* might contrive to brisken up somewhat, even though it is war-time.

The *New Age* poet, P. Selver, has evidently benefited by our recent reproof of his naughtiness. In the current issue of Mr. Orage's organ, P. Selver has a further metrical outburst, which at great length he calls "Sardonic Meditations Occasioned by a Perusal of Divers Inflammatory Prints." And this is as sardonic as P. Selver now finds it desirable to be:—

> "Lo, caitiff clerks and errand boys still don
> The sheeny necktie and the patent shoe.
> They, as of yore, put fancy waistcoats on,
> And seek to find them flappers whom to woo."

The bedraggled wing of P. Selver is evidently clipped.

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Here is a delicate touch from the *Saturday*. In reviewing a book entitled "Through a Dartmoor Window," by a Miss Beatrice Chase, the old lady of King Street, Covent Garden, makes observation as follows:—

> Amongst living exponents of the personal style Mr. Hilaire Belloc stands high. His work is "unencumbered" with personality. A chapter in "Through a Dartmoor Window" provokes remembrance of his essay "On Mails," in which the objective, after an initial paragraph, vanishes away, to be replaced with other beauty. "Little pen," he then reproaches, "little fountain pen, little vagulous, blandulous pen, companion and friend, whither have you led me, and why cannot you learn the plodding of your trade?"

Such a dragging in of Mr. Belloc for his own obvious good will probably please Mr. Belloc, but it is a trifle hard on Miss Beatrice Chase, for if this lady can write more fatuous stuff than "little fountain pen, little vagulous, blandulous pen, companion and friend, whither have you led me?" he must be in nearly as bad a literary way as the *Saturday*.

Another organ of light and learning commonly called *Tit-Bits* has discovered "one of the most popular war songs ever published." First verse and chorus:—

There is a girl who waits at home,
Who's full of charm and grace,
Though her heart is saddened—yet
She keeps a smiling face.
Ask her whom she's thinking of
All the livelong day—
With a smile that lights her face
She will softly say—

REFRAIN.

"Laddie in Khaki,
I'm waiting for you,
I want you to know
That my heart beats true;
I'm longing and praying
And living for you,
So come back, little Laddie in Khaki!"

We can now understand why it comes to pass that the *Saturday* has been so short of poetry lately.

We gather from a contemporary that Time is bringing its revenges, and that at the moment the outlook in the "Revue World" is "drab." This will doubtless be most discouraging news to Sir James Barrie, of "Rosy Rapture" fame. Coming as he does of Quaker stock, however, Mr. E. V. Lucas of the Hippodrome won't mind. For our own part, the drabber the revue outlook becomes, the better we shall be pleased. What was left of the appreciation of comedy in England has been killed by the revue, and if the mentality of the country is to be saved from the gutter, the revue will have to go. This business of arranging entertainment for the silliest minds may be profitable, but that it should last for ever is unthinkable.

BRITISH INFLUENCES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

It has been chiefly through four great writers that Britain has exerted influence on the literatures of the European Continent. These four are Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Byron. Other influences, such as that of Macpherson's "Ossian," Gray's "Elegy," Thomson's "Seasons," have been powerful for a time but less permanent. Shakespeare, naturally, takes first place; of the others Byron has probably done most in poetry, Scott in fiction. It may be interesting to trace, as fully as can be done in a short article, what the influence of Britain has meant to Russia, whose own literature has taken so high a place for its vitality and fascination. Something like Anglophilism can be discovered in Russia as early as the days of Ivan the Terrible, the half-mad despot for whom we feel a certain regard because of his own affection for England. He made a treaty with Queen Elizabeth after the English had discovered the route to Archangel; he had also some thoughts of an English matrimonial alliance, and sometimes nursed a dream of retiring permanently to this country. Later, about the year 1730, we find the poet Kantémir, diplomatist and literary dilettante, established as Resident in London, but the literary influences under which he worked seem to have been chiefly classical and French. Forty years later Princess Dachkov came over, making a prolonged stay in Scotland, where she became acquainted with Robertson, Dr. Blair, and Adam Smith. A greater development of British influence began in the time of Alexander I., who allowed the British Bible Society to establish itself in Russia, and who was attracted by English schools of the Lancaster type. Both in political economy and in education, the Russians of this date surrendered themselves freely to English models, while at the same time the genius of Scott and Byron found a ready welcome, and brought new ideals to a literature that had hitherto been somewhat formless and incoherent. It was earlier than this date that Karamzine, almost the first Russian writer whom we can class as a modern, fell so largely under British influence

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that he translated Thomson's "Seasons," Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" (from a French version) and tried to write Russian history on the lines of Robertson. In his novels we find the influence of Richardson and Sterne. He was a man of liberal ideas, of genuine patriotic and humanitarian fervour, with a sentimental love of nature; and though his work never became of European importance, it was considerably useful and effective in his own land, as pointing towards something better than he was himself able to accomplish. The poet Joukovski, though less gifted, perhaps did even more in introducing English authors to his countrymen; he gave them translations from Dryden, and imitations of Gray's "Elegy" and "Bard"; he was an interpreter and educator, and did good work in bringing to his readers the romanticism of the early nineteenth century, although the true spirit of romanticism had been in Russia long before. We revere him for his tenderness to the soldier-poet Batiouchkov, who himself paid a visit to England, and whose days ended in complete mental darkness. But we do not touch the really great things of Russian literature until we come to Pouchkine, born in 1799, who carried the influence of Byron to the Caucasus, but who was too entirely Russian to be successfully Byronic. There was something like madness in the character of Pouchkine, and we must attribute greater excesses to him than our English poet ever committed, as also a greater depth of obscenity and licentious freethinking. We have to remember that the Russian's conditions were far less kindly than those of the poet who so affected him; his exile was no voluntary retirement, his spirit was outraged by actual physical punishment; what might Byron have become had he been knouted, as it is said that Pouchkine was? *Eugène Oniéguine,* which its author specially claimed as written in the style of Don Juan, was less Byronic than he imagined—Pouchkine was too utterly an egoist to become a mere imitator; still, the influence is quite recognisable, as also that of Shakespeare in *Boris Godounov.* Other influences under which Pouchkine came were those of Shelley, Bulwer-Lytton, and Coleridge, to say nothing of the French and German writers who profoundly affected him. Perhaps it must be confessed that the Russian, in spite of much powerful poetry and some admirable prose, never quite realised himself, never quite expressed his soul in individual utterance. His life was short, and it passed in storm and stress from which he never wholly emerged; with some real kinship to the nature of Byron, there was little kinship of circumstance, and Pouchkine remained strikingly Russian as well as somewhat chaotic. We must look elsewhere for the finest development of the Slav character; in Pouchkine the elements of the melting-pot are too confused for entire success. Baratinski was another of the Byronics of this date, but Griboidov Griboiédov owed more to Shakespeare and to Molière. We reach greatness again when we come to Lermontov, a Russian of Scottish descent, whose Byronism, as with Pouchkine, was to some extent a misfortune, as it hindered the full utterance of the Slavic note. Lermontov was a cynic, and in some sense a woman-hater; he is said to have courted women with the special intention of jilting them; he also seems to have been heartily detested by men companions. It is not an amiable picture. In his *Demon* we find both Byron and De Vigny, a curious pair to meet together in one poem. Like Pouchkine, Lermontov was banished more than once; like Pouchkine also, he died in a duel. Though equally susceptible of outside influence, his genius was probably the greater; Brandes certainly claims this for him. His *Hero of Our Own Times* has been considered an autobiography; it is clearly much coloured by his own experiences and impregnated with his own nature, yet we cannot safely style it an authentic memoir. It is fiction infused with autobiographic revelations.

Even when we come to Gogol, one of the most intensely Slavic of Russian writers, we find a powerful English influence; this time it is Dickens, not Byron—the Dickens of popular causes, social wrongs, humanitarian satire. But Gogol was a Slavophil, in some degree a reactionary, and a pietist. His *Dead Souls* is thoroughly Russian: "How dismal a place our Russia is!" exclaimed Pouchkine when he read it. It almost seems that his pietism killed him, in his forty-fourth year; but his lack of balance might easily have taken a form equally perilous and more degrading. Undoubtedly he was a man of distinct genius, but so intensely national that his artistic impulses lacked much that they might have gained by a fuller reception of outward influence. After Gogol we find Ostrovski attempting Shakespearian drama, with only slight success. But we must pass on, and as we advance we find foreign influences rather diminishing than increasing; the Russian soul began to find itself, to discover its own individuality in utterance as well as in sentiment. Byronism has spent itself; Walter Scott's influence is chiefly limited to the historical novel; Shakespeare affects idea rather than method. It is entirely natural that a ripening literature should cease to be obviously imitative. There must still be the intense influences of genius on genius, but the external traces become less; a country that has already had great writers of its own does not slavishly follow foreign models or mould its expression after foreign ideas. A quite desirable spirit of independence and a freer play of nationality must come with literary development; and though the time-spirit may bring a fundamental unity of purpose, a kinship of inspiration,

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no strong racial literature can remain a mere mirror or an echo. In Tourguéniev, a more finished artist than any yet mentioned, we may perhaps meet a less perfect reflection of Slavism than in some others, because he became in part a Frenchman; but Tolstoi and Dostoievski were so thoroughly Russian that it seems absurd to speak of any outside influence, British or other, in their writings. But British influence by no means died out in Russia during these later years. We find the brilliant Herzen strongly desiring a political union with England; he spoke of England as a "country without centralisation, without a bureaucracy, with prefectures, without gendarmes, without revolution, and without reaction." That was over fifty years since. Herzen lived in London, where he made a social impression, and established a press for the publication of Russian Books. Another writer, Sergius Akassakov, was sometimes styled the Walter Scott of Russia; such terms are usually absurd and are seldom complimentary. Dostoievski, like Gogol, owed something to Dickens, but more to Victor Hugo; in his truly great work, however, he is powerfully individualistic, rising clear from all external influence. Dickens again reappears with Tolstoi; he has recorded the fact that *David Copperfield* was one of the books that affected him most profoundly, and it is certain that he thus singled out the only one of Dickens' books which is almost entirely good. But Tolstoi is too huge for us to lay any stress on outward influences; he struck an individual note from the first, and ultimately relied on his own impulses too entirely to be a perfect artist. He also loved too wide a canvas; life is too short for books like *War and Peace*. The greatest authors should lure us to frequent re-reading; how can one find time to re-read this gigantic novel? We may congratulate Russia to-day that, while open to all literary tendencies and suggestions from without, she has absolutely freed herself from leading-strings; we can no longer point to her great writers and say: Here is Byron, here is Scott, or here is Dickens. From being the influenced, she has become an influence. She has the possession of her own Slav nature, which is something quite distinct from the English or French or German nature, and which can only be reproduced here with any success by such a writer as Mr. Conrad, who is himself a Slav. It is pleasant to discover, by a hasty examination of Russian literary annals, that there have been many ties between our countries even in days when they were politically alien if not unfriendly. The authors of a nation are like an advance-guard, pioneers of friendship and intimacy, who accustom other lands to ideas and peoples otherwise remote; and a British stranger at Moscow or Petrograd must feel less an outsider from the fact that the writers whom he loves have preceded him, that the way to intercourse has been opened by Shakespeare and Scott, by Sterne or Byron or the Victorian novelists. In like manner Russia may feel that she has gained our hearts and sympathies, before any political or military alliance existed, by the great things she has given in her Lermontof and Tolstoi and Dostoievski. This is the noblest form of conquest; if nations will be content with this glorious form of annexation, the winning of our hearts, the mere idea of war would be detested as it should be and mutual slaughter would become obsolete as a hideous crime. Russia may be near to us by reason of a single ideal actuating us, but she was dear to us before—not because we have been blind to her faults, but because we have learned her innermost ideals from these great voices that have spoken for her. It is not for us to cast stones at her shortcomings, but we can heartily recognise her innate virtues and nobility.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Next week Mr. John Lane will publish a new work by Pierre Mille, entitled *Barnavaux*, at 3s. 6d. net, translated by Miss B. Drillien, and with eight illustrations, in colour, by Helen McKie. The title reminds us of a French work in prose and rhyme called, we think, *Barnapoot*, which we came across before the war, and thought extremely good. Translations from the French lack, as a rule, the grace and charm of style of the original, but the humour and originality of *Barnapoot* should appeal to English readers. We present Mr. Lane with the hint.

Mr. Lane announces also a new and cheaper edition, at 1s. net, of *The Glory of Clementina Wing*, by W. J. Locke, and the *Life and Letters of John Henniker Heaton*, by his daughter, Mrs. Adrien Porter, which will be published during the autumn.

Dr. Edwin A. Abbott has written a treatise on *Christ's Miracles of Feeding* for the Miscellanea Evangelica (ii.), issued by the Cambridge University Press. It will be published shortly, and will form subsequently a chapter in a volume of *Diatessarica* to be entitled *The Law of the New Kingdom*.

Messrs. Harrap are adding three new volumes this month to their *Heroes of All Time* series—*Oliver Cromwell*, by Estelle Ross; *William the Conqueror*, by René Francis; and *Sir Walter Scott*, by Amy Cruse.

No. 2 of the *Gypsy*, the new literary and artistic quarterly, is in the press, and will be ready shortly. The Pomegranate Press announces yet another quarterly, *The Music Cover*, the first number of which will appear in September.

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CARBER'S CRUISE.

An Ironic Rhyme.

VI. (continued.)

Carber was sleeping when we left him last;
 At noon he woke, at one he had his dinner,
At half-past one—I think it was half-past—
 He settled down to Darwin, to begin a
Further chapter; later on, at six
He had an argument on politics

With Billy Bates the bo'sun, and the mate,
 Whose name was Sandy Mackie—he was Scotch—
And afterwards (to be precise, at eight)
 He went up forrard and resumed his watch.
This is prosaic stuff, but, *entre nous*,
They like it on *The Saturday Review*.

So I'll not cut it out—the editor
 Will quote it, I am certain, and forgive
My little pleasantry, and take me for
 A master in the art of narrative.
Hurray, hurray, and once again hurray!
I shall be quoted in *The Saturday*.

And if I mention many more Reviews,
 What fluttering in the dovecotes! I shall be
Invited to contribute, and refuse!
 A change, you know, from their refusing me.
But heaven bless them all! we authors need them,
Though—heaven be praised!—we're not obliged to read them.

The fact comes down upon the occiput
 Like to a hammer when I ponder that
The world is lighter than a feather, but
 The spirit of our journals—oh, my hat!
The spirit of our journals!—what a theme
To shatter faith and end a poet's dream!

I've had my dreams like other men, and one
 Was of the perfect journal—let it roll
The passing tear!—but none of them, ah none
 Has ever happened to the blosmy whole
Of Flowerhood, and tiring now of these
I go adventuring in fantastic seas.

I like, for instance, to imagine what
 The Webbs[1] would do with men like Casanova!
(What he would do with them I'm sure is not
 A subject anyone need linger over.)
And then, again, I think of Queen Victoria
Perusing Mr. Swinburne's *Anactoria*.

Such are the means whereby from being racked
 By dreams of things impossible I shove
My little barrow through this life, in fact
 I could be happy wholly but for Love.
But once again I bow, although I grin;
Let those rebel who will—I've given in.

VII.

Life in the fishing fleet is not so dull
 As some might think it is; I'm not prepared
To say that hunting herrings is as full
 Of wild excitement as the sport that's shared
By rajahs shooting tigers left and right,
And poets when they see them "burning bright."[2]

But, none the less, the mariners whose lot
 Is cast upon the seas that we may eat
Soft roes on toast (I like to have them hot)—
 The mariners, I say, can yet defeat
Monotony in many ways—unaided
By our advantages they're yet not jaded.

Nap is a game no mariner eschews,
 Its speculative charm he can't resist;
The rumour runs, again, that there are crews
 Whose wider fancies turn to Solo Whist:—
Games that, of course, to play at which would hurt
The subtler feetlings of the Bridge expert.

But, subtle feelings—Lord, what are they worth!
 We cultivate them till we grow perverse,—
Though not a moral mandarin on earth
 Could satisfy me Wordsworth isn't worse
Than Abercrombie,[3] even, when his strain
In trying to be simple ends inane.

When Carber took the watch again at eight,
 Sneering, he left some members of the crew
Engaged at Nap, and one of them—the mate—
 Remarked, "Och hie, what's oop wi' him the noo?
The laddy's daft," and someone answered, "It's
The readin's played the devil with his wits."

(1) *Mrs. and Mr. Webb: Fabians (whatever that may mean), Socialists and Reformers, i.e., people who reform before forming. An amiable, bunny-like couple they refused, perversely enough, good red carrots and pamphleteered upon the nutritive value of statistics. Lethal-chambered, and afterwards hanged, drawn and halved in* 1920, *by an infuriated populace, for State-worship.*
Charles Pinner: Curiosities of Reform, 1976.

If Beatrice and Sydney
Waxed lyrical of love,
Not even Stewart Headlam
Could keep them out of Bedlam,
For two of such a kidney
Would petrify the Dove!
If Beatrice and Sydney
Waxed lyrical of love.
—Squib of the Period.

(2) "*Tiger, tiger, burning bright*
In the forests of the night."
—Blake.

(3) *Next, Abercrombie, that great god of rhyme,*
Wench in the Muses' kitchen of his time.
—Dalhousie.

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Another said, again, reflectively,
"Yus, pore old Carber's got it fore an' aft;
It seems as 'ow you're right; there ought to be
A hact to stop blokes readin' till they're daft;
An' don't 'e like 'is book"—some other chap
Stopped all discussion then by going Nap.

Behind a chair, intent upon the game,
Stood Jim, the ship's boy, open-mouthed, alert,
But when the mate had mentioned Carber's name,
His ears were open and his mouth inert.
You figure him, as Mr. Wells would say,
No longer interested in the play.

"What's in a name!" cried one, who, loving, saw
No meaning save in that of Juliet.
What's in a name? Why, those we deem of straw
Have substance when beneath the straw we get.
What's in a word, a phrase? Why, everything,
When it impinges on some ego-string.

Connect, then, by the processes of mind,
The name of Carber with the heart of James;
Add "don't 'e like 'is book," and lo! we find
A brain at work, we *see* it! though it shames
Kind folk when nude, intangible, but true,
The hidden springs of action thus they view.

Upon the shelf, inviting evil eyes,
Reposed *The Origin of Species*—yes,
A cheap edition rightly you surmise,
And issued by the Rationalist Press:
A firm that having found no use for God,
Has pinned its faith to Mr. Edward Clodd.[4]

Jim waited till an interesting call
Absorbed the party, then a stealthy movement
Found him adjoining that encyclical
Which has not added to the world's improvement,
Though in the past it did so much to shock it . . .
Jim furtively transferred it to his pocket.

How many imps, I wonder, danced in Hades,
How many angels wiped away a tear,
When, by the devil tempted, Jim had made his
Exit from virtue's balmy atmosphere?

Reader, I do not know; my errant rhyme
Merely records the progress of his crime.

Out from the cabin when the game had ended,
Back to their duties went the card players,
Nor dreamed that with them one the stairs ascended,
A budding criminal; it is not theirs
To dream or eat the Tennysonian lotus:
They have to keep a sharp look out for bloaters.

The man deputed for the duty takes
A telescope and scans the neighbouring seas,
And, if experienced, makes few mistakes,
The signs and portents being chiefly these:
Where sea gulls dip and phosphorescence glows
He knows about it all, he knows, he knows

Bloaters are in the offing, and forthwith
All hands are piped on deck, out go the nets,
And that is how the needs of Mrs. Smith
Are met at breakfast time; ah, how it whets
The appetite to think of it! the call
Of bloaters always makes me lyrical.

I do not find life's pleasures few who wake
To tuneful chatter undeneath the eaves,
And rise—well, somewhat later on—to take
That fragrant morning pipe, and turn the leaves
Of song or goodly prose, or better yet,
In dreaming wonder all my cares forget.

But be it books or dreams that take me wholly,
One joy supreme remains when unawares,
A goodly, righteous, and exceedingly holy
Odour arises, floating up the stairs.
"Bloaters to-day," I think, "O worthy woman!"
(Meaning the cook) and, waiting, envy no man.

Life's what each thinks it is, but, truly, if
Philosophers in council would agree
To think of that delicious smell we sniff
When bloaters are a-frizzling, there would be
No pessimists surviving such a test,
And Gilbert Chesterton could take a rest.

Ah, Gilbert, Gilbert, could we but entwine
Our dreams and make this sorry England whole,
What royal feasts, what fountains running wine,
Would mark that great deliverance of soul!
But peace, be still, my dreams, what are you at!
England! you're damned, and badly damned at that.

(*To be continued.*)

(4) *Said Meredith to Clodd:*
"There isn't any God!"
Said Clodd to Meredith:
"I'm certain he's a myth."
So God, with great good humour
Proclaimed himself a rumour.

. . . .

The moral's obvious:
There isn't any Us.
—What the Box Hill bunnies heard:
A Book of Reminiscences. Anonymous; 1916.

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THE GATES OF THE SEA.

Passing through Fenchurch Street, I stopped to look at the photographs of British men-of-war in the windows of a well-known nautical instrument maker. To an old-fashioned sailor's eye they were savagely ugly. Their gigantic superstructures gave them a formidable and fantastic look, reminding me of those drawings of Piranesi, where men seem like flies crawling among huge and terrible engines in halls of Babylonian immensity. And then, with that sudden flash of inward vision in which scenes familiar in childhood and ever since forgotten appear distinctly as if seen through a window, I was looking again at photographs behind the glass. But the loiterer was a lad of sixteen and the photographs were those of the white-sailed beauties of a generation ago.

Very goodly to behold were those queens of ocean, the tea-clippers and Australian packets of a byegone day. Perhaps in their photographs, taken mostly from official portraits painted for the owners, they showed a little stiff and a little too majestic, as happens, indeed, in the case of other "exalted personages." The set and draw of each sail was, it may be, too ideally exact, the lines of the hull refined away a little so as to give a yacht-like impression—little improvements upon fact like those which soften the eyes and lengthen the limbs of a fair sitter and enlarge the popularity of the painter. Still, after making all allowances, these clippers were perhaps the most beautiful mechanisms ever wrought by the hand of man, and approached most nearly to the grace and flexuous symmetry of living creatures. For in a sailing vessel there dwells a personality—one might almost say, a soul—so that each has her individual caprices and behaviours and, if the tales they tell are true, her influence upon the destinies of those on board her. Sometimes I think the entity which seeks expression in her lines that flow and disappear with the curves of living water and her white-bosomed sails aloft among the azure and the winds, may be a spirit, daughter of the Air and Ocean, incorporate in the ship as a dryad in her tree.

So musing, I entered the shop and asked half-shamefacedly whether they had any photographs or prints of the old Australian packets that used to sail out of London under the house-flag of Money Wigram and Devitt and Moore. The man looked at me in surprise, and I began to feel like Rip van Winkle when he returned to his native village. However, after much rummaging, he discovered a portfolio containing a few portraits of vessels whose passages were once renowned from London River to the uttermost parts of the sea. Poor lingering wraiths from a vanished era, perhaps they were beholding the daylight for the last time ere some Last Day of Stock-taking condemn them to the limbo of "oddments" to be got rid of.

But nowhere was there any trace of the good barque "Lincolnshire," my first ship, nor of the "City of Adelaide" or "St. Vincent," whose acquaintance I made subsequently. Aye, even of the show-ships that used to be so thronged on a Sunday afternoon alongside Sandridge Pier, such as the "Sobraon," the "Paramatta," and their compeers, "no memory, no memorial." Rather sadly I closed the portfolio, and thanking the civil people for their unprofitable courtesy, I left the shop, reflecting that with ships as with men a like event happeneth to all. The great fleet had vanished and left no wrack behind, and they that went down unto the sea in them?— It was five and thirty years since the time when I first looked into that shop-window.

Slowly there gathered upon the screen of memory the living-picture of that far off September afternoon. I was standing in all the pride of badge cap and brass-bound uniform outside the same window, trying to make up my mind whether to go in and buy a sextant or not. Such is my first distinct recollection of that, to me, epoch-making day when I was to join the "Lincolnshire" for my first voyage. Finally, I took the plunge and bought a sextant—curiously enough, it is still with me, the only relic of that period of my life—a Norie's Navigation, a chart of the world, a nautical almanac, and one or two other things. Then, rather like a child with his new toys, I carried off my purchases to Messrs. ——, the Naval Outfitters, in Gracechurch Street.

"Messrs. ——," or rather "Mr." Brown, as we will name him, was at that time an important personage in my small ambit of life. A somewhat pottle-bellied man with mutton-chop whiskers beginning to turn grey and a rather Brer Fox expression of good-fellowship. His manner usually was compounded of a sort of bluff "What-cheer-my-hearty?ness" and the shrewd acquisitiveness of the business man whose trade, as he once observed, was a difficult one. On the whole, I cherish not unkindly recollections of Mr. Brown. His charges were high, but he did not send one forth to round the Horn in clothes made of dog's wool and oakum and a pair of paste-board boots. His little shop was the alpha and omega of every voyage, the "point of depar-

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ture," to use a nautical term, and our first landfall when clear of the docks at the end. Thither we repaired to dump our sea-chests and what remained of our sea-worn kits—little enough as a rule, for the Deal boatmen used to board us in the Downs and buy our sea-boots and oilskins for loaves of soft-tack and lumps of fresh butter. Moreover, those of the young gentlemen whose family credit was sound could obtain a "sub" of a sovereign or two pending the arrival of the paternal remittance. Mr. Brown's manner on these occasions was that of the heavy Uncle, benedictory and—well, "fruity" is the nearest description I can find for it. One felt it a privilege to order shirts from such a man, and a duty to pay for them—eventually. Long years afterwards I met Mr. Brown at a big City Dinner, a little more protuberant at the equator and inclined to spindleness in the leg, and the mutton-chop whiskers were nearly white; but otherwise he seemed the Mr. Brown of my youth. I made myself known to him, and rather to my surprise he showed no pleasure at the meeting. Perhaps he was vexed at encountering in that august assembly one who had known him in days when he was in the retail trade—he who now no doubt "had been something in the City," and was enjoying the fruits of the "wholesale" operations in some snug villa out Ealing way or Sydenham. I fear I must have risen like Banquo's ghost to mar that gorgeous banquet. But I shall never find out the truth.

Well, to resume my wandering narrative. The hour had come to ship myself and my "dunnage" on the noble vessel which awaited me in, I think, the Millwall Docks. My bedding had been sent down already, so all that remained to do was to hoist my massive sea-chest on to the upper deck of a "growler," whose driver, by the way, showed small enthusiasm for his fare, and with a farewell from Mr. Brown in his best "Nancy Lee" style, at the shop door, my rumbling chariot bore away due East, and the days of my wandering were begun.

Of all the dreary drives there is none within my experience so depressing as this. With each revolution of the wheels the deadly soulless squalor seems to spread and deepen until the grimy labyrinth becomes a nightmare in its plenitude of repulsiveness. As we plunged deeper and deeper into this underworld, I realised with paralysing conviction that this welter of woeful industrialism would henceforth be my ghetto, since, except for brief and occasional leave, an officer has to remain by his ship in port. And, however far and wide I might wander across the world, this condition would vary little. The Docks and quays seem to act as magnets for attracting the riff-raff of the nations; and their habitations are to match—at least this holds good in the great ports. Everywhere you find the grim prison-like warehouses and forbidding stretches of blank wall, the sinister fetid lanes, the swarming poverty, the terrible faces mutilated by vice and disease.

Looking back at it all, I can well understand poor Ernest Dowson's subsidence into the lower depths until they grew to be his congenial environment, for he lived in an old tumble-down house in Dockland—a fatal inheritance for him. The contrast between such surroundings and the world of civilised life is so enormous and so poignant as to compel most natures either to break loose for good and all from Sheol or else become naturalised, as it were, and renounce their allegiance to the gods of respectability and the things which make life worth living to most of us, intellectual interests, art, and the amenities of existence among people on a plane of being above the mere wallowing scuffle for trough and stye. Ah, many a time has the iron entered into my soul when, after an evening spent in pleasant rooms among soft voices and smiling faces and flowers and shaded lights and music, I have returned aboard my ship. There she lay in the pitiless cold glare of the arc lamps, rearing her black unladen hull high above the cargo-crowded quay. The giant cranes still plied their endless task as when I left her six hours before, and still the same hoarse cries and noises, and the same sense of dreary endless drudgery. It was well for me that, unlike Dowson, I never felt the lure of drink, or in the end his fate might have been mine. As it was, I endured my captivity for some years, and then, taking the future in both hands, I left the sea for ever.

The dull autumn afternoon was closing in when my cab drove through the dock gates and on to the wharf where the "Lincolnshire" was lying. After some financial argument with the cabman, myself and chattels found our way on board and into the midshipmen's berth. This was a deck-house in the waist, about twelve or fourteen feet square, fitted with eight bunks, four at each end, and on each side was a sliding door. There was a small deal table standing in the middle, and nothing else in the way of furniture or conveniences. A strong smell of fresh paint was over all, and anything more utterly comfortless and uninviting it would be hard to imagine. There was no sign of my messmates, except some bundles of bedding sent on board, like

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mine, from the outfitters; so I went to find an officer and report myself. This I did, and the result was disconcerting. "Sail with to-morrow morning's tide, you young fool? Does she bloody well look like it? You'd better clear out ashore and come on board this time to-morrow. You'll have enough of the blasted old hooker before you've done with her!!" So spake the third mate, and left me to my own devices.

She certainly did not "look like it." Her decks were littered with all sorts of gear, running rigging got up for reeving, sails for bending, blocks and tackles for overhauling, and tarpaulins, mats, and fenders were in profusion. Caulkers were at work on the poop deck, hammering the oakum into the seams and trickling black ribbons of tar out of their iron ladles along them; cargo was coming in down the main-hatch and ship's stores down the after-hatch. It looked like a week's work to get her ready for sea. Evidently I was not wanted, but where to go or what to do was another question. I was utterly alone and a stranger in London, and though I might have perhaps sought counsel from the avuncular Mr. Brown, a sort of pride deterred me from undoing that final and pontifical valediction. So being at my wit's end, I turned to a man repairing a wheel-grating at the carpenter's bench, and asked him what I had better do. He looked me up and down, spat with deliberation, and said if I liked to come along with him he would give me a bed for the night. I jumped at the offer.

Accordingly, when six o'clock came round, "Chips" and his guest came ashore and fetched up, after an interminable walk through a maze of mean streets, at his abode. There my advent was explained to Mrs. Chips, who made me kindly welcome, and we all sat down to supper. Being dog-tired and made torpid besides with a glass of beer, to which I was unaccustomed, I fell asleep almost before getting into a bed, which was clean and comfortable enough. It was broad daylight, when snores like the noise of sawing wood awoke me. There beside me lay the teak coloured face of Chips, goatee and all. At breakfast it appeared that my benefactor had not gone to bed like myself, but had made a night of it, and to postpone the inevitable hour of reckoning had slipped quietly into my room instead of repairing to the nuptial chamber. Mrs. Chips cross-examined me as to when her lord had come in and whether he had been "drinking shameful," concerning which matter I professed, with truth, utter ignorance. She thought I was lying and did not conceal her opinion, and to my disgust the peccant Chips thought so too, and hailed me as a smart youngster for standing up to the "old woman." I was not sorry to get out of the house.

How that day wore through I do not well remember. My brother midshipmen appeared one by one in the course of it, and went ashore again. They had friends or at all events haunts in London, but I might have been deposited in a cemetery for all the intercourse possible to me with the world I had left behind. At last night came, and unrolling my bedding in the bunk which no one else would have and therefore mine as a first voyager, I turned in and slept the sleep of my sixteen years. Soon, however, a feeling of general uneasiness aroused me, then I felt a stab, quickly followed by another and another. A light revealed the cause of my misfortunes; it was bugs. In myriads they swarmed out of the cracks between the old planking of the deck house and the woodwork of the bunk, famished with their long fast and avid for their clean and juicy prey—and I was the only victim within reach I gave them best, and sat up the rest of the night, catching and scratching, and pondering upon the "beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea."

And yet, so strangely are we fashioned, that the old life seems to call me at times, and the old lure beckons. The docks and their crapulous purlieus loom sombrely picturesque as the Thames-side scenes in Whistler's etchings; and the ships I knew, even the populous "Lincolnshire," shine white and luminous as pearls strung on the horizon-line of memory.

JOHN GURDON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dreams and Realities. By William K. Fleming. (Erskine MacDonald.)
Masks and Poems. By Edmund Casson. (Erskine MacDonald.)
The Marriage of Music. By Annie C. Dalton. (Erskine MacDonald.)
The Little Books of Georgian Verse. (Erskine MacDonald) 1s. each.
Poems. By Lieut. C. A. Macartney.
The Fields of Heaven. By Nora Tynan O'Mahony.
Heather Ways. By Hylda C. Cole.
Manx Song and Maiden Song. By Mona Douglas.
New Cosmopolis. A Book of Images. By James Hunekr. (Werner Laurie.)

FICTION.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.) 6s.
The Gates of Sorrow. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward Lock.) 6s.
Afterwards. By Kathlyn Rhodes. (Hutchinson.) 6s.
The Fatal Garland. By Mrs. Ghosal. (Werner Laurie.) 6s.
Much Ado about Nothing. By "A Popular Novelist" (Stanley Paul.) 6s.
The Nabob. By Alphonse Daudet. (The Lotus Library. Stanley Paul.) 1s. 6d.

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REVIEWS.

GOOD JOURNALISM.

New Cosmopolis. A Book of Images. By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.) 5/- net.

There are two kinds of literary Americans in the world—those who write as they speak, and those who do their best, frequently with considerable success, to write passable English. Mr. James Huneker belongs fortunately to the latter category. A man who can begin a book with words like the following speaks for himself, as it were. "All my life I have longed to write a preface. Not such tinkling evasions as forewords or introductions, but a full-fledged preface which would render quite superfluous what follows it. Consider the case of Mr. Shaw. His prefaces are such witty masterpieces that they make negligible his plays. But I have never cultivated courage enough to take the first dive into chilly type. Either I have squarely dodged the solemn undertaking or compromised with a *coda*; in one instance I actually fabricated a preface for Egoists (a book that had been printed some years) and placed it in a later one." And so on and so forth. So that in approaching Mr. Huneker—who, let it also be noted, is plain James, and not James B., James C., or James D., in the irritating American fashion—the intelligent English reader need have nothing in the way of qualms as to trading with the enemies of the King's English. We do not desire to suggest that our author is a profound or inspired writer, and though perhaps he does not exactly lay himself out for the pure purposes of entertainment, being indeed somewhat of a human and tender person with the human and tender person's eye and anxiety for the improvement of the world, he does one way or another entertain us. The sub-title of the present volume—namely, "A Book of Images"—appears to us to be a little wide of the mark. In any case, Mr. Huneker is not so much concerned with what are called images by preciously inclined writers as with what we may term the hard and ironic, or, it may be, the pleasant or unpleasant facts of life. In other words, he is a transcriber rather than a creative visualiser. He writes off the solid, as it were, and if he has occasional glimmerings of those fourth, fifth, and possibly sixth dimensions which are familiar to poets and idealists, it is only by accident, and never by intention. It would be unkind to Mr. Huneker to describe him as a journalist, knowing as we do the squalid depths to which journalism not only in America but in this country has descended. But we will say "journalist" of Mr. Huneker because he appears to us to be precisely the kind of writer a decent journalist ought to be. The whole gist of *New Cosmopolis* may be said to lie in the fact that the author has been about the world and seen it with an eye to legitimate, informing, and reasonably edifying copy. His descriptions of what he saw in Prague and Vienna, in Holland, Spain, and what used to be Belgium have that quality of ambling discursiveness and picturesqueness which will please the peruser and delighter in reasonable and well-mannered descriptions. What interests us more, however, is Mr. Huneker on various parts of his own native city—namely and to wit, that wonderful place known at the Hotel Cecil at Noo York. Just as, in the American view, the United States constitutes "God's own country," so in the American view New York has been commonly held up to us as God's own city. The New Yorker spreading himself for the information of poor old London has a knack of suggesting that his city has walls of jasper and pavements of ivory, and that though the people there may hustle, they manage nevertheless to go about in solemn troops and sweet societies like some of the people in Milton. To listen to these boosters is to be reminded always of a poem which begins, "I hear thee speak of a Better Land." But Mr. Huneker knows better. He has looked at New York for and on behalf of the New Yorkers at home, and as he writes English we on this side are privileged to be let into the secret. Hell was once described as a city much like London, and we gather from Mr. Huneker—though, by the way, he is no Shelley—that New York also happens to be a city much like London, inasmuch as it has its fair places and its foul, and that they are considerably intermixed. But we have never read a more convincing account of New York as she really ought to be and as one's intuition tells us she must be, than Mr. Huneker hereby gives us. It would be unfair to quote from *New Cosmopolis*, because Mr. Huneker's descriptions are so competently constructed and so well knit that odd passages taken from their context would not do him justice. We can send the reader who loves a good book to Mr. Huneker with the greatest confidence. He is much more entertaining than the average novelist, he conceals the fact of his Americanism under the most commendable guises, and, more than all, he is neither a fool nor a bore.

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THREE NEW WAR BOOKS.

Italy and the Unholy Alliance. By W. O. PITT. (Melrose.) 2s. 6d. net.

We are informed on the dust cover of this book that it is "a history of Italy during the last hundred years written by a competent, sympathetic hand and thoroughly modern." Also, "the book shows in effect that the present is Italy's long desired opportunity, and offers a convincing vindication of her policy since August, 1914, up to the time when she took her inevitable place among the Allies." We take it that this is good enough for the publisher and consequently it might be good enough for us. We must say, however, that whether Mr. Pitt's hand be sympathetic or otherwise, his heart is certainly in the right place so far is Italy is concerned. Broadly speaking, though he puts on occasional airs of criticism he can see no fault in her—probably there is none which ought to be seen just now—and if nobody else is pleased with the book it is certain that the friends of Italy will be pleased. It goes without saying that the work is a trifle sketchy, for example the chapter on Garibaldi occupies only twelve pages; but Mr. Pitt has the gift of compression and he has certainly got the broad facts into his pages. The chapter, Why Italy went to War, has the same defect of brevity, but we should not like to say that the whole of the reasons are not there explicitly and effectively stated. In these hurried times the general reader would probably not be grateful for more and it is to the general reader that we recommend the book.

Some Aspects of the War. By S. PÉREZ TRIANA. (Fisher, Unwin.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Pérez Triana is described on his title-page as "formerly of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague." We conclude therefore that he is a gentleman possessed of a proper regard for peace and quietness and that in spite of his occupation as a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague being a matter of "formerly" he would still prefer arbitration to war and discussion to bloodletting. For which preference, of course, we should be the last to blame him. But in reading Mr. Triana's really excellent volume we must confess that we have been agreeably disconcerted to discover that he really is a good fighter, and, as it seems to us, would probably be a better hand at a hefty set-to than at an arbitration. This is not by any means to discount Mr. Triana even though he does head one of his chapters, "Lying Lips and Murderous Hands," and another one "Molten Lead." He is apparently a Spanish-American by birth, and there is no reason in the world why he should not be a Spanish-American by temperament. It is sufficient for us that like all other reasonable beings he has ceased to love the Germans, and probably never loved them at all. There is a great deal of useful, convincing argument in this book, and much information which we do not remember to have seen previously set forth. The chapter on Songs of War is particularly good to read, and there is a chapter on Germanism in America which also has exceptional interest. Altogether a book which people who cannot do without war literature will find entirely to their taste.

The War and After. By SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S. (Methuen.) 1s. net.

Sir Oliver Lodge reminds us of Hamlet in the sense that he is very full of quotations. He describes *The War and After* "short chapters on subjects of serious practical import for the average citizen in A.D. 1915 onwards." We do not know whether Sir Oliver's "onwards" is a reaching after immortality, but we do sincerely hope that several of these short chapters will have ceased to be of import to the average citizen anyway inside the next quarter of a century. Sir Oliver Lodge has a lively way with him. He begins *The War and After* in what he no doubt considers to be the best Socratic manner.

> Why is the world so horrified at the outburst of savagery which has now occurred? Because it is a blasphemous prostitution of high gifts and the dragging in the mire of a noble Past. The old Germany was full of attraction for thoughtful Englishmen. It had much that was consoling amid the welter of trade and politics and business and sport which seemed to saturate the British atmosphere. The peacefully social and calmly learned suroundings of Germany were restful, and it could really be regarded as a spiritual home.

The impolite might be excused if after reading this startling passage they were to ejaculate simply, "What rot!" We have had quite enough of this kind of twaddle from Lord Haldane, and when Sir Oliver Lodge joins in the chorus he certainly does not improve matters. These are not the reasons that the world is so horrified at the outburst of savagery which has now occurred. Germany in the lump has no noble past, quite the contrary. She has had the mark of the beast on her from the cradle upwards, and the left-handed ablutions of Lord Haldane and Sir Oliver Lodge will not clean it off. We are reminded by these two gentlemen of a little bit of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Here it is:—

> They had them also to a place where they saw one Fool, and one Want-wit, washing of an Ethiopian with intention to make him white; but the more they washed him the blacker he was.

We do not desire to convey the impression that Sir Oliver Lodge is what is known as a pro-German. It is evident from this booklet of his that his sympathies are where they ought to be, and that he has as great a horror and abhorrence of the present savagery as any man. But he is one of those persons who have not learnt that there are occasions upon which it is necessary for us absolutely to forget. ignore, and even deny the soul of goodness in things evil. This kind of palterer, on being approached by a raving maniac armed with hatchets, would say, "Dear, dear, what a pity—and he played the flute so nicely!" We say that the present is not the time for either Sir Oliver Lodge or anybody else to be writing chapters headed up, "The Great Age of German Philosophy," "Love your Enemies," and so forth. We will talk about the great age of German Philosophy when the war is over, and we will love our enemies when we have given the Germans the thrashing which it is the duty of humanity to bestow upon them.

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No. 2260 [Registered as a Newspaper.] AUGUST 28, 1915 PRICE THREEPENCE

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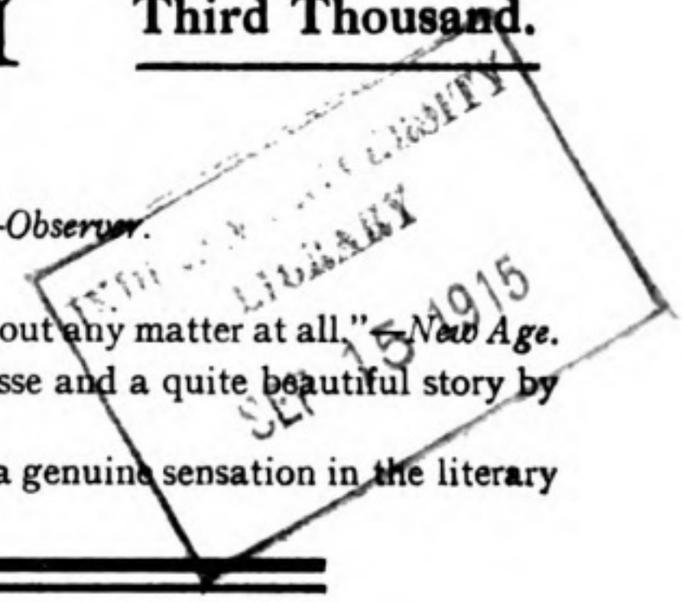
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland, 15s.; Foreign, 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the Academy *are at 8 & 9 St. James's Market, Jermyn Street, S.W.*

The Editors cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE GIFT.

Never a burn that from the wild hills cried
With their own ruby dyed,
 Kissed by a setting sun;
Nor yet the huddle of the fallen brake
Knew how to win and take
 The splendour thou hast won.

There is no mountain in whose secret heart
Harbours a counterpart
 Of thy deep-tinctured bliss;
No opal, from the Mother's bosom torn,
Or bloodstone dark hath worn
 A livery like this.

Not Autumn's multi-coloured robe of fire
Shall grant me my desire
 In fruit, or leaf, or grain,
To make an auburn harmony with thine:
A phœnix hue divine
 For me dost thou remain.

Sunset and gentle after-glow may swoon
To match thee, and the moon
 At her red rising try;
There is no sleight of thunder-cloud or morn
Can show where thou wast born.
 I find thee not on high.

Nor shall the wine-dark shadow that doth lurk
Within thy wondrous cirque
 Be caught from earth or sea—
From distant mountain purple, or from plain,
Or ocean's far-flung stain
 Of lapis lazuli.

Not seraphim upon their reverent wings,
Though heaven's blazon flings
 A rainbow glory there,
Shall ever flash, through all their raptured flight,
Such awful fires as light
 This lock of woman's hair.

E. P.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

WE regard as dangerous the statements now being made that the conscription-compulsion-national service party—you pay your money and take your choice of words—is practically beaten. The party will not be beaten until it is more generally understood that the real leaders of the movement are our old friends the plutocrats with their lust for power and profits. Their spokesman, Lord Harmsworth, with some creditable contempt for mere profits, be it said, will drop it like hot standard bread when he hits upon some more likely scheme to increase circulation—circulation, of course, being his lordship's own particular primrose path to perdition. If the simple-minded imagine that either he or his present allies have at any time experienced the same emotion which inspired Henley to "England, my England" they are simple-mindedly mistaken.

As for the retired military gentleman, the "ladies from Kensington," and other dupes of this precious conspiracy, we can but advise them to go on assisting the conscription Press to "bust its own boiler." If the intelligence of the country cannot see through their fears and vanities and stupidities it is about time the remnant of us with some claim to sanity sought fresh fields and pastures new in a modern "Mayflower." But we are not leaving just yet awhile. There is in the heart of this England of ours a spirit drugged and drunken with sleep and fatness it is true, but which will rise with a bad head before the War is over and begin to wonder if its Harmsworths and Bottomleys are altogether desirable substitutes for those earlier adventurers whose deeds are immortalised in *Purchas* and *Hakluyt*. If that spirit is dead, which we refuse to believe, the Germans may be defeated, but we shall not have gained much of a victory.

And here is the *Times* weeping for our sins and omissions:—

> It is at once a cheering and a depressing sign that the discussion of National Service in a great part

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cannot be secured except through their sentiments. It is doubtless already the case that most income-tax payers are offering their means to the country, but this fact needs to be made plainer and the principle to be enforced by law before either will be clear to the working man. The way, then, in which the upper and middle classes can best promote their cause is to grapple with the problems of national finance, and give up the unsound method of huge war loans. The abolition of war profits, a national census of movable property and income, heavy war taxation so adjusted as not to create actual distress or unemployment, are measures essential to a class reconciliation. When these are carried out on the great scale and working men can see with their own eyes that others are living more simply and abstemiously than themselves, they will believe that the danger is serious and the appeal made to them sincere.

> In short, the direct road to National Service is closed at present, but the way is still open, through a large scheme of national sacrifice.

We make no apology for the length of this quotation. Every member of the Cabinet and every other public man in this country ought to learn it by heart. For it is the truth, and the sooner the windbags who fill the correspondence columns of the Press realise that until there is real national sacrifice there can be no question of "National Service," the sooner will their lean and scratchy pens be devoted to other subjects.

The fallacy that young unmarried men, rather than those with wives and families, should give their lives for this country is always with us. But where profits are the first consideration the real needs of a nation are certain to be obscured. In which connection the following pasage from a letter from Sir Henry Blake to the *Times* particularly intrigues us:—

> I take it that nobody desires to minimise the magnificent response to Lord Kitchener's appeals; but some—I among them—feel that a large proportion of the gallant men who have joined the Navy and the Army, leaving wives and families behind them at an annual expense to the nation of forty millions sterling in separation allowances, ought not to be found at the front until the young, unmarried men who can be spared have taken their proper place in defence of the Empire.

How Sir Henry's bosom swelled when he thought of our "gallant men" and how his jaw stiffened when he thought of the "expense to the nation" we can well imagine.

That England has the full confidence of its Allies we shall continue to believe, all the howlings of an unpatriotic press notwithstanding. Of Belgium in particular, having many friends in that country, we can speak with authority. "Your way of doing things, your strikes and other internal quarrels, do not alarm us," said recently a well-known Liègois artist. "We do not question your national idiosyncracies; we rely simply on your honesty and doggedness." That is the general feeling in Belgium; nor do we doubt it is the general feeling of our other Allies. Englishmen are muddlers and blunderers, it is true, but there is that in them which is uncomprehended of such persons as Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris, and we may add of such persons as Lord Harmsworth. This spirit was manifested not so long since in so unlikely a quarter as the Stock Exchange, and we were heartened thereat. If Lord Harmsworth had more of that foresight his henchmen are never tired of telling us we are lacking in, he would be considerably perturbed for his future position in this scheme of things. With every day of war that passes, England is getting nearer to her true self, and will not for ever be blind to, or view with amused contempt, the motives underlying the actions of her tinsel Napoleon.

We were under the impression that Mr. Bernard Shaw had retired from public life and was devoting his leisure to wondering why he ever allowed Mr. Augustus John to paint his portrait. But he is "still talking" it seems, and upon the subject of the duration of the war he has been good enough to tell his gaping admirers and others who are not gaping admirers that it is for neutral countries to settle the question. He himself, he says, is "one of the belligerents and cannot stop until the enemy stops." But he goes on to say that "it is for the neutral countries to combine to ask the belligerents what they are fighting for," we suggest that they begin with Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The historian will doubtless deal with the influence of our refugee guests upon us, but what he will make of *Infinito*, a journal published in Dunkirk—of all places in the world!—is beyond our poor imaginings. Like an army terrible with banners *Infinito* has descended upon us, and we surrender to the following high explosive bombardment by a Mr. Souqharé-Bachneff:—

> My first intellectual contact with British humour took place in the person of Mr. Collier, my landlord, workman in a large garage of motor cars in London. Some days after I became his lodger. We were talking in his parlour on the current topic of the day, and then to try the spirit of British people, I told him frankly that in my opinion only one thing can save mankind, and that is the superseding of the Prose by the Rhyme. To give him such a divine Utopia, I was prepared to enjoy myself thoroughly, à là incarnated royal spirit, on the premises of Pilate; but then I suddenly felt that something was changed on the earth. Mr. Collier, touched with inspiration, took his pocket book, tore from it a leaflet, and wrote down his feeling as follows:—
>
> TO BELGIANS.
>
> The Germans tried. Yes! They have tried! But they found a wall of steel they had to face.

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Men have died. Yes! Men have died! But others have been there to take their place.

Defeated we shall never be! Shall I tell you the reason why?

For the Belgians! They know how to fight. And the Belgians know how to die.

There is not too much of Art (with capital A) in it. I beg your pardon, brother humorist, there is a wonderful swing in it, and don't forget that Mr. Collier is a workman on H.M.S. as fitter of motor cars, somewhere in France, and he never dreamed before in his life of adjusting and filling of the rhythms.

Good for Mr. Collier! And if he is ever again "touched with inspiration" and dreams of "adjusting and filling of the rhythms," the *English Review* will welcome him, not a doubt of it! There is nothing Mr. Austin Harrison would love better than to enhance the beauty of Mr. Collier's poetry by a little footnote to the effect that its author was "a workman on H.M.S. as fitter of motor cars."

Mr. John Lane adorns the front page of the *Bodleian* with a verse from *Songs from the Trenches*, by a Captain Blackall, one stanza of which will serve to remind the reader of those far-off days when the flags were out, the scarlet carpet spread, and Poetry queened it in Vigo Street.

The "rifle" rattled a ragtime
Like a syncopated coon,
The "anti-aircraft's" object seemed
To spiflicate the moon.
The "mortars" did their damnedest,
Or, rather, did their worst,
And the "drain-pipe gun" played hell with the Hun,
Till it ultimately burst.

After reading these lines certain remarks made by Professor Raleigh, when explaining the excellent *Times* scheme for sending broadsheets to our soldiers, no longer surprise us. "There is no better expression of freedom," he said, "in all its senses, than English literature. I can almost imagine an intelligent German officer trembling and growing pale when he finds it in our trenches."

The *Phœnix*, a "magazine of individuality, edited by Michael Monahan," comes to us from America. It is a scholarly little publication, and on the whole we like it. Incidentally, we make no doubt that our visitors from "God's own country" will appreciate the following extract from its pages:—

> Our democracy is quite unlike that of ancient Athens, where the common crowd went to hear and judge the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides, the orations of Pericles and Cymon. We have no hucksters and fishwives capable of correcting the speech of a philosopher. Our many-headed thing speaks a degraded dialect—the lowest and most corrupt form of speech ever used by a partly civilised people: which to copy in its literal horror is the profit of our Journalism and the ambition of no small part of our Literature.

.

If Mr. Monahan will tell us the meaning of the word "skulduddery" that we find (without inverted commas) elsewhere in the *Phœnix* we may be less apprehensive that he is being affected by his environment.

CONSCRIPTION & CHARACTER.

The war has brought about many political and social changes in this country, but it has not been able to remove evidences of the dualism which is a fundamental characteristic of the British people. It has always been a cause of astonishment to foreigners, and sometimes to ourselves, that capable as we are in the performance of solid, creative and efficient work, we are, at the same time, extraordinarily tolerant of slovenliness and mediocrity in our ordinary working habits of thinking and living. There is no exaggerated literary fancy in the statement that our being strong enough to withstand the shocks and perils of war depends entirely upon which of these sides to our national character predominates. In the first place we must allow that the British people are badly educated, and, in consequence, they have acquired a laziness in mental processes which ill fits them to digest the rush of news, comments and arguments with which the Press daily provides them. We have heard of a pro-English German barber (so far as that is humanly possible) who welcomed the idea of internment because he found it impossible to converse intelligently with the English of his own class around him. "I am only a poor man," he said, "but English people of my station of life are so ignorant that they don't even know where Russia is!" We fear that the same state of affairs obtains in higher grades of society. A foreigner is always puzzled by the fact that when he sits at a middle or upper-class dinner table in the country of Bacon and Acton he finds that any mention by him of a simple event in European history, which a Continental gymnasium student would blush not to know, is met with polite but unabashed ignorance. He usually records his view of us in the witticism that a country which in the same era produced a Darwin and a Newman and regulates its street traffic so magnificently, is unable to cook potatoes. We have dwelt upon this question of education, not because we are so foolish as to suppose that people should be measured by the amount of facts they remember, nor because we desire to see German educational methods foisted upon us. Germany is not the only educated country in the world. But we are conscious that our own educational methods are not conducive to the kind of moral discipline which would prevent our becoming an easy prey to the many bad Prussianising influences now at work in our midst. Says the *Saturday Review*: "What Great Britain is suffering from acutely and dangerously at the present

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time is the absence of discipline. Undisciplined minds and undisciplined bodies—notably the minds and bodies of some millions of young men who have not yet been called up to their duties—we have to set the drill sergeant to work very severely on these before we can reach security." Security from what? Handing over unwilling men to drill sergeants in the best Prussian manner is a remarkably logical method of obtaining security against the advance of German militarism! Arguments such as these are put forward by a Press which positively revels in the existence of a public which is ignorant and slovenly. Indeed the lack of discipline arising from the ignorance of the newspaper-reading public becomes in the hands of Lord Harmsworth and his supporters a very useful weapon, and the more potent since it is of their own fashioning. The case of our education and our Press is, no doubt, one of cause and effect. We are reminded of a cynical old gentleman who, recalling the differences between the journalism of his young days and that of to-day, said: "In my young days a journalist was usually a travelled gentleman. He knew the world. To-day he comes up to town from his suburb on top of his motor omnibus, does his work, and goes home on the same motor omnibus. That is all you can say of him." Instances of newspaper ineptitude in the grave matter of misdirecting public feeling can be multiplied without end. We will content ourselves, however, with one. The Press which was loud in its cry that the Russians would spend the first Christmas of the war in Berlin knew, although the news was not then allowed to be published, that the advancing Russian army had perished at the battle of Tannenberg. A section of the same Press is now going to the other extreme and is finding Russian misfortunes very useful in its campaign of frightening the public into conscription. We repeat that in spite of the fact that we are capable of the finest achievements in all departments of life, we are ordinarily careless in the habits of living and thinking. It is necessary to utter a warning that under the plea of saving us from our bad habits Lord Harmsworth would turn them to his own advantage and endeavour to coerce the Government into giving us still worse habits. Our finer instincts are willy-nilly to be crushed under the iron heel of cheap efficiency and a machine-made social well-being in order to satisfy a sense of patriotism which allows the drill-sergeant to become the ideal type of national hero. "Pacifism and Prussianism," Mr. Chesterton remarked recently, "are but two sides of the same medal: a medal given for discipline and disciplineship in the schools of fear. Whether or no a bully is always a coward, he is always a believer in cowardice. His *panache* is always the white feather of somebody else." Lord Harmsworth's *panache* is the people of this country who would lose interest in Great Britain as a country if it were governed according to his notion of patriotism or his theory of economics.

THE ROCK GARDEN.

When his father died, he retired from the business, which had always been distasteful to him, and suggested to his wife that they should go and live in the old house.

"Just as you like, dear," she said.

She was a woman who subsisted on good works. They were her very food. If she was not on some charitable committee or arranging bazaars or attending Mothers' Meetings, she was unhappy. But wisely she believed in the proverb that charity begins at home. . . . She was never forgetful of the great honour her husband had conferred upon her when he asked her to marry him.

When she saw, however, that he was determined upon living in the country, she spoke of her charities a little regretfully.

"You'll have better scope in the country," was all he said.

"Well, perhaps I shall," she answered. "Anyhow, you must know best."

At first they were a little lost in the large house which stood aloof at the end of the village. The dead man had had few friends, and did not encourage callers, living alone with his housekeeper (now comfortably pensioned) and only venturing as far as the garden, which had claimed all his attention. And, as it were, the mantle of the enthusiastic gardener fell upon his son. No sooner had be viewed the neat beds and lawns, the orderly frames and apple trees trained along the ground, than something seemed to stir in him.

"This is what I've wanted all my life," he thought, looking over the broad fields to the drive avenue of magnificent chestnuts beyond. . . .

He experienced great pleasure in watching the gardeners at work, and walking here and there—as a proud proprietor should—he began to learn a good deal about gardening. First he learned the names of the roses, making the man repeat them twice so that he could get them right. He began to speak of green fly as "aphis," and while he was calling flowers by their Latin names he was making his first experiments in grafting.

"A man must have his hobby," he said, "and there's nothing that hasn't to be learned."

"I can't think how you can remember it all," sighed his wife. She, too, was contented, the vicar having assured her that the state of the parish was deplorable.

In town they had kept a motor; but now he

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insisted upon getting rid of that, and bought a carriage and pair. A new stable and a house for the coachman was built, as the old accommodation had been allowed to fall beyond repair. "I shall make a few improvements," said the master; and where had been a disorderly fowl-run a greenhouse sprang up like a mushroom, and with it a fresh group of gardeners. A new wooden gate was put up at the end of the drive and painted white; and men climbed on to the roof and set going again the ancient weather-cock, which had pointed in the same direction for more than twenty years.

The sleepy old house having regained some life, as if it had been polished in places, he set about the garden. Trees were cut down to make a "prospect"; on the top of the ha-ha wall he had a railing planted along which were to grow climbing roses of all descriptions, and by the side of it an alley of wire arches, painted green, also covered with rose trees and leading to a grass patch with a sundial. He engaged a skilled gardener from town, and soon in the kitchen garden appeared mysterious glass bells—like inverted goldfish bowls—which he showed proudly to his friends and called "French gardening." The vicar paid frequent visits, and occasionally came with his wife to dinner.

Each morning the master came down precisely at nine o'clock, said good-morning to the row of servants lined up outside the door of the dining-room, and listened to his wife reading family prayers. After breakfast he sat down to his paper, while his wife interviewed the cook in the library, and half an hour later he was always to be seen, wet or fine, his paper under his arm, issuing from the French windows into the garden in search of the head gardener, with whom he would stand in earnest consultation. He then paraded the whole garden and, if by then it was not time for lunch, he went to his study and wrote letters. After lunch the maid would call him, "Humphreys is at the door, sir," and he would stroll out, pulling his coat on as he went.

"Horses all right to-day, Humphreys?"

And the fat coachman would straighten himself with a discreet smile and reply,

"Yessir, thank you, sir."

By that time his wife had come down, while the maid stood in readiness wth the rug, and off they would go.

From one of these afternoon calls he came back silent and preoccupied. His wife had long ago learned her place, and did not question him. After dinner, as he was reading the paper aloud, he broke off and said,

"We must have a rock garden."

"That will be very nice, dear," she answered, thoughtfully.

"Don't you think it would be an improvement, eh?"

"Of course. Where shall we have it?"

The next morning they went out together into the garden to look for a suitable place for the rock garden. The head gardener, Ridges, stood behind them, exceedingly bored, but drawing a large enough salary to be alert at once if a question were put to him.

"D'you think this is a good place?" said the master, pointing.

The gardener scratched his head.

"Well, sir, if you mean to 'ave water, sir, it'll run away, this being a slope, or percolate perhaps."

"Percolate?" murmured the wife. "Now I wonder what that means. How clever George is!" and she sighed and fidgetted, for the grass was wetting her feet. But having inspected various other sites, they returned again.

"I think we'll risk having it here," he said, "and then you can walk straight on from the sundial to the rock garden. We'll have a path. Eh, Ridges? That can be managed, what?"

The man started. "Very well, sir, yes, sir."

"Don't you think that's a good place, Alice?"

"Yes, dear."

She added, "I think I'll go in now, if you don't want me any longer. (I hope my shoes aren't ruined, she thought.) Mind you don't get wet, dear." And she went away, leaving him to wave his hands in comprehensive gestures. When the maid went to call him to lunch, she found him alone, his cigar burned out, pacing about solemnly and thoughtfully, sticking little pegs of wood here and there.

In the afternoon, when her husband was engaged in one of the greenhouses, the wife went in search of the head gardener. She was a little afraid of so learned and superior a person, who seemed to prefer to talk in Latin rather than in his own language, but when she found him she buttonholed him firmly.

"Er—Ridges," she said, "I was thinking . . ."

"Yessm'm."

"Er—I was thinking that it would be nice to have a big bed made next to the—er—Rockery. I should have all my favourite flowers in it."

The gardener smiled.

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"Well, m'm, it's not the time for planting out now, but I could set about having the bed dug."

"How stupid of me!" she cried. "But then it—there's no hurry, I mean, about planting. Any time will do."

"Very well, m'm. I'll put Saunders to dig the bed."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "How lovely these pinks smell! I really must pick a bunch."

"Ridges!" called a voice.

The gardener shrugged his shoulders, and disappeared wearily in the direction of the greenhouses.

"I'm going to have a bed made next to your rockery, dear," she told her husband that night. "Do you think it's a good idea?"

He was bending over a bit of paper on which he was making marks with a pencil.

"Oh, yes," he said, indifferently. "Look here, Alice. I've just been drawing out a rough plan. Look! Here is a slope, and here a little path. Here" —his finger wavered over a black smudge—"I think, a grotto. Yes. Shall we have a pond, do you think? For lilies. Or perhaps we might add that later."

"I never can understand plans," she said, screwing up her eyes; and he went over it again until she exclaimed, "How clear you do make things!" and took up her knitting.

And as she was just going to sleep, he startled her by calling, "Alice! Are you asleep?"

"Nearly."

"I wanted to ask you about that pond."

The work was put in hand at once, and in three weeks the rock garden was finished. Each morning husband and wife went out to see how the operations progressed. Rain hindered the workmen a good deal. The ground held the water, and the master would pace about, his hands clasped behind his back, his red face bent forward.

"Clay soil, clay soil!" he would mutter impatiently, "Wants some gravel, Ridges?"

"Yessir." And two cartloads of gravel were splashed into the water.

There followed the critical time of selection of plants. Catalogues began to pour in by every post. Solicitous friends wrote and made suggestions; the vicar offered to send for some plants from the Holy Land. The whole house was silent, as if a birth were expected, while the master wrestled with Latin names in his study.

The first consignment arrived on a wet day, and the gardener suggested that they had better wait for fine weather before planting. The master chafed. They decided to wait until the following day.

"I'll drive over and have a look at Taylor's rock garden," he thought; and his head was so full of his garden that he forgot to ask how the horses were. But the coachman touched his hat and said "Yessir, thank you, sir," out of habit. The rug was tucked in; the carriage door shut with a bang.

On his return he went back to his study and made several alterations and additions to his lists.

Gradually the household resumed its normal state again. But now husband and wife went out together each morning, straight to the "rockery" as she insisted upon calling it to his intense annoyance, where they would hover round the latest purchase. Sometimes it could not be found, and then the gardener would have to be called.

"Ridges! You haven't put in the Himalayan moss."

"Yessir. 'Ere it is, sir."

The master looked suspiciously at the plant.

"That's not where I told you to put it."

"I thought as you said, sir, . . ."

"All right. All right."

And when they had examined every corner of the rock garden, the husband would say, "Well, Alice, let's see how your bed's getting on." After which she would leave him to make the rest of the tour by himself, going away carefully as if she was afraid even to tread on the grass.

Now and again little parcels would come, and unable to finish his breakfast he would go out to the patient Ridges.

"Look here," he would say, "here's something you've never seen before. Mr. Taylor hasn't got any of this, eh?"

"No, sir. I don't think so, sir."

"We'll find a corner for it, what?"

And then in the afternoon,

"Horses all right, Humphreys?" and he would drive over to inform his friend of his new acquisition.

The following summer his wife's bed made a glorious show, flaunting itself beside the less brilliant rock garden.

"I do love Delph—what-d'you-call-'ems," she said, looking at the tall spires of blue. "Aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes, yes." He was thinking of what fresh improvements he could make. "P'm, p'm, prrp, prrp," he would go under his breath, while she looked affectionately at his rosy cheeks, thinking that since they had no children God had given them this garden to occupy their thoughts; thinking, too, how nice it was

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to have their gardens side by side. . . .

And now, when visitors came, instead of talking to them of the needs of the poor, she would speak of the "Rockery," and, having got there, would show all her husband's treasures proudly, while the visitors, who had expected to be bored, followed her tamely and made polite and unintelligent remarks. When she thought they had had time to absorb its wonders, she would say, "And this is my own particular bed," listening with pleasure to their empty praise, but invariably adding, "But I'm afraid I'm not clever enough to like the rockery better. I don't even know which are the rare plants. Now if George were here, he could tell you all sorts of interesting things."

The years passed and the rock garden became crowded and had to be extended. The pool was added, and water-lilies floated upon it. A special gardener was engaged; extraordinary precautions were taken to expel harmful insects. But in spite of all, the lilies refused to thrive.

"Perhaps it's the goldfish," he said, for he had introduced some at the instance of his wife, who took great pleasure in feeding them. The goldfish were removed, but still the lilies refused to prosper.

One rainy day not long after his wife refused to accompany him to the rock garden after breakfast. He put down his paper, dropped his spectacles off his nose, and looked at her with astonishment.

"I'm feeling rather chilly," she said apologetically. "I think I got my feet wet yesterday. We're getting old, dear."

"Old? Nonsense! I never felt younger!"

And he went out by himself. When he returned, she had gone to bed.

Three days later she died.

The day after her funeral he intimated that the household would remain as before. He came down as usual each day, said good-morning to the servants, and read prayers himself. Then he went out into the garden.

After a good deal of trouble the difficulty of the pool was surmounted; the lilies blossomed with extraordinary vigour and then died. He put back the goldfish, and sent for more lilies. It is even said that he is contemplating the destruction of his wife's flower-bed in order that the rock garden may be still further enlarged.

GERALD MILLER.

Mrs. Brian Luck has compiled a *Belgian Cookery Book*, which Mr. Heinemann is to publish for the benefit of the Belgian Red Cross Society.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN WAR TIME.

Of the imperturbability of West and Mid-England I had heard so much that I determined to traverse the area North to South and see for myself how this section of our country contrasted with Eastern shires set agog by the sinister imminence of the Great War.

In midsummer I rode out of Birmingham as the night-shift of a great ordnance works streamed forth from the factory gates. First stragglers for the day shift were collecting in dark rivulets on arid suburban streets. Except for recruit musters and Home Defence Corps marchings, lighting restrictions, long processions of Army motor lorries, and a manufacturing boom, there has been so far in the Midlands little momentous sign of war. My trusty motor-cycle fluttered her way through affluent suburbs of the city, and then braked sharply down as she encountered drove after drove of workers scouring along the high road on cycles from Bromsgrove and outlying villages to the city factories. Droitwich was unchanged in her pictorial beauty. Worcester, with her cathedral planted plumb in the centre as if to insist on a passing plaudit, was calm and patrician as ever, feeling no indignity in her use of women conductors for the trams. The road to Tewkesbury runs close between brown shadows of the Malvern and Cotswold hills, over smiling meads odorous with bloom and damascened with gold and white of flowers. The noble bulk of the Abbey looked down on an old-world town serenely unconscious of war. Gloucester had an urban stir but the military note was not prominent.

In Bristol the Saturday afternoon was just starting with the holiday air generated by young people spreading themselves abroad in sports suits. It took nearly an hour to get through the clogged city to the Bridgewater road, yet the sole tokens of war I noticed were a few Red Cross automobiles and War Department wagons, plus the usual percentage of khaki figures. Bristol, in the wide trough of her river valley, and throughout her high broad downs and cliff-like ridges and crests of houses, seemed only peacefully brisk. Perhaps the echo of war was found more truly beside the white inns, the flint cottages, the grey churches, that brooded upon the fine road between Bristol and Taunton. For the sand-coloured uniforms teemed in these plain villages that look out here upon the green commons, brown sedge, shadowy pool, and floor of yellow wildflower, about the Mendip

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gap. Taunton, that languorous town of the dusky Somerset race, was full of the military.

By evening I was in Devonshire; and thereafter chiefly what I saw as I pushed to the coast was the sun flashing and fading in ambush behind the tremendous beacon-shapes of the North Devon hills. Wiveliscombe, dainty Bampton and its superb valley-gorge, South Moulton, were steeped in profound peace. The clocks were near midnight when I slackened to cross Barnstaple Bridge, and my only untoward incidents had been vicious swerves in the dark on the country cart-tracks over the moors, and once when a policeman darted his neck forward and back like a swan to see that my front and rear lights were correct. A similar scrutiny awaited me on the Bideford road; then, as the moon heaved up her saffron globe to peer upon my engine's sighing transit through the pallid roads, blue river-glimmer and ghostly villages, I touched the far West Coast at Westward Ho! In an eighteen-hour journey I had not been barred or challenged once.

Next day there was in Bideford a recruiting meeting for North Devon regiments. I rode along England's western limb as far as Bude, and down and up the Devon and Cornish coast saw, in the way of service officials, not so much as a coastguardsman. The Bude rocks dozed in russet quiet on their spits of fawn sand and blue sea. Vessels went by as continuously as ever along that viewless horizontal wire upon which they appear to be perpetually sliding when seen in motion from a coast. Inland the landscapes were faultless pictures of rich-coloured tranquility. A stay in Devon and my tour back to the Midlands by road did not appreciably add to these impressions.

By way of varying the angle of vision I next went north from Birmingham by rail. The stations and trains were, of course, alive with soldiers. In Preston, with its suites of flat mills and tapering stacks, every sixth man seemed in khaki. Again many of the trans were piquantly graced by girl conductors. At Lancaster we met a troop train, its occupants singing, cheering, taking gifts from our train on the next set of rails. The shrouded cannon, the packed horses uneasy in their trucks, made the mind miserable. Then at Windermere I shouldered my rucksac, hearing as I started a Belgian refugee conversing with an English officer. For over a week I walked and climbed in Cumberland, two days' post from home, and out of reach of newspapers.

"That's a fine horse," I said one morning to a carter. "They'll be wanting that for the war!"

"Na, na. They will not. There's good news come through at last."

"What's that? It's days since I saw a paper."

"They're through the Dardanelles, they say. The flags are out at Whitehaven. I had it from the engine-driver at Ravenglass."

And Lord Muncaster's gardener, as he struck his stalwart horse in the grandiose foliage of Muncaster Park, beamed at me with candid joy. Barring casual conversations, the rather pointed advertisement in a village public building, and the shooting practice of half-a-dozen red-badged volunteers in Coniston this was the single repercussion I heard of the impact of war on this north-west corner of England.

The trains, crammed with soldiers, had to be duplicated as I returned at midnight. At the buffets haughty waitresses rebutted wily Tommies who sought by feigning innocence to coax out a nut-brown draught long past the stipulated hour. The stations of Preston, Crewe, Stafford, Wolverhampton, were chill and desolate, and grudged any comfort for our fighters. Soldiers and sailors, suffering the pangs of being reft from relatives who clustered on the footboard, quitted a malodorous and high-priced "refreshment room" only to step into a train that could provide nothing better than standing room in a freezing corridor. The Black Country was busier than usual at night, and through the deep cornflower blue of breaking dawn pierced the gold-dust plumes of chimney flares. Factories rode the dark hung with tinted lights like a ship in full illumination at sea. The slag banks went by like waves, and at last the arcs of Birmingham stretched in crescent like a curved harbour front.

No matter what the havoc and sensation of the war, there are still in England beautiful tracts where the stunned beholder may bathe and recover as in a lake of healing. These domestic facts do not make so loud and vivid an appeal as the clash of events at the front; yet how much would the future historians of England give to know them intimately as we do.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

ON PROCESSIONS.

Some years ago it became fashionable to put on fancy costume in representation of personages of historical importance and to enact before an open-air audience a pageant of the most famous events connected with the locality. Beyond any doubt the players in these pageants had a most enjoyable time, but if their enjoyment was accompanied by a passing desire to impress their audience with the importance

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of history, the results of such enthusiasm were neither noteworthy nor permanent. Few people care a farthing about the historical past of their own or anyone else's part of the country. The fashion for pageants soon died. St. Albans was left icy cold on questions of its historic past, and Chelsea, after the Church Pageant, displayed no remarkable violence on the subject of Anglicanism.

Pageants and processions are, after all, serious things. The need of them is not created by mere fashions; they have always been with us as an instinctive method of popular expression. They are, in fact, one of the few ways left us of publicly expressing opinions. Not even the people who by their Puritanical habits of mind deny themselves and others the right of outward expression of any kind of opinion or emotion, have been able to rid us entirely of our processional instincts and rights. It is true that the influence of these dreary people has accentuated our sensitiveness to embarrassments in public places, and and that largely through this influence we have lost the art of processions. We are content to suppress our opinions rather than make public parade of them.

A frequenter of Whitehall will often have occasion to notice a number of gentlemen drive up in cabs to buildings in that palatial thoroughfare. He will further observe these gentlemen hurriedly disappear into dismal recesses of a Government office where they are received with blandishments by a Cabinet Minister. These are called, in our modern fashion, deputations, and if the truth be told they are rather dull and shabby affairs. Their squalor is due to the fact that they are really processions that have forgotten what they are. They are undertaken by people who do not realise that their duty does not consist solely in persuading a Cabinet Minister but also in availing themselves of a splendid opportunity for lights, trumpets and drums. Our women have realised this responsibility and have given us noble examples of the truth that deputations are in reality pageants and as such should be conducted with dignity and seriousness.

Our processions, such as they are, are infrequent and are mostly left to celebrities and professionals. We ourselves have every right to express our emotions at the Coronation of Kings, the downfall of Prime Ministers or the election of Lord Mayors. On these occasions, however, our share in them is left to people who look extremely bored by the proceedings and whose sense of their own importance does not prevent them from experiencing a feeling that it is very ridiculous to behave ceremoniously in public.

If a child is left with a volume of the *Illustrated London News* for the year 1852 he will soon be poring over the long panorama representing the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. After he has become used to the splendours of that festival he will scrutinise the picture in order to discover traces of grief proper to the countenances of its vast array of mourners. He will be disappointed, for with the exception of a woe-begone "favourite charger" those who took part in that famous pageant wear a most inappropriately cheerful countenance. Nor, for that matter, are we better satisfied with the more celebrated panorama, "La magnifica e suntuosa Pompa Funerale fatta in Burselle nell' Essequie dello' invittisimo Carlo Quinto" which was printed in all its splendour in 1559, although that procession is more representative of the various kinds of people who should take part in so popular a pageant. We have to go back to an earlier period to find a time when ordinary people were quite free from all embarrassments in the processional expression of their opinions. It is true that social life in those days centred around the Church in a manner unfamiliar to us to-day, and that the Church provides many occasions for popular pageants. Those who have never seen a king walk among common folk in the processions incident to Good Friday and the feast of Corpus Christi have missed an opportunity of realising that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and that a king can walk in a procession with no stronger desire to appear as its chief ornament than that felt by his most humble subject. There are many records of our processions of those times in cities great and small, which show their representative character. At the moment, one comes into recollection for which we should offer acknowledgement to Cardinal Gasquet. An order relating to a Corpus Christi procession, held in the city of Winchester in the year 1435, runs as follows: "It is agreed of a general procession of the Feast of Corpus Christi, of divers artificers and crafts within the said city; that is to say the carpenters and felters shall go together first; smiths and barbers, second; cooks and butchers, third; shoemakers with two lights, fourth; tanners and japanners, fifth; plumers and silkmen, sixth; fishers and farriers, seventh; taverners, eighth; weavers with two lights, ninth; fullers with two lights, tenth; dyers with two lights, eleventh; chaundlers and brewers, twelfth; mercers with two lights, thirteenth; the wives with one light and John Blake with another light, fourteenth; and all these lights shall be borne orderly before the said procession before the priests of the city. And the four lights of the brethren of St. John's shall be borne about the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, the same day in the procession aforesaid."

To-day the rivetters and chainmakers are wont to make a procession only when a very natural desire for more money reaches a pitch of exasperation. Sometimes when on the march, these people distribute leaflets by the wayside, and sometimes their little pageants are chronicled by the newspapers. From these we learn not only the object of their public appearance but that it is necessary to have an underlying feeling of shame for their incursion into our polite streets, an acute sense of degradation at the intrusion of human feelings into the light of day.

HERBERT GARLAND.

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REVIEWS.

A GREAT RUSSIAN.

War and Christianity: From the Russian Point of View.—Three Conversations. By VLADIMIR SOLOVYOF. With an Introduction by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Constable & Co.) 4s. 6d. net.

"Vladimir Solovyof," Mr. Graham informs us, "is Russia's greatest philosopher and one of the greatest of her poets, a serene and happy writer. He was born in 1853 and died in 1901, that is, he flourished in Russia during the same years that Nietzsche lived in Germany. . . . In national culture Solovyof owned Dostoieffsky as his prophet. With Dostoieffsky he was one of the great spiritual leaders of the Russian people. He was in all his work and faith opposed to Tolstoy, considering Tolstoyism to be a sort of moral atrophy"—a statement which is sufficient, we think, to indicate the interest and importance of this book. Russia is a country of talkers. Western Europeans when reading Russian fiction must always receive an overwhelming impression of the talk which runs torrentially and devastatingly through its pages. But the dialogue is usually placed well within a framework of drama of so large a portent that we manage to keep an equilibrium necessary to our reading. Here in this book we have the talk unclothed. We have nothing English to compare with it save perhaps the dialogue of Mr. Shaw, and how tame and unintrospective are his characters' heart-searchings in comparison with these Russians, how small is their gymnastic babble of manners in comparison with the conversation of these Russians whose talk is of God! Yet the dialogues are not heavy, but contain many brilliant passages written in a light, satirical vein. There are local allusions which will puzzle Western readers, some because they are local and others because of their frankness, such as jokes about Cossacks being "robbers in spirit," and remarks such as "Perhaps we are more nearly related to the yellow-faced Chinamen than to the countrymen of Shakespeare and Byron." These dialogues of Solovyof are conversations between a simple-minded general, a politician, full of modern theories, a prince who is a "moralist and teacher," a lady who acts as a chorus and Mr. Z., who has the truth within him. After torrents of talk, of aspects, sociological, national, religious and the rest, Mr. Z. becomes very direct with the Prince.

> MR. Z.—I mean that, so long as you do not show me the good quality of the master in his own deeds, but only in his verbal instructions to his workmen, I remain of my opinion that this far-away master of yours, demanding good of others, but doing nothing good himself, imposing obligations, but showing no love, never appearing for you to see, but living somewhere away in incognito—that he is none other than the *God of this world*. . . .
>
> GENERAL.—What an accursed incognito!
>
> LADY.—Ah, do not say so! How terrible! The Power of the Cross defend us! (*She crosses herself.*)
>
> MR. Z.—I have no doubt, Prince, that you, through an honest mistake, accept a clever imposter as the true God. The *cleverness* of the imposter is, for you, a great extenuating circumstance. . . .

Previously Mr. Z had stated his own view:

> . . . We already know up to now of one victory gained by the good element of life—in the personal resurrection of One, and we look for future victories in the collective resurrection of all. . . . If there is no belief in the accomplished resurrection of One, and no hope of a future resurrection of all, you can only talk in word about any sort of Kingdom of God, but there stands out only a kingdom of death.
>
> PRINCE.—How is that?
>
> MR. Z.—Well, you not only admit (as everyone does) the *fact of death, i.e.* the fact that people in general have died, do die, and still will die—but you further exalt this into an absolute law, to which there is no single exception, and you hold that this is the world in which death is for ever an absolute law. Then how can you call this world anything except a kingdom of death? . . .

In the first dialogue the general tells a long anecdote relating to the Bashi-Bazouks which possesses all the grim strength of the finest traditions of Russian story-telling. The work closes with the reading of a story of Antichrist full of ingenuity and power. Although it is not possible to deal adequately with the scope of this book, we think we have given sufficient indication of its stimulating qualities. We shall look forward to seeing further translations of Solovyof's works when Mr. Stephen Graham can afford us the time from his wanderings to edit them.

The Admirable Painter. By A. J. ANDERSON. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d.

After *The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi* and *The Romance of Sandro Botticelli*, it was inevitable that Mr. Anderson should turn his attention to Leonardo da Vinci. We have had recent occasion to call attention to the fact that the Renaissance is getting rather worn as a happy hunting ground for writers of "lives." This fact seems to have already occurred to Mr. Anderson, so he set to work on a book which will get over the objections of jaded readers of "lives" by inducing them to read about great painters as though their lives were fiction. We can imagine Mr. Anderson thinking, "What scope it gives me! I can indulge in little bits of psychology like:—

> 'Now the wiles of Satan are various: to one he proffers a pretty face, with carmine cheeks and pouting lips; to another he whispers of a hair-shirt; to the sensualist he suggests sensuality; to the rigorist he suggests uncalled-for mortifi-

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cations until the poor wretch becomes as puffed up and empty as a bladder,' etc.

"That, at any rate, will please everybody who has never seen a hair-shirt. I can explain the rudiments of art to those who have only heard of art. I can write pages about the amours of Il Moro, and to satisfy the consciences of those who think they ought to be shocked I will head the chapter:—

'If the loves and intrigues of Lodovico Il Moro should appear to be treated at too great a length, have patience! It is impossible to understand Leonardo's life and artistic development without this elaboration.'

"I can quarrel with Mr. Berenson. Finally, I can add a number of 'Notes' in the manner of the great Sir Walter."

If Mr. Anderson is inclined to imagine that we are overstepping the bounds of politeness by these conjectured motives, we must remind him that we have caught the habit from himself. We are not disposed to agree that it is a very good habit, and when it comes to inventing motives about great painters we think it is open to many objections. The chief objection is that, although you may instruct many people about art in a popular way, you do not avoid the danger of making your subject cheap. You encourage those who are already glib enough about the externals of art to continue in their bad ways. We have, of course, no objection to historical novels as such. But a book like this, which combines the dullness incident to many historical novels and the more uninteresting side of art criticism, does not recommend itself to those who desire great subjects to be treated without triviality.

The Oakleyites.—By E. F. BENSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 6s.

What Mr. Benson's native talent and his experience have not told him about the art of writing sentimental novels is not worth knowing. He is aware that "pow-wow about three sisters" (we quote from one of his own characters) is useful in suspending the reader's attention from the main theme just as the dull patches in a pantomime have a similar task in artfully setting us hungering for the reappearance of the inordinately funny people. If you are inclined to think the "pow-wow" passages in this book are excessive, we assure you that Mr. Benson knows better. He knows, too, that the interests of the main characters must have full fling about three-quarters of the way through and that the climax must not arrive too late or it would interfere with the serenity of the closing pages—that serenity he contrives so well and with which he provides us with a completely rounded-off article so dear to the novel reader's heart. Mr. Benson must not suppose that we are being superior about his talents. If we speak of clockworks it is because clockworks are the reviewer's business and it is useless to say that, as a rule, his books are well made without enquiring into the methods revealed in their making. His characters are ordinary human beings, and their emotions are made interesting because Mr. Benson is singularly able in conveying the fact that lives need not be complex in order to present qualities of dignity and pathos. He has given better examples of his method of writing sentimental novels than in his latest book. The "pow-wow" passages are good, the climax is ingeniously contrived, and the closing serenity is as finished as usual, but Mr. Benson has indulged in purple passages which the practised novel-reader will be inclined to skip and the pathos of the death scene at the end is strained beyond all semblances of reality. We have no particular objection to Mr. Benson's fondness for killing his sympathetic characters by consumption, but they need not die with phrases such as "For thy greater glory" on their lips. Otherwise the book is easy, well-mannered and agreeable, and will be welcomed by that vast army of novel-readers who have a profound objection to surprises.

Mr. Erskine MacDonald announces for September a collection of elegies which have appeared in the Press in memory of those who have fallen in the Wr. The title of the book will be *The Crown of Amaranth.*

Dr. George Haven Putnam is continuing his reminiscences, the first volume of which, *Memories of my Youth*, appeared last year. The new volume will also be a continuation of the history of the House of Putnam from the 1872, to which date the record was carried by the author in his memoir of his father and founder of the firm, George Haven Putnam. Many personal recollections will be included of well-known authors on both sides of the Atlantic. Other chapters relate to Dr. Putnam's manifold activities outside the book world, including his stanch support of the Allies' cause in the present war.

The English Association, which promotes the teaching and study of English in schools, has compiled an anthology of contemporary poetry. It is entitled "Poems of To-day," and it consists entirely of copyright poems, about a hundred and fifty in all. The contents range from Meredith and Stevenson to the authors of volumes published this year, including some of Rupert Brooke's sonnets on the war.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

What Great Britain is suffering from acutely and dangerously at the present time is the *absence of discipline*. Undisciplined minds and undisciplined bodies—notably the minds and bodies of some millions of young men who have not yet been called up to their duties—we have to set the drill-sergeant to work very severely on these before we can reach security.—*Saturday Review.*

There are certainly subjects upon which outside observers have no real right to take themselves very seriously.—*Saturday Review.*

Then we are made to remember the days when England was at peace indeed, but when, "sick with dismal fatigue," London discovered, through Peter Pan, that it still possessed the immortal secret of childhood.—*Saturday Review.*

Nothing could be more quiet or more gentle than the way in which the United States Government is waiting for an explanation of an act which, previous to its being committed, had been already described as "unfriendly."—*Saturday Review.*

The perusal of this ingenious work leads me on to another consideration. It is merely arbitrary to assume that an anthology means a collection of the *best* works of the period selected. An anthology is representative; it, therefore, should also include the *worst.—Nation.*

Where there is no vision the people perish.—James Douglas in the *Star.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PATRIOTIC PRESS.

To the Editor of the *Academy.*

Sir,—The *Times* frequently announces that: "Arrangements have been made whereby the *New York American* has the sole rights of reproducing the *Times* war cables and other war news in the United States of America, excepting in the Chicago area."

It seems a pity that Mr. Hearst's Anglophobe newspaper has not also the sole rights of reproducing the articles which appear in the *Times, Daily Mail,* and *Evening News* calculated to give encouragement to our enemies and to arouse contempt for us among our Allies, as these articles might not be republished then in other American journals and create an impression among Americans that we are a nation of slackers, shirkers, and cowards. If the writers of these articles are fellow-citizens of Mr. Norman "Angell," a former manager of one of Lord Harmswürt's "noospoipers," the English people would not be sorry to hear that they had followed Mr. Angell's example and returned to their own country. Their articles and the articles by anonymous "neutrals" may make very pleasant reading to "*the many German family connections*" Lord Harmswürt has boasted of, but there is no demand for them among the unimported inhabitants of this country.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

122, Mill Lane, Hampstead, N.W.

August 30th.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

The Poems of Mu 'Tamid. Rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. (Murray.) 1s. net.

A Ballad of the War. By Lord Latymer. (Humphreys.) 1s.

By Yser's Banks. By R. Fanshawe. Blackwell: Oxford. 1s. net.

Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia. By Walter W. Seaton, M.A., D.Lit. (Longman's.) 6s. net.

Attila and the Huns. By Edward Hutton. (Constable.) 6s. net.

The Field of Honour. By H. Fielding Hall. (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

A Risky Game. By Harold Bindloss. (Ward Lock.) 6s.

Ten Degrees Backward. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. (Hodder.) 6s.

Greater than the Greatest. By Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

The Oakleyites. By E. F. Benson. (Hodder.) 6s.

The Pioneers. By Katherine Susannah Prichard. (Hodder.) 6s.

GENERAL.

The Private Diary of Ananda Ranga Pillai. Vol. 3. Translated by Sir J. Frederick Price, K.C.S.I. (The Government Press: Madras.) 3 rupees.

Shivájé the Maráthá: His Life and Times. By H. G. Rawlinson, M.A. (Clarendon Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

A Short History of Modern England. By Frederick Bradshaw, M.A. (Hodder.) 3s.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland, 15s.; Foreign, 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

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EPITAPH.

If I should ever be in England's thought
After I die,
Say, "There were many things he might have bought
And did not buy.

Unhonoured by his fellows he grew old
And trod the path to hell,
But there were many things he might have sold
And did not sell."

X.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

WHAT powers the authorities may have under the Defence of the Realm Act we do not know, but it is high time their attention was directed to quarters where frantic efforts to bolster up the conscription campaign are leading certain writers beyond what in our opinion are the bounds of things permissible. In the current *English Review*, under the heading "Britain's Duty," the frothy Mr. Austin Harrison has the impudence to state that "Russia, our great illusion, has failed us." With the merest reference to the fact that writers of the Harrison school are for ever talking hypocritically of the irritation of our Allies at our voluntary system, we should like to know how much longer this pipsqueak is to be allowed to insult an heroic and sorely harassed nation. It would be a good thing for him if he had to take part in some desperate rearguard action, preferably in one such as we are credibly informed the Russians had recently to experience, and in which they had little else but sticks and stones with which to defend themselves. He knows nothing of the realities of war. His inordinate vanity prompts him to all sorts of dangerous nonsense, and it is high time, we repeat, he was stopped.

In the above connection we welcome Mr. Hilaire Belloc's indictment of Lord Harmsworth in the *Morning Post* of September 8th. "One discussion," says Mr. Belloc, "can no longer be avoided," and he goes on to ask whether it is tolerable that "in so grave a crisis of life and death public confidence shall be undermined." For our own part, we see no need at all for interrogation marks in this grave matter. The anarchist who sees no difference between liberty and license must be suppressed.

The editor of the *Saturday Review* has evidently pondered the suggestion put forward last week in these columns that if England is to be democratic in anything but name conscription without a general election that would afford our soldiers a voice in the matter is impossible. But in a letter to the *Morning Post* he has bitten from our suggestion only what he has felt inclined to chew. From the letter in question we append the following extract:—

> If the House of Commons, in the coming debates on national obligatory service, on the twin problems of munitions and of men and on other military matters, is to have any real authority with the nation it must clearly have the advice of Service members far more than it has during the past year. . . . The nation wishes to know what soldiers think and desire, and this it can best learn through the Service members.

Mr. Dewar, conscriptionist, is a clever person. He knows that the Service members are also most of them conscriptionists. What millions of other soldiers think and desire, however, he may know later. In the meantime, we can tell him that there are other representatives than Service members, and that, given an honest general election, the latest big gun of our charming plutocrats would be effectually spiked.

Persons of divided mind upon this subject of conscription may be recommended to read, mark, and inwardly digest the following remarks of M. Pierre Mille, one of a party of four literary men invited recently to visit the British Grand Fleet:—

> As long as I have to talk of German submarines I may affirm, despite contrary statements made by the German Admiralty and by the newspapers, that England

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every week of its life. Here is a verse of Mr. MacColl.

All is not lost: amid a thriftless nation
That squanders life and limb of maimed and dead
One party saves a strangely prized possession,
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

When Mr. D. S. MacColl learns to keep *his* head he may perhaps also learn to scan. He may further learn that it is impossible to squander the life of the dead, and that "nation" and "possession" are not rhymes. Doggerel of this sort would be a disgrace to a parish magazine, and why Mr. MacColl should be allowed to print it in the *Saturday* requires explanation. Perhaps, in his next issue, the editor of the *Saturday* will take us into his confidence on the matter.

We have looked through the current *Spectator* and we find nothing in it of note, save and except the following entrancing line:—

Bank rate 5 per cent. changed from 6 per cent. August 8th, 1914.

These plaintive figures evidently refer to old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago.

The Headmaster of Shrewsbury in a letter to the *Times* drawing attention to the prevailing suspicion in regard to war profits, tells us, rightly enough, that the real question before the Government is that of their abolition, until which "suspicion will inevitably continue." But in asking what is the obstacle in the way of so desirable a consummation he proceeds to the following gentle bleatings:—

It is not undue sympathy on the part of the Government with profit-makers; Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bristol has made that plain. It is not the fear of protests in the Press; you have, if I am not mistaken, repeatedly supported such a measure. It is most assuredly not the fear of public opinion, which would be overwhelmingly on the side of such legislation. The professional classes have borne their own burdens as best they could, but they have no more sympathy than the working classes with the abnormal profits made out of the country's need.

It is time, in fact, to ask the plain question. Who *does* want to make profit out of the crisis? When that question has been answered it will be time for the nation to decide what shall be allowed, but I am much mistaken if the demand will be either loud or clear. When every class has given of its own flesh and blood with such splendid readiness, it is impossible to believe that any will haggle over money.

It is not surprising that the evil of which men are capable is not understood of schoolmasters who have to deal with the mere naughtiness of boys. The simple faith which accepts at face value statements by Mr. Lloyd George and the *Times* newspaper, and which asks, "Who *does* want to make profit out of the crisis?" may be better than Norman blood, but it will not greatly perturb those persons who *do* want to make profits out of the crisis, and who will continue to make them while no more forcible protests are uttered than that of the Headmaster of Shrewsbury.

Religion and Mr. Harold Begbie being in Fleet Street one and indivisible, we are not surprised to find that Mr. Begbie has been interviewing the head of the Salvation Army upon the subject of the war. And it seems to have been an interview very satisfactory to all concerned. We are given from the head of the Salvation Army God's exact position in the matter, and from Mr. Begbie—doubtless by way of a little local colour—the following account of an "incident from France":—

Two ladies sang recently at an entertainment given in one of the huts. They were rather elaborately gowned, and they sang the usual vulgar songs from contemporary comic operas. At the conclusion of the entertainment a young sergeant was called upon to propose a vote of thanks. He fulfilled this duty quite civilly, but added: "At the same time, I should like to say that many of us would have preferred songs which would have given us something to think about on our way up to the front."

We know that young sergeant! If he exists outside the dreams of the ineffable Harold, and has been "up to the front," he has had some of the priggishness startled out of him. If he is still at the base it is to be hoped he is enjoying the company of real, healthy English Tommies.

"If there is anything at all in the theory that England is a democratic country, so very important a matter as conscription cannot possibly be settled without a general election. And even then, what of our armies in the field? Are they to have no voice in the decision?"

The *Academy*, 4th Sept.

"The nation wishes to know what soldiers think and desire. . . .

The Editor of the *Saturday Review* in the *Morning Post*, 8th Sept.

"How will our soldiers vote?"

Austin Harrison in the *Sunday Pictorial*, 12th Sept.

One of those persons to whom Shakespeare is a sort of Mother Shipton rather than a poet, sends us a long screed with quotations purposed to prove, "beyond the shadow of a doubt," as our correspondent puts it, that the Bard fully anticipated the present War. Here is a quotation from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* regarding Zeppelin raids on London:—

Oberon.—That very time I saw but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west . . .

This will never do. London as a "fair vestal thronèd by the west" we are willing to accept *pace* Shelley, who compared it to hell, but all the sophis-

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tries in the world will not induce us to see a Hun in the guise of Cupid. We have no reason to suspect our correspondent of pro-German sympathies, and he may take it from us that if Shakespeare had really had prevision of the German frightfulness that was to be he would have written something about it that might have frozen the marrow. In Shakespeare's time the German character was none too highly esteemed in England. It was known for its brutishness, boorishness and hoggishness, and there are odd passages of the Bard which reflect this fact. Of course it is easy to find passages which are applicable to the War in almost any classic, the reason being that human nature has always been human nature, and human wickedness human wickedness.

We gather from the *Atlantic Monthly* that Mr. Edward Garnett has discovered a new American poet. The name of the new luminary is somewhat ominous, for it is Frost. Mr. Garnett offers us examples of him, and we can only say that if Mr. Frost has written no better poetry than is represented by Mr. Garnett's examples, he is no poet at all. Before Mr. Garnett goes hunting for new poets it seems to us that he might very well read some of the old ones. Frost is a mere prose man, and a very silly prose man at that.

A conscriptionist paper, the *Evening News*, which is never tired of reminding us of our duty to our Allies, prints an article by a neutral observer, from which we take the following:—

> It would be absurd to say that the Germans like fighting the British troops. In my hotel an officer said to me: "The Russians are blockheads and the French are women. But to throw yourself against the English is to smash your head on a rock."

We had occasion recently to call the attention of the authorities to the insulting vapourings of the editor of the *English Review*. Our Allies may be assured that writers, neutral or otherwise, of the Harmsworth school do not represent decent English opinion.

Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, *The Research Magnificent*, will be published on September 21st by Messrs. Macmillan.

We note with pleasure the announcement of a new book of essays by Mr. Arthur Symons to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable.

MRS. RAWLINGS.

She was one of my friend's gallery of women.

"She lived," he said, "in an atrociously modern villa on the outskirts of the town, and fairly shone amongst the provincials. At least Jardine said so; he told me to go and see her. I was sent to her as to one of the Enlightened. I can't describe what she was like; perhaps it will do if I call her a Raphael Madonna out of drawing and with a bad complexion. There was the same sort of wistful maternity about her. She was long and thin, flat as a plank, and wore a serge dress that defies description. It turned out to be an invention of her own, a by-product of the Handicraft Guild in which she was interested. . . .

"Well, I went to the modern villa, and, finding (as I might have expected) no door-bell or knocker, I tapped. I waited some time, tapped again, and at last, after an increasing commotion inside, Mrs. Rawlings herself opened the door, nervously apologetic and covered with flour! Jardine, it seems, had paved the way. She knew me at once and rushed at me with trembling effusiveness. She had been making cakes, she explained, and the children had been helping her as the nurse was out. Two of them peeped, and scuttled away through an open door. We got somehow into the sitting-room. . . .

"I got to know the glorious uncertainty of the house later on; how you could never be certain if you were going to have a meal or a sudden influx of dirtied children; but now the room, an obviously "designed" room, seemed to me particularly untidy and bare, white walls, oaken furniture, two long photographic reproductions of Michael Angelo, a case of worn books, a heap of dress material, a hideously disfigured doll under one chair and a tattered picture book and a headless horse beside another. The garden through French windows gave a pleasant relief of green. . . .

"She had gone out to get the flour off her hands, and now returned and drew me into conversation at once. She had a way of taking a long breath and smiling after she had spoken, and a general air of one who says, 'Oh, please don't let's talk about the weather and polite things like that; there are so many serious things to speak of, especially, I am sure, between you and me.' . . . At first I was a little lost. She was so terribly earnest, and I could not help remembering that I had been told she was a woman of genius. Besides, she was jumping up and down all the time to see if the children were out of harm's way in the garden.

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"She left me again to get tea. At last I was emboldened to ask to see some of her work, which fortunately I recollected was wood-carving; and I had to admire a very commonplace pillar for a bedstead and several designs. 'But I've had so little time for work since I was married,' she said. However, I praised everything. I admired the view; I praised the children, who now came in and, scenting a visitor as their legitimate prey, scrambled all over me with that disgusting familiarity which I hate about children. I think there were three of them—anyhow, they were all girls—but they rushed about so quickly that, like the Irishman's famous pig, I couldn't make sure of counting them rightly. One extreme infant contributed to the commotion by screaming vigorously, and would not be appeased. Mrs. Rawlings sat by my side, trying to talk and not to appear confused by the uproar, an abstracted mother. I nodded away as cheerfully as I could; and after the children had left most of their tea about my clothes, unrebuked (the tea-set, by the way, had been designed and executed in silver by Mrs. Rawlings), I thought I could decently retire.

"The next day I discovered an aimless-looking child in the garden, and received a packet from her. It contained religious and philosophical poems by a local bootmaker, and 'Would I be kind enough to give her my candid opinion of them?'

"Like a fool, I did; and had to go there to do so. She looked rather disappointed at first, but cheered up when I said I'd see if I could do anything with them, as I knew one or two editors who liked that sort of stuff. Sarcasm was lost on her; she asked me to call again. . . .

"Two days later (I had been ambushed by her meanwhile as I unwittingly passed the Handicraft establishment) I received a note. 'Do come to tea to-day. I've some interesting people coming whom I should so like you to meet." I went. I was beginning to be shamelessly curious about Mrs. Rawlings—and you know I write now and then in my spare moments. Also her extraordinary futility seemed to exercise some dread fascination over me. . . . The 'interesting people' were the instructor at the Art School, the manageress of the Guild, and a coloured youth of eighteen or so who was converting Mrs. Rawlings to his religion. I must explain that for some time she had been a Christian Scientist, but apparently the doctrines of Baha'u'llah had spread doubts in her mind. . . . The Handicraft lady in olive green was good enough to explain how *splendid* Mrs. Rawlings was in helping on their endeavour, and what a *wonderful* idea her new simplified dress was (she had one on herself). They wanted to persuade all the shopgirls of the town to take it up; it was so much cheaper. Unfortunately, that scheme was progressing slowly, as only Mrs. Rawlings knew how to make the dresses; conequently the output was very limited. . . . Was I interested in pottery? And oh, *would* I like to learn weaving? They had a little loom down at the shop, and a master weaver was coming in a few days to give a hurried course of lessons—if they could get enough people willing to learn. . . . She talked on. The garden was invitingly green. My hostess was deep in a technical conversation with the bland Art Instructor; the Persian sat smiling orientally. The children—thank Heaven!—had been sent away into the garden. . . . Mrs. Rawlings at last turned to the smiling youth. 'Won't you tell us some more about your religion, Mr. Dos-rami?' she asked. . . .

"I never quite knew how it happened, but after this Mrs. Rawlings took me quite to her heart. She was incessantly occupied, and I met her wherever I went. The only places where she wasn't were houses where I was bored to death; so I had no alternative. She had always something new to tell me, one of the children's sayings ('Do you know,' she would say, 'I often think children are really *so* much wiser than we think they are!'), her dressmaking troubles and the difficulty of making the shopgirls see how much cheaper and more useful her dresses were; she spoke hopefully of the weaving and of how her work was being taken up by a lady of title. . . . And would I go to breakfast on Sunday? She had Sunday breakfasts for the Initiated. She also sent me various pamphlets forwarded from the Persian youth. . . . She confided to me, too, that she had a symbolic colour for each day of the week; on Fridays, for instance, she was affected in a peculiarly green manner. She knew a man who had translated the Æneid of Virgil into dots and splashes of water-colour. Wasn't it wonderful? . . . The last thing she told me before I left was that she had actually heard flowers talking—not speech, you know, but a kind of faint indefinable music. . . .

"What she must be doing now with Belgian refugees I daren't imagine! . . .

"Oh, yes, I did see her husband. He was a Professor somewhere—of Economics or Higher Mathematics, I don't know which. Anyway, he spent all his time compiling statistics. I caught sight of him once, a pale bird-faced creature with sparse hair and straggling moustache—eyeglasses, of course. He was just shutting his study door hurriedly behind him as I entered the front door. . . ."

GERALD MILLER.

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WITH RICHARD MIDDLETON IN BRUSSELS.

The owner of one of those narrow-gutted little-tramp steamers which in times of peace used to ply between London and Brussels having invited us to cross the water with him, Middleton and I found ourselves one warm June night making our way down Thames from St. Katharine's by the Tower. For luggage we had a small wicker basket containing chiefly loaves and Burgundy, and it was with something of a " head " that I awoke at daybreak off Flushing and asked one of the crew to turn the hose on me. And then a strange thing happened. In the distance, perhaps a mile away, a boat of some four thousand tons suddenly rammed a larger boat, and there they were, both of them, before my astonished eyes, locked together. I called up the other men to view the spectacle, of course; our captain, with thoughts of salvage, his face aglow, headed towards the scene of the accident, and presently we were standing by while the two boats were disengaged from their fatal embrace, and the rammed vessel, her decks laden with green ploughs, slid beneath the waters. The captain of the other vessel did not require our help. He told us so with the choicest " bad language " it has ever been my lot to hear, and, with appropriate repartee from our own captain, we made for Flushing and the Scheldt.

Just beyond Antwerp is the canal which makes possible this journey by water. We turned into it, purring gently on in the calm of evening, and the next morning were alongside the quay at Brussels. It occurred to me, when travelling through Belgium by train some years afterwards, that the sight of barges and other craft gliding seemingly across the meadows may have suggested to Middleton his well-known story, *The Ghost Ship;* in which, it will be remembered, the pirate is blown inland to anchor in a field of turnips. A materialistic explanation of the beginnings of a singularly imaginative story, it may be thought, but there it is!

In Brussels we called on Georges Eckhoud, Abel Torçy, Maurice Blieck, and other literary men and artists of our acquaintance. I hope Georges Eckhoud is bearing up under the rule of the Germans. At the time of which I am writing it was our delight to sit with him of evenings drinking Geuse Lambic in obscure cafés and listening to his urbane wisdom on life and letters. Does he still give his University lectures, I wonder? That the curse is over the city none can doubt. Literary Bohemia has little in common with the stodgy, professorial spirit of Kultur, and less with that of the dogs and devils who now swagger in the Avenue Louise. It is to be presumed that " the master " and his circle meet, if they meet at all, under the shadow these days. We in England who may still see things " done at the Mermaid " do not realise what it must be to have to think twice before giving vent to wit and fancy. Here are no spies and no danger of having to explain unguarded utterances to unimaginative authority. If on occasions military gentlemen in cafés throw a cold eye on any expression of individuality they may be ignored.

So with good company, picture galleries, second-hand book shops, and cafés with the string bands Middleton was fond of, we spent the holiday, and were so taken with the place we decided the year following to return and settle down there. But this time we were all for " the adventure of literature " and economy. Middleton took it very seriously, as indeed well he might. it was now a question of his living entirely by his pen. In our cheap but good lodgings he would sit and grind out articles the while I sought tranquility of mind in the Musée. Poetry he could not or would not write in those days. He was too poor, he said. Once I found him raging up and down the room with a cheap copy of Wilde's *Intentions* we had picked up somewhere. " Lies! " he exclaimed, his eyes flashing, " it's all lies! And you believe in him! " Later on, when I was back in England, he wrote: " I've been reading *De Profundis* again, and still think he made of it a last rampart to protect his arrogance." Another *bête noir* was Shaw, whom, however, he disposed of in *The Biography of a Superman,* published after his death in *The Ghost Ship.* Of his literary favourites he admired most, perhaps, Anatole France, though critical of that author's lack of form. *L'Ile de Pingouins,* he said once, was his Bible, the pessimistic last chapter especially fascinating him. It is not surprising that he was attracted also to Zola's *L'Œuvre* and Gissing's *New Grub Street.* Here is a characteristic passage on Zola from one of his note-books:—

> Zola's women are as sentimental, as tearfully false as Dickens' heroines. It is extraordinary that so clever a man should have known so little about them. Le Débacle is an astonishing failure. The tragedy, perhaps, was too real for him. L'Oeuvre—admirable book that no artist ought to read. Claude is Manet. Sandoz is Zola himself. The real moral seems to me to be that genius produces nothing, because the expression must always fall short of the dream. Art is an imperfect thing, and genius cannot tolerate imperfection. But the human man says: " Oh, well, perhaps it's good enough." And so it is, sometimes.

An " admirable book that no artist ought to read "! It is the remark to be expected of one who had sung of

> this dead world
> Wherein I hold a child's uncertainties

and who was presently to do away with himself. That so rare a singer had no substantial faith of his own seems inexplicable. And now he is dead, as we call it; his body, at any rate, buried hard by the alien city that called him.

> No triumph and no labour and no lust,
> Only dead yew leaves and a little dust.

He would have accepted those lines for their pagan beauty; would have shrugged his shoulders impatiently at any questioning of them. And yet what worlds unknown in—a little dust!

H. S.

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MR. D. H. LAWRENCE'S NOVELS

Is a new technique possible for the English novel? The genuinely fresh atmosphere of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "The White Peacock," the result of an original method, stimulates our faith in the unimpaired fertility of this form of literature. The reader has to infer the purport of "The White Peacock" as in life he detects the aim and thought of people by the recurrent fractions of speech, the superficies of action, through which, most frequently, they hint at inner truth. There are no inserted wedges of psychology to join up and explain deeds and motives. Hence we have a curious casualness of narration, and a style that is cinematographic in so far as scenes continually flit by with little more direct interpretation than will piece the tale together. This link is provided by a narrator speaking in the first person, subject to the inconsistency that he tells not only his own interwoven sections of the story but also portions that would be inaccessible to him. A minor discrepancy is that the speaker is forced to discuss the love-making of his sister, the heroine, in a fashion distasteful to the fraternal mouth. In exchange for these breaches of prescribed technique we get free and sparkling change of action, conversation of unimpeded liveliness, and a brilliant verisimilitude. In addition, we meet for the first time an audacious habit of baring to the view thoughts and sensations usually judged incommunicable.

When these discoveries have been digested, the reader is left wondering, What is the story's significance? Is it that the White Peacock should have refrained from flaunting her gifted beauty before the young farmer, George Saxton; that by arousing in him unmanageable needs she gave the start to the subtle degradation that finally brought him to ruin? No, for her play of vanity was excusable; also, events follow from such an intangible interplay of character and incident that you can scarcely blame any of the actors. It seems chiefly a matter of fate and temperament. Given this group of highly sensitised men and women in contact with a pagan Midland yeomanry, and, amid such circumstances, the issues might work out thus, quite conceivably, in life. Is it that to refuse to exploit our idiosyncrasy is the better course in life? No; in this novel he who plunges is no worse off than he who quails. Are we to take the story merely as a Synge "picture of life"? No, for a novel is rarely written without suggesting at least the author's view. A writer's exercise of selection alone usually yields an inference. The inference I draw is that æsthetic intelligence and susceptibility do not make for happiness and advancement unless judiciously handled by their possessors, and that, as a rule, such qualities are not so handled.

In some respects "The Trespasser," too, is new in method. The first chapter arouses instant sympathy for the rebuffed suitor, Cecil Byrne; it wakes at the same time the reader's resentment against Helena Verden, his sweetheart, because she will not forget her dead lover, the violinist, Siegmund McNair, against whom also hostility is felt for casting from the realm of the dead a shadow over the lot of living lovers. Then deftly the book recapitulates the "trespass," Siegmund's love idyll with Helena. At first you rebel at the lengthening recital by which you are being transported from your initial mood; but soon the suspense serves to strengthen the interest. Gradually you acquire a profound affection for Siegmund, and beget a jealous regard for his rights, till actually you come to feel you will hate Helena if she dares to forget Siegmund's sacrifice of his life. Through an adroit manipulation of your sympathies the author has secured an entire readjustment of your view. Yet now, just as sympathy has ripened for the trespassers, you are made to suffer another conversion. The concluding chapters, reverting to the original period, show McNair's family overlaying his memory with new and varied interests. Helena, with woman's versatility of passion, simultaneously lures Byrne and succumbs to the solace he offers. You acquiesce in this submersion of a noble character under the tides of existence; you acquiesce in woman's feline hunger for a mate, which is in accord with Nature's demands. You realise helplessly that you have been led by the author to such imaginative insight into changing phases of character as is generally conferred only by actual experience. Twice you have forsworn your own judgments and accepted the revaluations of the novelist. As before, Mr. Lawrence sets up no doctrine. One must from this novel, as from many books of the younger novelists, pluck out a vague import that is lodged in it by virtue of this record and that incident being presented while others are suppressed.

The descriptive richness is on a par with the power of the narrative. Mr. Lawrence writes with a phosphorescent pen. He dwells sensuously in a verbal and imaginative ecstasy. Landscapes, physical objects, he often dilatingly represents as if they were transfused by some visible spirit that edges

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man and rock and plant with an aura. Then, when he is probing inwardly into his characters, he pictures the emotional and the spiritual with a physical metaphor so vivid and minute that we seem to be gazing under a lifted flap of skin at bared secrets of the human organism. The minor characters are crisply drawn; but with the protagonists we are sometimes conscious of failure, due to a conception and delineation too intensive. Siegmund, Helena, and characters of the other books are so impregnated with the author's own nervous fire that they become partially unreal and intolerable. It is impossible to continue on healthy terms in a book or in life with such people. They are so fine spun and so cross spun in their emotions and susceptibilities that if you touch them you prickle as with electricity. Each has the magnetic field of an armature, and when Mr. Lawrence sets that armature going, it is "'ware shocks!"

Though "Sons and Lovers" is the acknowledged masterpiece, we feel that other writers could more nearly approach this than the two first books. In a sense one is sorry to see those magnificent innovations obscured by this staid triumph of accredited technique. Nevertheless, we must admit its supremacy, for it is a triumph. The ever-hovering mysticism, which, to my thinking, clouded the atmosphere of the earlier writing, has thinned and revealed action and setting of life-like reality and interest. It is the serene prowess of a master which thus, in nice gradation, describes the growth and decline of affections in the Morel family; the florid decadence of miner Morel, the father, and the induration of his refined wife, under stress of mutual intolerance; the miracle of reciprocal love between Paul Morel and his mother; the wavering but persistent searchlight of Paul's passion, pathetically seeking permanence in transience; the steadily irradiated scenes in mining village and provincial town. Conventional technique, after all, has been the medium of the author's mature faculty; and it has justified the choice, keeping free of any save the slightest errors. Such are over-elaboration of character as exampled by the needless complexity attributed to the Lievers brothers; an indulgence in finicking detail for whole pages, followed by the curt dismissal of more cogent items in a single sentence; and an occasional morbidity posturing as art—for instance, the painful depiction of Mrs. Morel's illness and death, where the wonder of the prose becomes a horror. These few typical blemishes are rendered negligible by an achievement so fine. Yet, were it not for the divine pluck shown by Mrs. Morel in her battle with life, we should be dissatisfied. And that because Mr. Lawrence characteristically leaves his hero in ignoble perplexity. In "The White Peacock" the vanity of men and women leads them into a jungle whence daylight has vanished; in the second book the trespassers, large and small, are imprisoned in the stockade of their own sins; in "Sons and Lovers" the hero is left futilely afloat on the sea of life, which engulfed him before he had learnt to swim and then covered up his landmark. Such negation of statement is unpleasing. Here is not the place to discuss what purpose a novel should serve. I merely remark that the apprehension of such human ineffectuality is misleading and hurtful, and it is not the primary duty of a novel to waken a sense of fruitless spiritual pain. The accepted mode has not, any better than the earlier forms he essayed, permitted Mr. Lawrence to combine with the vital interest of his novels an envisagement of life philosophically gratifying or an elucidation fortifying or even positive.

OSWALD H. DAVIS.

AN ETERNAL LITERARY QUARREL.

The old literary quarrel was between the classic and the romantic, more crudely formulated as between the ancient and the modern (for to some the ancient was always the classical). Swift in his own manner dealt with this antagonism in his "Battle of the Books"; and this was really the spirit behind the controversy waged by Byron and Bowles, in which the smaller man had more right upon his side. To-day Romanticism may be supposed to have conquered completely; the past century was a prolonged triumph of the Romantic. But there has long been another opposition to face, the opposition of the extreme realist, the naturalist, the futurist. Pure Romanticism, the romance of chivalry and feudalism, received its death-wound at the Reformation, but it lingered long enough to be killed outright by the French Revolution. Even then it declined to acknowledge that it was dead and ought to be decently buried; there were spurious revivals of what we may term the *jejune* romantic. But true romanticism, as an element of all art, is something very different from its mere trappings of tinsel and old armour; it is an imperishable artistic principle, and has never been absent from literature, though it was necessary for the nineteenth century to re-enunciate it. It is the spirit that seeks

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and selects the beautiful, that breathes a fairer atmosphere than "the light of common day"; it is the soul of symbolism, that finds an inward and spiritual grace in things of matter. The true antagonist of this is not classicism at all, but the crudely realistic-materialism as opposed to the spiritual. Men have confronted the classic with the romantic as though these two were the natural and eternal enemies; but in so far as both are vital they are merely differing manifestations of the same good, the same beauty, and the difference is far more of manner than of matter. Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, whom we now regard as classics, were as romantic in spirit as Shakespeare, Scott, or Goethe. We may attribute to the classic a greater dignity of style, but the themes treated are substantially the same—they are the perpetual questions and mysteries and longings of humanity, whatever things agitate the breasts and confuse the lives of suffering men and women. There is no real quarrel between the true classic and the true romantic, unless it be a quarrel of style. Even Pope, who wrote of Abelard and of the "unfortunate lady," was often thoroughly romantic in his subjects, except when he turned to satire, which is always rhetorical rather than poetic.

Realism is sometimes regarded as the child of modern romanticism; but realism is in fact a permanent type of literary or artistic treatment, and is as old as articulate humanity. In a moderate degree it has shared in all the literary triumphs of the classic and the romantic. We may if we please consider romanticism as the choice of a subject, classicism as the choice of style or language, and realism as fidelity to nature. In this sense they are by no means antagonistic. But what we now know as realism goes farther than this; it is the literal fidelity of the photographer, not the selective fidelity of the artist. If a man plants his camera amid scenes of ugliness and filth, he may produce a faithful picture, but he has not produced a work of art. Art is really the gift of seeing, and in some sort it transforms what it sees. It gives us the soul of a scene or of an action, not the mere shell. Unmitigated realism takes everything as it finds it, and seems rather to glory in finding the ugly and the loathsome. At its worst it minsiters to the depraved tastes of every sense, and tries to vindicate the nauseation by its boast of fidelity. But literal fidelity may yet in essence be unfaithful.

The true mission of art is to find the beautiful, and it is concerned with truth in so far as truth is one with beauty. It has to show us what the spirit of man sees, not simply what his fleshly eye beholds. The true artist is seer, prophet, teacher; but his primary duty is to see and to give sight to others. It must be moral in the sense of having a meaning; sheer realism has often no meaning at all, being simply naked portraiture. We never need to be trained to see the ugly; we often need to be trained to see the good and the beautiful. Art is a culture of the spirit, not a mere mastery of technique; it must have an ideal or its dry bones can never live. When we speak of romanticism we mean the ideal, which need by no means be the unreal; we mean the living permanence of beauty, of spiritual suggestion and desire. Art is the spiritual, realism in its extreme is nothing but the materialistic. And because it is a killing of the spirit, we have to condemn it as decadence. There is no such vital quarrel as this between the classic and the true romantic. But the battle between the spiritual and the material is constant and has endured through the ages. For the sake of all that is good in whatever art, let us fight "on the side of the angels"; let us crave the art that selects the beautiful, not ignoring sorrow and darkness, but not seeking the dirty, the stagnant, the hopeless, the degraded. True art must always be on the side of the Eternal Hope.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE DRUM.

There was once a young man of the tribe calling themselves the Ravens, who was held in scorn by warrior and huntsman. Not only did he show a strange indifference towards all matters pertaining to chase and combat, but he withdrew himself from the society of his brother Ravens, and communed often with an old Squirrel man who wandered on the hillsides. This old man, in his simple way, had made a study of rhythm, from the rhythm of the love-seasons to the rhythm of the full-moon dance, and it was he who taught the musicians how to beat in cadence on the little drums they held between their knees. From him the young man learned the art of making drums and of playing on them with polished bones. And the warriors called him Waugha, the Fool, despising him as one of no worth.

Now the old man died on the hillside, and Waugha, making lament, covered the body with great stones, and sat there, right sorrowful, eating no food, for three days and three nights. Whereat the warriors laughed exceedingly.

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But Waugha, returning home, set himself to make a drum of surpassing size and resonance. Never before had the mind of man conceived of such a drum. It was bowl-shaped, made of wood, with bands of metal, and there were holes in the rim through which passed the sinews that held the tightly stretched skin in position. Barkachee, leader of the fighting-men, came in person to scoff at Waugha as he busied himself with the instrument. When might it be heard? he asked—at what midnight dance of the king-bulls?

"At a dance wherein thy feet shall move more swiftly than is their wont," replied Waugha.

And Barkachee laughed till his great muscles shook, and carried the word of the Fool to the warriors. But everyone took an interest in the drum, and all wondered how it was that Waugha had not even essayed one little tap thereon, and were curious to hear it sound, for surely, they said, it would be like Kaborra, the thunder.

One evening, towards dusk, Waugha raised the great drum on his shoulders, and walked away through the long shadows on the hillside. And in three days Waugha and his drum were forgotten.

On the fourth day a wild-eyed, wild-haired woman ran swiftly into the Raven camp at dawn. She was a Raven girl, and had been won in marriage by a young chief of the Wolf tribe—for those were exogamous days. Now, she told them, her husband had beaten her and had mocked at the King-Raven, the god of the tribe, and she claimed the protection of the warriors.

Presently came the young Wolf man, and demanded his wife. But Barkachee, with the priest of the King-Raven, smiling, refused; so the young man, after raising his left hand towards the sky, in sign of defiance, returned to his tribe.

Then Barkachee and his warriors prepared for the fight, and the priests held up the battle-axes before the King-Raven and sang the war-chant.

At mid-day a Wolf man sprang upon a great rock in face of the Ravens. There he stood and uttered a long and terrible cry. Then Barkachee, striding forward alone, halted at a little distance from his group of fighting-men, and he too shouted, so that the women of the tribe trembled and little children began to whimper. And now another Wolf man stood beside the first, and one of Barkachee's warriors came and stood beside him, and soon the two lines of warriors fronted each other.

Then all shouted together, running forward, and the fight began.

The women of the tribe, and the priests singing the war song, stood and watched, and as they watched they saw the Raven men falling, and the lament of the women mingled with the fierce chanting of the priests.

Right sturdily fought Barkachee, the sweat pouring from his great limbs, and his eyes red with the agony of combat. With his own hand he slew twelve Wolf men, yet his own men fell fast. The warriors fought silently now, breathing hard; while behind them the shrill cries of the women and the singing of the priests sounded like voices of despair.

When evening came there were but a score of Raven fighters left. And Barkachee forced his way this way and that way, hacking and cleaving, but his breath came in sobs, and the chief of the Wolves, Karjaru, was taunting him already.

"Dance yet more nimbly, Barkachee!" he cried. "To-night thou shalt dance in the shades with Duba, the bride of the dead."

And Barkachee groaned, for he felt his strength failing.

At dusk the Wolf men set up a great shout. They had won. Only twelve Raven warriors were still fighting.

But from the hillside behind the camp of the Ravens came a sound, more terrible than any sound yet heard by men. It was the throbbing and booming of a drum; and when the Wolf men heard it, cold fear fell upon them, so terrible was the sound.

Then Barkachee, looking full in the face of Karjaru, smote him so that his head crumbled beneath the blow.

Nearer came the drum, and the thunder-note drove panic into the hearts of the Wolf men, so that they turned and ran, and the twelve warriors, full of the strength of victory, smote and slew them—of all the Wolf warriors there remained not one alive.

And Waugha, with the great drum slung before him, walked on the battle-ground, slowly, because the drum hindered him. And the sound of the drum roared and rolled among the hills, and the face of Waugha as he stood among the dead was like a face cut out of stone.

C. E. V.

The first complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* will be published this autumn by Mr. Elkin Mathews, including some hitherto unprinted pieces and numerous verses now collected for the first time, in addition to the contents of the two volumes issued by the publisher some twenty years ago.

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REVIEWS.

SUGAR CAINE.

The Drama of 365 days. By HALL CAINE. (Heinemann). 1s. net.

This is a wonderful shillingsworth in more senses than one. Nobody but Mr. Hall Caine could give us for a shilling a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, "reproduced for this volume by special permission of His Majesty the King"; a dedication to "the young manhood of the British Empire"; and a preliminary note which runs as follows:—

> Reprinted with certain additions from the *Daily Telegraph* with the cordial approval of the proprietors.

The cordial approval of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* is worth a shilling in itself. And on top of all this Mr. Caine gives us at least two shillingsworth of what he himself calls: "Scenes in the Great War," not to mention an excellent cloth cover with Mr. Heinemann's windmill stamped on it. We have never seen better "value" for a shilling even at Selfridge's. But when it comes to the question of merit, in the literary and intellectual sense, we get from Mr. Hall Caine precisely what we might expect to get; that is to say, much which is intended to show us what a fearful affair the present War is, and what a great people the English are, and what a highly intelligent, emotional, widely-travelled and socially important gentleman Mr. Hall Caine is. He has hobbed and nobbed with Cabinet Ministers, and seems to have had speech with the Kaiser; and, as for the Crown Prince, Mr. Hall Caine himself, "in common with many others, saw the descendant of the Fredericks every day for several weeks of several years, at a distance that called for no intellectual field glasses." Which, of course, impinges on the marvellous. And now let us see what it was that Mr. Hall Caine saw:—

> I saw a young man without a particle of natural distinction, whether physical, moral or mental. The figure, long rather than tall; the hatchet face, the selfish eyes, the meaningless mouth, the retreating forehead, the vanishing chin, the energy that expressed itself merely in restless movement, achieving little, and often aiming at nothing at all; the uncultivated intellect, the narrow views of life and the world; the morbid craving for change, for excitement of any sort; the indifference to other peoples' feelings, the shockingly bad manners, the assumption of a right to disregard and even to outrage the common conventions on which social intercourse depends—all this was, so far as my observation enabled me to judge, only too plainly apparent in the person of the Crown Prince.

In the present state of our relations with Germany it is, of course, very right and proper that Mr. Hall Caine should be filled with contempt for the idiot lad who was formerly heir to the German throne. But there is a little of the spirit of fair play left in England even in war-time, and we shall not be surprised if quite a number of persons who read Mr. Caine's scathing pen-picture will not wonder to themselves how it comes to pass that as he has been seeing "the descendant of the Fredericks every day for several weeks of several years, at a distance that called for no intellectual field-glasses," he failed to tell us all about him before the War broke out. Of course it is now the safest thing in the world to kick the Crown Prince round the houses in shilling books, but we should have liked Mr. Hall Caine all the better if he had done it in peace time. Mr. Caine's book, however, is not entirely taken up with nasty smacks at people who are under a cloud just now. It contains a good deal of passable sentiment relieved with occasional glimpses of sound sense. But Mr. Caine makes the mistake of all the popular novelists. He imagines that because he can write and sell middling fiction his opinion on large international matters must be profound and valuable. We can assure him that this is an error.

The Pentecost of Calamity. By OWEN WISTER. (Macmillan.) 2s. net.

Mr. Owen Wister has followed the example of a number of novelists in this country who, having a series of novels of varying literary excellence to their credit, imagine that their talents should now be utilised in matters of international politics. Like our Mr. Wells, Mr. Wister has a knowledge of Germany derived from several holidays spent there. He is a conscientious but an unhappy American. His European friends have asked him for an explanation of the American attitude towards German methods of warfare. "I cannot tell what George Washington would have thought," he writes, "I only know that my answer to my European friends leaves them unconvinced—and therefore how can it satisfy me?" Mr. Wister has placed his dissatisfactions on record in this little book, and to give him his due, he has done so with candour. He describes impressions of Nauheim:—

> "In Nauheim the admirable courtyard of the bath-houses was matched by the admirable system within. . . . Nothing was far from anything: the baths, the doctors, the hotels, the music, the tennis courts, the lake, the golf links—all were fitted into a scheme laid out with marvellous capability. . . . Such was living in Nauheim. Dying, I feel sure, was equally well arranged; it was never allowed to obtrude itself on living. . . ."

Mr. Wister's American enthusiasms for German organisation led him to the following conclusion:—

> "Suppose a soul arrived on earth from another world,

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> wholly ignorant of earth, without any mortal ties whatever, were given its choice after a survey of the nations, which it should be born in and belong to? In May, June and July, 1914, my choice would have been, not France, not England, not America, but Germany."

But Mr. Wister's "spiritual home" betrayed his trust, and now his talk is all of Prussians. We do not dispute his view that the Prussians are the villains of the piece, but we cannot help the reflection that Mr. Wister has missed the force of his lesson. That well-drilled social being of Germany of which he writes with lingering enthusiasm still remains to him in vivid contrast to the spiritual corruptions which have manifested themselves since July, 1914. He continues to imagine that it is remarkable for a country so exquisitely organised that even dying is "well arranged" to be corrupted by the materialistic and brazen soul of Prussia. In the concluding chapters Mr. Wister turns his attention to America and sheds an appropriate tear.

> ". . . certain it is that not as we see ourselves but as others see us, so shall we forever be. Certain it is also, and eternally, that through suffering alone men and nations find their greater selves."

Which is all very true. But when Mr. Wister goes on to express a hope that if the war brings home to America

> "that we now sit in the council of nations and share directly in the general responsibility for the world's well-being . . . our talk about the brotherhood of man may progress from rhetoric towards realisation"

we must say that for our part we think that this "talk about the brotherhood of man" is more likely to remain as sentimentalism.

The North Sea and Other Poems. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Hutchinson.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Stacpoole is the author of a good book called *The Blue Lagoon*, and of a better book than *The Blue Lagoon* called *The Street of the Fluteplayer*, the comeliness of which we shall not forget while we love literature. Mr. Stacpoole, in short, is a man of parts, and that is why he should not have allowed his publishers to print in this his volume of verse an extract from the *Daily Express* to the effect that "Villon has waited four hundred years for his translator" (meaning Mr. Stacpoole) "and he has found him." The statement is not true, and if Mr. Stacpoole thinks his work is better than that of Swinburne he has yet much to learn. And we have another bone to pick with Mr. Stacpoole. We find him writing of Robert Louis Stevenson's "usual crass misunderstanding of Villon and his works," which expression of opinion betrays a misunderstanding—we will not say a crass misunderstanding—of Robert Louis Stevenson. The man who wrote *A Lodging for the Night*—one of the best short stories in our language—knew more of Villon than Mr. Stacpoole is ever likely to know. For the rest, Mr. Stacpoole is a very tolerable writer of verse. He paints good pictures with words, his Villon translations are able translations, and if, as a reviewer, we had not received a complimentary copy of his work, we should have bought it and not regretted the expenditure of three and sixpence.

The Precipice. By IVAN GONCHAROV. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 6s.

In the preface to this work the anonymous translator, having admitted an unfavourable comparison between the writings of Goncharov and those of Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy, goes on to say that the reason that Goncharov is "much less known to the western reader is also due to the fact that there was nothing sensational either in his life or his literary method." The word "sensational" in the sense of its common usage is not one we ourselves should apply to the literary method of either Turgenev or Dostoyevsky. These writers often made use of melodramatic situations, but their characterisation is so minutely and simultaneously developed with the action of a story that an effect of intensity is produced which is unknown to western writers. The method of Goncharov is nearer to that of Turgenev. Dostoyevsky's unabashed revelation of character, whatever its fantasy or depth, gives place to the employment of mystery both in the development of plot and of character itself. Realisation of suffering or renunciation appear as an inevitable dénouement, but with Goncharov the story is broken off according to the dictates of climax, while Dostoyevsky is concerned with a larger plan which entails that his character should go on with its development regardless of the fall of the dramatic curtain. *The Precipice* is a remarkable story, full of dramatic and powerful situations, and it is told in the Slavonic way, whereby introspection is added to romanticism. We may recommend it as a very interesting addition to our knowledge of Russian writers, who, although they do not possess the tremendous qualities of Dostoyevsky, fully demonstrate the peculiar narrative strength characteristic of Russian fiction.

Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a study of *Contemporary Belgian Literature*, by Jethro Bithell, with extracts from the leading authors.

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the conclusion of his introduction, "is the story of the evolution of liberty side by side with order, under a splendidly false guise of a vindication of ancient rights"—a remark over which we should all do well to ponder.

Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, including a Fourteenth Century Latin Version (Bamberg) and a Fifteenth Century German Version (Berlin).—By WALTER W. SETON, M.A., D.Lit.. (Longmans Green & Co.) 6s. net.

Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, daughter of Premsyl Ottocar I, and cousin of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, is an important though slightly known figure in Franciscan annals. She was born in 1205, and, having rejected offers of marriage by the Emperor Frederick II, first on behalf of his son and later of himself, and by Henry III of England, renounced the world and became a religious. She founded the Convent of Poor Clares at Prague in 1234, where she remained as Abbess until her death in 1282. Blessed Agnes, therefore, was a contemporary of St. Francis himself, a friend of St. Clare, and it was to her that St. Clare wrote the four letters which are regarded as the only authentic writings of the saint. She played a prominent part in the negotiations for the granting of the important Privilege of Poverty to the Order. But it was, Dr. Seton observes, "as a Franciscan of the first generation, and as one who had a leading part in keeping alive the ideals of the Founder of the Order during the half-century which followed her death, that Blessed Agnes deserves most to be remembered." Dr. Seton has made important researches among hitherto inaccessible manuscript sources, and the result of his labours, having been first issued as Vol. VII in the *British Society of Franciscan Studies*, is now presented to the world. In a singularly modest introduction he outlines the scope of his enquiry and discusses the new materials upon which his work has been based, namely, seven manuscripts. Finally, he gives on opposite pages with notes as to variations, the text of two manuscripts of the Legend of Blessed Agnes, one being in Latin and written by Katherin Hofmenin before she became Abbess of the Poor Clares at Nürnberg in 1380, and the other being written in the "Oberdeutsch" dialect with some distinct evidences of Swabian provenance. To the latter is added the text of St. Clare's four letters. In this way the Legend is presented to English readers for the first time. The book is enriched by reproductions of miniatures from a fifteenth century manuscript at Dresden, and contains a bibliography. This work is of such value to all those who are interested in Franciscan origins, and in the period from a general historical point of view, that we should be doing Dr. Seton a disservice by entering into mere eulogies of the manner in which his researches and editorial work have been accomplished. The arrangement and contents of the book are in themselves a sufficient tribute to the rare scholarship of his undertaking.

Attila and the Huns. By Edward Hutton. (Constable.) 6s. net.

To write a history of Attila *apropos* of the present-day struggle is, we imagine, a task more suitably performed in a magazine than in a book. Mr. Hutton, however, has chosen to write history with one eye on his page and the other roving modern battlefields. The result is not good for history-making seriously considered, but as he writes with enthusiasm a great number of people will be induced to read about Attila who would not be so inclined were the legend not brought up-to-date. We think they will find Mr. Hutton a stimulating writer. Such passages as:

> "In that long night such as might flee fled away doubtless demanding of God whither they should go. God led them to the lagoons. That Attila thought he was already victorious when he looked on his ruins as Kaiser Wilhelm did when his heart 'bled for Louvain' (blood from a stone indeed!) an incident twice recorded by Suidas bears witness."

are indicative that his is a breathless method of narration. Like Mr. Belloc, Mr. Hutton believes in writing history at the top of his voice. The last portion of the book is taken up with a reprint of the text of sources so that readers who do not admire Mr. Hutton's method can seek refuge in sober passages from Jornandes, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Academy*.

DUM SPIRO DUM FRIES.

Sir,—Your generous critique about *Infinito* of Dumfries requires a reply, as there is someone to defend—namely Dumfries. Our friends here reading your article were shocked to see that their beloved town—the "Queen of the South"—was treated as a contemptible little place of the world.

Old, historical Dumfries is one of the most picturesque sites in Great Britain, and being under the intellectual patronage of Robert Burns, is the ideal place for poetical manifestations.

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THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

AEO

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MY CHILDHOOD.

By MAXIM GORKY, author of "Tales of Two Countries," "Foma Gordyeev," etc. Translated from the Russian by G. M. Foakes. Demy 8vo, 308 pages, Photogravure Portrait and Other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

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THE FOUNTAINS OF THE WIND.

Still, though I drank your wine, I stand
Erect, O Circe; not as these—
Poor brutes!—who, fawning, lick your hand,
Or crouch and nuzzle round your knees.
I, though the poison gnaws, abide
Unchanged. Farewell: the world is wide.

So—she is gone. How swift the light
Fades with that daughter of the Sun
To livid dusk! Uprolling dun,
Lit by a flash of pain, the whole
Heart's desolation on my soul
Breaks like a wave of night.

But my strong soul, despising
The heart's infirmity,
Indomitable, unbowed,
Shakes loose her folded pinions
Disdainfully, and, rising
Through passion's thunder-cloud,
Up to her own dominions
Soars, like a falcon, free.

I am sailing a soundless sky,
Unclouded, cerulean,
Over icicled peaks that gleam
Far down in the gulfs of blue,
To the halls of the gods on high,
To their seats acropolitan
And the horn-wrought gates of dream
Which of old I knew.

There is my welcome. There I find
The Graces smiling as of yore
By the fountains of the wind
Rippling o'er the cloudy floor;
While the Muses throned on high
Wake to ardent melody
Golden harps of dawn, and weave
Slumber-music on the flutes of eve.

O fair divinities, O ye
No empty dreams but living Powers,
Out through the Portal of the Hours
I pass to lonely ecstasy.
Beyond your white aerial towers,
O lovely heaven of Muse and Grace,
I seek my own abiding-place,
The dome of many-coloured light
Where on her music-moulded throne
My spirit keeps her state alone;
Watching tumultuous life in flight
Among the glory, listening
To songs the stars of morning sing
And the harps of dawn that throb behind
The fountains of the wind.

John Gurdon.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Parliament is sitting, the Law Courts are open again, and somebody has written a letter to the *Times* about the "new Teuton lie." And the *Sunday Pictorial* is clamouring for "a spiritual leader." So that one way or another all's right with the world. At any rate, we hope it is. Meanwhile, the deflection of the serious trend of war to the neighbourhood of the Balkans appears to have set the optimists by the ears and turned the pessimists into optimists. And King George of Greece—the "Tino" of the Kaiser's loving despatches to his sister—is beginning to figure portentiously in the world. Importance is pleasant even to monarchs, and King George (of Greece) might be feeling very pleased with himself were it not for the fact that he knows something which the Englishman in the street is slow to comprehend, namely, that pretty well the whole of his private fortune is in German hands, and could be sequestrated by Wilhelm II. at any moment; whereas the bulk of the private wealth of the egregious Ferdinand of Bulgaria happens also to be tucked away in Germany and Austro-Hungary. Besides which, Ferdinand is a Coburg and "Tino"—poor "benevolent" beggar—is married

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to a Hohenzollern. As usual, it is the personal equation which is bothering us. One of these days we shall wake up to the fact that there are personal equations among our own political leaders even though they do happen to have pooled their salaries and resolved themselves into a Coalition.

We have before hinted in these columns that dictatorship is the goal to which some people are anxious that we should attain. All sorts of drastic moves are being made to procure in the name of necessity a condition of affairs in England which is entirely unconstitutional. The end of the wedge is thin and small, and we are as yet scarcely aware of its presence. But it is there for all that, and unless Englishmen bethink themselves, it will be driven in. Before the inconclusive peace, which is the only solution certain interested persons have to offer for our difficulties, can be openly entertained it is necessary that the people—that is to say, the blood, bone, sinew and strength of the country—should be brought to a proper sense and recognition of their own insignificance, their helplessness, and their abject dependence upon authority. And this is being slowly but surely accomplished. There is only one way out and that way, unfortunately, is now almost as completely shut as Germany's road to India. In short terms, we need a general election.

The Censorship, the "Don't-Nag-the-Government" cry, "I trust Mr. Asquith," "Stand on Lord Kitchener," "Don't inquire too closely about Lord Haldane," "Dark Streets and No Treating," "We'll finish off the Germans," and so on and so forth, are doing their beautiful work, and the individual Englishman is in a fair way of being deprived of the soul for which he has had to fight these centuries past. If he lets it go without a struggle we shall not be greatly astonished; but we really should like to see him develop sufficient kick to secure one last general election. Either that must come or we must be content with our shackles.

The fact is that the Government is frightened of its own shadow—frightened of the English, that is to say—but not in the least afraid of the Conscriptionists, the Kaiser, the Sultan, "Tino" of Greece, "Ferdy" of Bulgaria, or Alfred Harmsworth; which means, of course, that the Government is frightened of the wrong terror. They believe in disposing of England first and dealing with Germany at their leisure. Consider this:—

> The Central Board of Liquor Control is *watching closely* the effect of the no-treating order in London. *If it does not bring about the desired effect further restrictions are likely to be made.*

What, in the name of wonder, is the "desired effect?" Of course, to raise a whisper against "no-treating" is to be condemned right off for a debauched and abandoned swiller. But we shall take some of the risk; and we say that, war or no war, the imposition of such an order means that if it bethought itself, the Government has the right and power to insist that no man shall publicly purchase for another man flesh meat, roly-poly pudding, toasted cheese, or ginger-pop, the which commestibles are bad for the digestion and consequently calculated to injure the British stamina, and thereby assist the Germans. And followed to its logical conclusion, the order means that Governments have the right and power not only to prevent a man drinking and eating what he likes, but thinking and writing what he likes. We may live to see the day when Englishmen are forbidden to worship anywhere but in Welsh chapels, or to take their amusements anywhere but at War Office cinema shows, or Welsh glee-concerts.

We deny that even a Coalition War Government is possessed of any such rights or powers. When are the English people going to tell them so!

A "united England" is all very well, and in point of fact England is united, and will in the long result triumphantly win this war, in spite of Governments, but in our very proper and commendable anxiety to put the German aggressor to rout, we must not forget that we have always with us another aggressor, another fierce and implacable enemy, whose aim is to keep us underfoot, so that he may be secured in his high places, and one of his names is Tyranny. For individuals as well as for nations eternal watchfulness is the price of liberty. We have a Constitution for which our fathers fought and bled, just as surely as our sons are fighting and bleeding in Flanders; and we must use every constitutional means to see that it is not tampered with, or stolen from us by subterfuge and specious pretext.

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THE ACADEMY

From the *New Age*.

(*For quotation in* "THE ACADEMY" *only*.)
Academy, you make me grin. But why
These chucking interludes of savage glee?
You swear you love not Northcliffe—nor do I;
Yet when I say so, how you scoff at me!
P. Selver.

We bestow upon Mr. Selver the free advertisement he hankers after. Also, will he please accept the following:—

P. Selver, simplest of the simpler ones,
Who grin small grins and sup the smallest brewage:
Though you go out to face the Harmsworth guns,
There is no need to dip your fist in sewage.

We did not reprove P. Selver for disliking "Northcliffe," but for disjecting his dislike into the following noisome stanza:—

The pustules of the leprous "Daily Mail,"
Festered and from them oozed vermilion slanders,
Faithfully putting dullards on the trail
Of all that is not happening in Flanders.
In streaks of black that sprawled on sickly buff,
"John Bull" *had vomited his slimy babble,*
I saw the *gobbets* of his monstrous bluff
Gulped down and savoured by a mangy rabble.

We have no objection to taking a grain of salt with Mr. Orage's poet's protestations, but we draw the line at being expected to provide ourself with permanganate of potash when we read them.

The attitude of Londoners towards the second Zeppelin raid appeared to be one of mild amusement. All over the West End people stared skyward and indulged in more or less innocent or humorous comment. A lady in one of the crowds remarked, "Oh, yes, *I* saw it. Won't Lizzie be sorry she didn't come with us!" while a wag in dazzling evening dress expressed the opinion that the Germans must be annoyed about the no-treating order. Even in the area where the bombs fell, there was nothing in the way of panic, though, of course, a considerable simmer of excitement. The tube railways experienced the usual access of business (by the way, shouldn't they be taxable on war profits?); and the police—well, at every corner, and at every point, the police took notes with stubby lead pencils, as if their lives depended on it. There is an old Scotch verse which runs:—

"The rain may rain and the snaw may snaw,
And the cock may craw and the day may daw',
But they canna' frichten young Jock Magraw,
The fattest man in the Forty-Twa."

And apparently nothing "frichtent" the one and only Metropolis.

Some of the newspapers are beginning to get excited about "fiction and the war." They want to know what the ultimate effect of "this great struggle" will be on novels, novel-writing, and (presumably) publishers' advertising. And the novelists themselves are also anxious. For ourselves we regret to have nothing to dispense among men, save comfort and hope. Only three classes of persons—namely, matrons, maids and stockbrokers—may be said to read novels assiduously enough to mean large profits for authors. And these classes of persons will continue to devour the mush provided for them by the enterprising, till the heavens fall and Berlin is a desert. It has been asserted that the war will in all probability make an end of what is prettily called the "problem" novel. We wish we could believe it. As a matter of fact, mis-directed, over-emphasised, irregular and illicit "love" are just as much to the fore at the present moment as ever they were—if not, indeed, rather more so. And when we begin really to appreciate the shortage of marriageable men which a long war must of necessity bring about, the "problem"-mongers will not be slow to seize their obvious opportunities. We shall have some fine old "Studies," "Analyses," and so forth, and the six-shillings's will roll merrily into the publishers' tills, ear-marked of course with the 33⅓ per cent for the author's banking accounts.

MEMORIES.

It was very hot in the dark little shop.

Dust, beaten up by the feet of the customers, flecked the stream of sunlight that pointed in at the door. Dust had accumulated on the bundles of brushes and pans, on the glass jars of highly-coloured sweets and on the fly-blown tins and packets of soap and cooking powders which adorned the shelves. Flies incessantly buzzed round a dirty-looking piece of cooked bacon: a huge jar of beans soaked in vinegar spread a faint sour smell over all.

A young girl, idly dusting the melting contents of the window, looked longingly out—as if even that gave relief—at the bare whitewashed wall of the cottage opposite, and craned her head for a glimpse of the harbour under the sun. Little beads of sweat had gathered on her pale face; a few wisps of dank hair strayed across her eyes. She brushed both aside and surveyed her handiwork.

"Gran'ma, where are the tomatoes to?"

There was a movement in a dark corner and an old woman who looked as if she too with the pots and pans had impassively let the dust of years gather about her person, rose suddenly from her chair and came to the window.

"The tomatoes?"

"Yes. Where are they to?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear. Where did you put them?"

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The girl sighed. How tiresome her grandmother was! Oh! . . . The old woman bent, breathing huskily.

"What's for you, dear?"

A child, scarcely taller than the counter, was holding out a sticky coin.

"Pennorth o' sweets, an' Ma d' want some onions."

Gran'ma shuffled backwards and forwards: another customer came in and stayed to gossip. The girl listened intolerantly. Her grandmother had a philosophic humour that she couldn't abide. . . . Through the open door she could see the dust rising and whirling along the street; fishermen, waiting for the evening tide, lounged about the crooked iron railing—behind them a bar of greenish mud dotted with boats and white screaming gulls, then a bar of grey, the harbour pier, another bar of very blue sea, and the distant patchwork hills and pale sky across the bay. The girl left her work and, unobserved, sat down behind a glass case of sweets, while the two women talked. . . .

". . . so she said."

"My, never! 'E's bin brought up a gentleman, I sh'd think. 'E doesn't look as if 'e'd worked with 'is 'ands."

"Pity she didn't 'ave 'im."

It did seems years since she had left home to help her grandmother in the shop! She wiped her face on her apron. . . . Oh, she hated it! the dusty stuffy smells, the heat, the work . . . and to the droning sing-song of the women's voices she began to dream, her eyes fixed, unseeing, on the dazzling wall outside.

She saw the farm so clearly, the two bent ash-trees before the door, the chickens, a great brown sow asleep in the sun, the farm dog uncomfortably asleep too. A cart was just jolting in through the gate, the driver waving to her as she clambered with her younger sister about the hedges; a pleasant sound of lowing came from the cowsheds. She saw the long orchard field, where under the tall aspen shivering always against the sky the cows stood knee-deep in the mud; she saw the white-shirted men at work between the currant bushes; the apple trees with their red round burdens, the great baskets of shining green apples; the girls picking gooseberries, bright blouses flashing like flowers and rough speech ringing amid the leaves; the dusty, sun-spotted dusk of the fowl-house, the scared clucking hens, the warm feel of newly-taken eggs; the pebbly stream, brown and blue in deep water, where the anglers came with their hissing lines and whirring reels (how she had gaped to see them draw out the first shimmering trout!); the chattering magpies always a-lurk round the fowlrun; the bumping hay-cart, the ride high in the air through the narrow lanes with the surging hay all round her; the soft purr of milking time; the cool, silent dairy and the yellow cream forming in the glistening pans; the swish and thump of butter making; the creak of the mangle; the hum of the threshing-machine—oh, the mad excitement when the great engine arrived whistling like a train outside the gate! . . . and above all the wild upward rush of the swing slung between the apple trees in spring fetching down the petals in showers. . . .

All sights and sounds and feelings that she now loved. Games, races through the fields, the panting rests ;tumbling in the new hay, and the sweet smell of it; the chases for frogs among the damp grasses by the stream, the wriggling capture; the rats around the straw-ricks; the ants swarming on the hot stones by the door (she had filled her pockets with them, to take them to bed with her); the snails which they made race up and down the planks in an outhouse; the squealing kittens; the glass jam-pot of muddy tadpoles which never would turn into frogs.

She remembered yet more intensely the going out into the lively air of the morning, down to stripe-shadowed orchards and amongst the raspberry-canes where the starled blackbirds flew, swift as an arrow, squawking over the bushes; the lazy lying in meadows dizzy with sunlight, the summer hum deep in the grassblades sounding over field and hill in the misty heat; the watching of low horizon-clouds slipping off the blue hills into bluer space, the changing cloud-shapes; paddling in the stream rippled silver with reflected clothes, the shadowy fish darting away, her legs all green and wriggly beneath the water; the sly descent into neighbouring orchards, where the raspberries were larger and more juicy; the thousand vivid joys and excitements of a child's day; and then the coming home in the late yellow afternoon, hot and tired and pleasantly dirty, home to great hunks of bread and butter and cups of milk to be finished on the sun-warmed bank by the kitchen window; and last, the cool night, the blackbirds and swallows all still, and a cluster of stars blown a-shiver and winking above the chimneys. . . .

"She 'aven't got no 'eart, I d' say. . . ."

The murmur of voices straightened her to attention. Someone was already stepping in at the door. And as she rose slowly, memory had one last glimpse of the farm, planted as it were firmly on the hill-

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side—fixed there, it almost seemed, if ever she should return!—her last glimpse it had been, through a moving frame of trees as she was driven away in the high trap behind the clicking mare. . . .

"Pound o' Puritan, please."

She stretched out her hand for the packet, snapping the veil of her thoughts. Her grandmother was still talking, indulging apparently in one of her parting philosophical remarks. . . .

"Yes, when you d' be young! But when you d' be gettin' old, the blood runs slaw . . . like a dream . . ."

"Like a dream," she repeated, shuffling back to her dusty corner.

GERALD MILLER.

ON THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A book of memoirs is sometimes interesting by reason of the personality of the author, but more often the author, except in some small department of public life, is an obscure and unattractive person. Yet whoever he may be and whatever his qualities as a writer, his book appeals to something in us which is of deeper root than literary criticism. It deals with the past and the past is our last surviving interest. In the hour of our death it is not of our prime or old age we babble, but of our earliest playmates and nursery associations. Our view of the past must always be tempered with an exaggerated notion of its opportunities for enjoyment. We speak of a lady with a "past" as signifying that she has at some time or other succumbed to what is our human idea of gaiety. Even if we follow a widely accepted convention and regard the ideas and art of a previous generation with contempt, we do not doubt for a moment that its people had more fun. Personalities and manners in the Victorian era, for instance, have now an inevitable appearance of simplicity, heartiness and whimsicality. The theatre is to some extent a test of prevailing culture, and whatever the serious dramatic achievements of the nineteenth century may have been, the characters who figure in its plays, such as those of Robertson or Ibsen, now seem irresistibly quaint and fogeyish.

Our own early days are remembered with a clarity which does not necessarily arise from an exact knowledge of their events and emotions. But they appear to us as complete in themselves and untroubled by the unknown horizons of the present time. Bygone days have all the completeness and cosiness of a Dickens interior. Our recollections exhibit themselves to us as vividly defined incidents amid dark surroundings of the unremembered. That we should prefer to dwell upon those scenes which have happened in the winter is doubtless because our memories take a suggestively wintry form of illuminated shapes enclosed by darkness.

Newman's biographer has given us an odd little vignette of him in his old age weeping at some gates near Oxford where he had spent many happy years. And this is an example of the strange fact that we return to scenes of happy times with sinking hearts. Envious as we are of the happiness of others, we view our own past happiness with a fiercer envy. We look back upon bitter experiences with singular equanimity. It is true that Dr. Johnson's favourite question as to whether people would care to live their same lives over again was, and is, rarely answered in the affirmative; but in the safe position of this revival not being required of us we become indulgent over unhappy schooldays and benign over all those early perplexities which reminded us of Samuel Butler's remark that life is like playing a solo on the violin in public without even knowing how to play. Our sense of values shifts with the years, and the difficulties of yesterday seem child's play whereas those of the moment have the quintessence of dilemma. Again, it is the sharpness in definition observable in our comprehensive view of the past which allows us the fond delusion of its simplicity and cheerfulness. Huysman's character in *A Rebours* would have had more success in his attempt to realise the past ages if instead of caring so much for their art he had recaptured what was his notion of their fun.

Some books of memoirs are written with the object of paying off old scores against the dead as well as to demonstrate the importance of the author. Except that in his estimation of his one-time importance the author falls under the benevolent spell of the past, such memoirs are displeasing because they violate the natural law which obviously governs our view of bygone days. There are some men who preserve their animosities throughout their lives. These men, however, fare very ill in our favour, for a man has every right to find his immediate difficulties beyond endurance or to look forward to a bitter old age, but we resent an anger caused by miscalculations in the past.

It has been ingeniously said that we cast a glamour over the past because we cannot get rid of an inherent sense of the Fall of Man. Certainly this sense is stronger than one of a Golden Age to come. Indeed, to take advantage of the desire to dwell upon the good old days is useful as a means of obliterating

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our fear of death. Except among the pious, the undeniable fact that we must eventually die is the only important event in our lives to which we do not give a great amount of thought. A closer proximity to death during a period of war is partly responsible for the difficulty we all feel in disentangling incidents which happened in the immediately preceding time or to gather in the cheerfulness and satisfactions usually found in them. We grow old protesting vigorously that our desire is for a renewed youth with its brilliance and opportunities, but in reality our dilemma is caused by our distaste for death.

HERBERT GARLAND.

WARD 4.

"It's a rag-time 'orspital, that's wot it is," said the little Territorial, grinning; "a regular Fred Karno's!" I did not pretend to misunderstand him. He meant that the Field Ambulance in which we were located was not being conducted strictly in accordance with his notions of military discipline. "I'm on light diet," he grinned on, as he produced a pork pie from under his bed; "'ave a bit?"

"But doesn't the doctor 'tumble' it?" I queried.

"Tumble it! 'e don't trouble about it—does 'e, Bill?"

Bill looked up from an interminable and apparently hopeless task of attempting to run a blob of quicksilver into eight holes cut in a cardboard box. "Why should 'e?" he asked philosophically. "'E ses to 'isself, 'ere's a lot of mikers" (*anglicé*, malingerers); let 'em get on with the good work." He joined in the general laughter aroused by this witticism and continued to cajole the quicksilver.

I looked round the room, bare but for the portrait of Lord Kitchener over the mantelpiece. Some of the men were in bed, others in their khaki or in *negligé* blue cotton, sprawled about, reading, smoking, card-playing. Through the French windows could be seen a small party laughing and talking on the balcony. There was an element of truth, it seemed, in "Bill's" caricature, though I knew of cases of wounds, of broken limbs and the like. Men barked, too, on occasions, with a cough that went through one. "It's a clearin' 'orspital, yer see," said the little Territorial, in answer to further enquiries; "they don't keep us 'ere long." Then, suddenly, he dived under the bed and up again, leaning forward with an expression of profound melancholy. Cigarettes were furtively palmed or otherwise hidden. A "sister" had entered.

Suppressing a smile, the pleasant-faced girl handed round slices of bread and dripping, at the same time asking here and there a question. "Are you getting on all right, Jones?" "Yes, thank you, sister." "And your pains?"—to the Territorial. "They're no better, miss; I think as 'ow the light diet ain't too good for me." "Ah, you never do know what is good for you. Never mind. Here, you can have just one piece. . . ." She arranged a few coverlets and, departing, said slily, "It's six o'clock, and I shan't be here again. I suppose you won't be sorry. You'll be able to smoke."

"A real good sort, and knows her work, too," said a red-shirted bed patient, breaking the awkward silence that followed. "There's room for a few more like her over the water." "You've been there?" I asked, with a new interest. He pulled up his sleeve for answer and exposed what looked like an arm lately vaccinated. "I was inoculated with a bit of shrapnel at Yps," he laughed, "though I'm here now with rheumatism. . . . No, I don't want to get back again; I reckon I've had my whack."

"There's them as wants to go and them as don't," remarked Bill, oracularly, diverted a moment from his quicksilver by this fresh topic. "You can put me down what you like so long as you don't call me late for dinner."

"Oh, you'll get plenty of grub," said the warrior. "Here, who's goin' for the fish 'n' chips to-night?"

The little Territorial opened one of the French windows. "This 'ere bloke," he said, "is a dyin' to stand me a glass of stout at the corner. I can see it in 'is eye."

"But the sentry?" I protested.

"You walks by 'im and you ses, 'Aye, aye, mate,' and 'e ses 'Aye, aye.' This is a rag-time 'orspital."

I looked toward the portrait of Lord Kitchener, but that oracle spake not. We are all human beings, after all. And so out we went.

"GALLIPOLI."

HOLIDAY READING IN WAR-TIME.

It may sound callous and unfeeling to speak of holiday reading at a time like this—even to talk of holidays seems in some sort a treason. But if we are to retain our efficiency in that service of our country which in some manner and measure falls to us all, our physical condition cannot be ignored, and we cannot keep going without some relaxing of the tension. And the relaxation, if possible, should not be of body only; we need some relief for the mind.

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The obsession of war has been pressing on us heavily for long months—months of anxiety which we have fought against, but which nevertheless has left its mark. We are doing no wrong to the fixed idea, the grim and stern determination, if for a few days we give them a back place—if we turn our minds for a time to the tender healing influences of sea or countryside, striving to forget that a large portion of the world lies in hideous stress of carnage and ravage. The knowledge will lurk in the background, do what we will; we cannot escape it; we shall still turn to the morning paper with feverish eagerness, and look anxiously for what news each evening may bring. We are not likely, to whatever spot we may go, to get beyond the war-voices or the sight of khaki; yet that holiday will surely be best for us which takes us farthest from these things. And if we cannot go far in actual distance, we can turn our thoughts from the too insistent realities into channels of recuperation, and perhaps for the moment of forgetfulness. All the resources of literature lie at our service, never more badly needed; and if we can tear ourselves away from war-books we may win hours of peace and solace in the pages of fiction or biography or travel, or in the deeper inspirations of poetry. Such comfort as this we may snatch even while we stay at our duties; there are always some moments when the easy chair and the delighting volume legitimately invite us, some moments when they may rightfully be indulged. Stone walls make no prison; neither need we be absolutely captured and held by any dominant topic of the aggressive present. The more completely we find a temporary retreat, a garden of sanctuary where we can drink of healing waters, the better balanced will our natures remain, and the greater our strength for facing long hours of unflinching industry. To some certainly this will be a vain counsel of perfection; the war has gripped them body and soul; they can think or talk of nothing else. We all have suffered the boredom of the constant war-discusser, and while we sympathise wholly with his enthusiasm, we sigh with longing for some respite from his tedious insistency. It is possible to have too much of war topics, as of any other; the perpetual detail actually dims our vision and mars our perspective; we do not see the wood for the trees. Cannot we admit, with the utmost patriotism and loyalty, that even now there are other things in life which may have at least a passing claim; cannot we admit the danger of the groove, the rut that has no turning? It is our duty to keep ourselves sound and fit; and if holiday lawfully comes to us, we shall be right in rendering it as perfect as possible by turning our minds, if only for a few days, towards relief of pressure and change of thought. Wherever we may go, it may be wiser not to take war-books with us, or take only a few. It is probable that we shall not do much reading, at least in the open air. Many of us, in normal times, form actual programmes of the reading we intend to do on holiday—and we do not carry them out. We take the books, but they come back largely unread. Perhaps we take open-air books, like Jefferies or Borrow or W. H. Hudson; and the open-air book is always best enjoyed within doors. We do not need to read continuously if our recreation is what it should be; prolonged reading is for the arm chair and the fireside. What we really want is something of swift suggestion, of which a few pregnant words taken at intervals will suffice to set us thinking or dreaming. Volumes of short poetry are specially good for this; we can dip into a lovely lyric, take a few exquisite words to our heart, and then look around and let them sink into our memories, carry them with us making music to our inward ear. Fiction on a holiday is always good—perhaps second-rate fiction; the very best deserves to be kept for fuller concentration, more prolonged receptivity. A tale of quick adventure, of smart epigram, not calling for deep thought, will do excellently for the sands or the hillside; De Morgan or Robert Chambers will be better than Meredith. If you pass among the deck-chairs of the pier-seats of a fashionable watering place, you could collect enough books to supply a fair-sized library; but if you look closer you will notice that the books are held idly in the hand rather than read; they may lie with opened pages downwards. People take books with them; it is the usual thing to do; but they do not for the most part read much. They may be forgiven freely if we can be sure that they make up for it at home. The appearance of reading is fashionable, and is an excellent fashion; but to read in reality is better—at the right time. Not when listening to good music, or with a crowd of our fellows to study and criticise, or with a sea washing to our feet, red sails of boats in the harbour, seagulls crying overhead; not in the hush of summer woodlands, or on purple autumn moors, or by sweet lisping rivers. At such times we may profitably dip into a book for a moment, to elicit some suggestive thought or haunting word; but if we read continuously, we do so at our great loss. The use of books, one of the best things in life, may be abused and prostituted. We who love them most can better appreciate their purposes and their mission.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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REVIEWS.

DIRTY WORK.

Contemporary Portraits. By FRANK HARRIS. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.

The author of this book happens to be the one Englishman of any figure in journalism who has turned rank traitor to his country. That he is a renegade, a friend of Germany, and a hireling writer against the English cause is notorious. The fact that he was contributing to the American papers scurrilous articles filled with abuse of Lord Kitchener and others has been known in England for many months past. These articles were collected and published in book form in June or July last, and the volume has been suppressed in England. Yet Messrs. Methuen, acting presumably on the advice of Mr. E. V. Lucas, their reader and partner, consider that in face of his perfidy and ignominy Mr. Harris is still a suitable author to cram down the necks of the British literary public. Under the pseudonym of F. W. Mark Mr. Lucas is understood to have contributed "lyrics" and dialogue to a highly patriotic revue called "Push and Go," which has been running to full houses at the Hippodrome since Christmas. So that with one hand he is giving the patriots matter to cheer them while by virtue of his association with the firm of Methuen he holds out the other for profits on the lucubrations of a person who is as devoid of patriotism and for that matter common decency as a tortoise is devoid of hair.

Of course we shall be told that *Contemporary Portraits* is an exercise in criticism and has nothing to do with politics or the war. This is an extremely handy answer, and we make no difficulty about putting it forward for the benefit of the by no means exiguous number of persons in England who take delight and comfort in such sophistries. But we say that it is by no means a sufficient answer and that in all the circumstances Messrs. Methuen owe it to the country to withdraw Mr. Harris's wonderful critical work from circulation forthwith and without further ado. Even if it were a production of the highest critical importance, which it most certainly is not, we consider that Messrs. Methuen's duty would still be plain. Perhaps they will see it, perhaps not. Meanwhile we do not propose to advertise this uncomely stringing together of more or less ancient articles which have appeared under Mr. Harris's name by discussing it seriously. The "Portraits" for a start are seldom portraits and out of a matter of seventeen authors Mr. Harris is supposed to picture for us fourteen are dead and several of them have been dead for a considerable number of years It is difficult for example, to understand where the contemporaneousness of Carlyle, Sir Richard Burton, Browning and Arnold comes in; but Mr. Harris has never been particular about the use of words, and if he chooses to suggest on his cover that these writers are contemporaries we must put up with it. Unless our memory plays us falsely the article on Carlyle is a re-hash of similar articles which originally appeared in *Vanity Fair* and the *English Review.* It is certain that in February, 1911, our contemporary portrait painter contributed to the latter journal some alleged reminiscences which he called "Talks with Carlyle," the result being that a relative of the sage of Chelsea took it upon himself to give Mr. Harris the lie direct as to his claims to the Carlylean intimacy. Harris asserted that he had walked and talked with Carlyle on the Thames Embankment and had been with him in Hyde Park at a certain period. Mr. A. Carlyle, who had lived with him in Cheyne Row before and after that period, says that he can "personally testify that no such person as Mr. Frank Harris ever came in contact with him . . . till the day of his death." This very awkward revealing of Mr. Harris was printed in cold type in the *English Review,* and though before he found it expedient to travel out of England he had been a great patron of the law courts, he failed to issue a writ on Mr. A. Carlyle or the *English Review,* and contented himself with what he called a reply, which we are free to say was a very limping affair, and in no way calculated to disperse or remove the imputation on Mr. Harris's character for probity. We are of opinion that in fairness to the literary public the Carlyle article should not have been included in a set book without some explanation or reference to this disconcerting incident. But Mr. Harris apparently has no scruples; he is Sir Oracle and when he speaks no dog must bark. We say without beating about the bush that we do not believe Thomas Carlyle ever confided in Mr. Harris either on the Thames Embankmnt or at Hyde Park Corner. Men of Carlyle's stamp being entirely acqainted with the nature of the curious and of their own importance in the world do not make avowals of their intimate secrets to tuft-hunting strangers at Hyde Park Corner or anywhere else. Why should Thomas Carlyle hand over to a perky little Irishman a secret which he apparently kept from Froude? The relations of Carlyle with his wife are up to a point

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within the public knowledge. Beyond that point they are nobody's affair, and least of all Mr. Harris's. Harris is described on the wrapper of his book as the friend of genius. We can only remark that he is one of those "friends" which any man, genius or clod, might well pray to be delivered from. On his own showing his friendship has amounted to a ferreting into great men's cupboards with a view to be "discovered in all the corners of nastiness." He makes Carlyle say things that no decent person, even allowing him to be ever so Scotch, would dream of saying. He goes on to tell us that Oscar Wilde added to his other sins which were grievous the last sin of a man of parts, namely, sheer poltroonry. At Browning he gets some nasty digs—"there was nothing distinguished about him," and so forth—but thank the Lord although "again and again I tried to find out something about [his married life] I never heard an authentic word on the subject." Of Sir Richard Burton, the dear, kind friend of genius observes: "And when age came upon him though a quarter of what he was accustomed to eat in his prime would have kept him in perfect health, he yielded to the habitual desire and suffered agonies with indigestion, dying, indeed, in a fit of dyspepsia brought on by over-eating." However Sir Richard may have died we have not yet heard that he ever retired to an ante room of the Café Royal, stomach pump in sleeve, to tide himself over a surfeit of richnesses which he had compassed upstairs. And so we might go on. Even poor Richard Middleton is nailed to the counter for a transcendant poet who nevertheless told Harris that he was troubled with a very human complaint; while John Davidson was "probed" even though Mr. Harris's scalpel appears to have come out clean. The extraordinary thing about the whole business is that the deader Mr. Frank Harris's subjects happen to be the more he knows about them and the more intimate they were with him. Of the living geniuses he has befriended we get only the very slightest and thinnest sketches—in one case merely a review of a book. But the dead ones are fair game, for as is well known, dead men tell no tales, and are unable to get on their hind legs even for the denial of slanders. As we write these words we note that M. Fabre, the French naturalist, who though a review of one of his books is included in the present volume Mr. Harris does not claim to have known, has just died at the ripe age of ninety-one. What an opportunity missed! Mr. Harris was aware of M. Fabre's plenitude of years and if he had only waited another another month or two he might have been able to give us a sight of the poor old gentleman's dirty linen closet—even if he never had one—which would have sold fifty or so more copies of *Contemporary Portraits* to "amateurs" in these matters. Faugh!

We do not assent that our author confines himself strictly to unpleasant facts or fancies relative to genius. He lays about him with the critical whip, and on occasion flings the swollen bouquet of praise right at the heads of poets large and not so large. But his criticism is always either too savage or too fulsome, and it always fails in the true object of criticism which is to be just. One observes too that while Mr. Harris embellishes his pages with quotations from the poets whom he has toadied or "assisted" he never by any chance lights on a passage which has not already been so generally known and admired as to amount almost to a tag. The fact is that Mr. Harris has never in his life been able to distinguish good poetry from bad till some sounder critic had made the way plain for him. If he is really anxious to give us something critical let him try his hand at a brochure setting forth the beauties of the Hymn of Hate, and if he wishes to convince us in the Contemporary Portrait way let him tell us all about his conversations with Goethe or Bernstorff (both of whom he doubtless knew well) either at Weimar "when it rained" or at New York when the clam chowder and champagne were flying about. And let him publish in Berlin and not at 36, Essex Street. As we have said, this book should be suppressed.

A GREAT NOVEL.

Victory. By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen.) 6s.

Once more has Mr. Conrad given us an opportunity of probing into the secrets of his genius and once more are we enforced to confess—just as by the inadequacy of their criticism all writers who have dealt with his work stand self-confessed—that his achievements are beyond the ordinary methods of criticism. After reading a book like this we emerge dizzily from the spell he has woven and our efforts to analyse the methods whereby that spell is produced must result in mere fragmentary expressions of admiration. We find again that strange skill with which Mr. Conrad unfolds a situation, a situation containing nothing of the heroic and scarcely anything which ordinarily would attract our sympathy. This achieved, the story begins to move slowly, inevitably. The technique is such that chapters are sometimes at variance in point of time, yet the whole effect is one of continuous progression. We see again

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that lingering and sardonc humour in the treatment of men tortured in their weakness—of the gross Schomberg in the extremity of his passion, of the introspective Heyst cornered and helpless in a world of action. All the characters are enmeshed in a conflict between instinct and intelligence except the woman who, as is usual with Mr. Conrad, is a creature directed entirely by primeval instincts. A few days ago a well-known novelist and playwright explained that the reason of his great success was his ability to create characters who appear to readers and audiences as personally charming and very desirable to meet. If Mr. Conrad happened to see this explanation he was entitled to a smile. In *Victory* we are not troubled by the personal attractiveness of the characters. They are uncommonly interesting because of the acute penetration shown in the presentation of their personalities and motives. What would usually be termed generous actions are dealt with according to Mr. Conrad's ironic method, and the courage with which the chief character meets his fate is a kind of calculated and terrible fatalism. A lesser writer than Mr. Conrad would have succumbed to the temptation of a fuller treatment of the aristocratic card-sharper "Jones," and in consequence the balance of interests would have suffered. We are glad to have a book which by its method and note of finality compares with the remarkable *Secret Agent*. The two intervening novels had caused us anxiety lest Mr. Conrad's method of narration, as in *Chance*, would begin to interfere seriously with a full expression of his genius. Nothing he has contrived is finer than the transformation of irony into unalloyed tragedy in the slowly reached climax of *Victory*. This climax by reason of its moving and pitiful incidents leaves us with a renewed sense of Mr. Conrad's power of tragic utterance. If he can show the abundance of his peculiarly remorseless humour in such situations as the wonderful interview between Schomberg and Ricardo and the final interview between "Jones" and Heyst, so also can he depict a scene of tragedy with a characteristic intensity before which we can only stand appalled and humble.

NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORNE.

Baudelaire. By Theophile Gautier and Guy Thorne. (Greening.) 10s. 6d. net.

Believing that Baudelaire, Gautier and others are going to heaven, Mr. Guy Thorne has made a bold bid to be of the company. According to the cover, this book is "by Théophile Gautier and Guy Thorne," and for our part we may inform Mr. Thorne that such impudenc no more gets one to heaven than does the praise of the Bishop of London for *When it was Dark*. We may further tell Mr. Thorne that his translations are flat, stale and unprofitable, and his Introduction mere clap-trap. His aim, he says, in effect, is to make Baudelaire known to the proletariat. We say that any writer with such an aim is pandering to the proletariat's vicious curiosity. Other authors of the kind likely to appeal to this same curiosity—Pater, Verlaine, Dowson, and—of course—Wilde, figure in the introduction. "The issue of Oscar Wilde's finest work at a trifling price has been attended with a success that has startled no one more greatly than the adventurous publishers themselves," remarks Mr. Thorne, with a smacking of the lips. We know why, and Mr. Thorne knows why. If he had one atom of respect or reverence for the authors in question he would not have used them so. But here they are. And here also are such passages as the following:—

> A paper like *T.P.'s Weekly*, costing a penny and dealing with the best things of literature, has an enormous circulation and a personal influence over hard-working middle-class men and women with little leisure for self-culture, that it is impossible to overrate.

Mr. Holbrooke Jackson will be flattered; but Pater will turn in his grave. All we can say is there are worse things than war.

THE PROGRESS OE KIPPS.

The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.) 6s.

Kipps was born in 1905. He is now ten years of age. It is time Mr. Wells sent him to school. Meanwhile, his parent flings him at us under a new alias. He is now called Benham, and he wants to be an aristocrat. We will say at once that it is natural in Kipps to aspire to be other than he is. What we object to is the pertinacity with which his loving papa forces him upon us. Of course Mr. Wells does not know that he should not do this or that his progeny is an unpleasant creature with a vastly exaggerated idea of his own importance. There was a time when he was merely a little vulgar boy. We put up with his vulgarity. When, however, he began to reveal his sliminess he became intolerable. And he remains unpleasant. Mr. Wells would have us believe that he has at length killed him. But he is alive and odorous, and all the perfumes of Arabian reviewers will not sweeten him. We could the more easily forgive him

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were it not for the fact that despite his high-falutin about "the research mganificent," he is most of the time an eminently self-satisfied person, smug, complacent and oily as the rest of his class.

The sending of Kipps to school should be arranged forthwith. Kipps (alias Benham) does not cease to be Kipps by telling us all about himself. The problems of life are not to be solved by the writing of "problem" novels, In this particular effort we are told that "the very essence of aristocracy is that it does not explain or talk about itself." This is a truth which will out even in the most *bourgeois* families. The substance of Mr. Wells has been expressed in a few such truths. The rest is a huge waste of unreality.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

My Little Farm. By "Pat." (Maunsel.) 3s. 6d. net.

The difficulties which English people experience in their attempts to understand the Irish temperament are not lessened by writers of the type of "Pat." This "established man of letters," to quote the publisher's announcement, "who varies his observation between Society in the West End of London and Agriculture in the West End of Ireland," and whose adumbrations are familiar to readers of the *Saturday Review*, makes a special appeal to the class of Englishman who licks his lips in proud remembrance of the Cromwellian régime in Ireland. "The Irish nation," he says, "is a native body, perpetually damned by the infliction of a foreign soul, the bastard spirit of the Tiber and the Thames, two of the dirtiest sources corrupting mankind." If such sentiments are not enough to satisfy our stern Protestantism he strengthens us by constant references to the "cultivation of theft for a virtue, openly supported and encouraged by 'religion.'" We have his own statement that he could make a comfortable income by this kind of journalism. We are not surprised. He has also, it seems, the isolated distinction of running a farm in the West of Ireland with profit. This book has an ostensible object of describing his progress and skill as a farmer, but the audience he sets out to instruct will find his sprightly slander of the Irish character and the Catholic religion much more to their taste than agricultural reminiscences. We are not surprised to see that "Pat" is one of those people who find salvation in "free libraries" and who hunger for an "industrially emancipated" Ireland.

> "Probably those above Hodge have not considered how much a little might make of him, and to themselves indirectly; and it is certain that they have not applied themselves to make the most of him with any such efficiency as we find in the employers of other industries. . . . In his own lifetime the late Lord Armstrong got about ten thousand workers organised on a bank of the Tyne, with the total supervision within two miles, and vast possibilities of invention and economy from so many minds operating so closely. . . ."

Ireland is to be congratulated on the possession of a religion and a system of education which continue to stand in the way of industrialism. Whether Ireland is to be congratulated on the possession of writers of the type of "Pat" is another matter. We gather from his book that his neighbours in Connaught do not find in him an unmixed blessing.

"PICK WHERE YOU LIKE."

The Flying Girl. By Richard Marsh. (Ward, Lock.) 6s.

"My dear, you're a great deal too good for that Jim Turner."

Instantly the girl stopped crying, tore herself from the portly lady's embrace, confronting her with flaming cheeks and blazing eyes.

"How can you say such a thing? I couldn't be too good for Jim, you know I couldn't; no one could. . . ."

Etcetera.

Looking for Grace. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (Lane.) 6s.

". . . It was so nice to feel that everything was comfortable and friendly once more," and she beamed on them all in turn.

Monty in his pink pyjamas looked very festive, and most interesting with his head bandaged. There was a quiet gladness in his red-brown eyes which told Sybil a great deal more than his lips had yet said.

Etcetera.

Miss Billy Married. By Eleanor H. Porter. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

"*Oh, Bertram!*" breathed Billy. And she, too, fell to sobbing.

Later, when speech was more coherent, she faltered: "Well, anyway, it doesn't make any difference *how* many beautiful pictures you p-paint, after this, Bertram. I *can't* be prouder of any than I am of the one your l-left hand did."

"Oh, but I have you to thank for all that, dear."

Etcetera.

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Ten Degrees Backward. By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. (Hodder.) 6s.

This my darling enabled me to do, and thereby saved my soul alive.

And now we are once more all in all to each other; and the love that is stronger than death can lighten even the long shadows cast by the great war.

Etcetera.

Michael O'Halloran. By GENE STRATTON PORTER. (Murray.) 6s.

"It's all over? You've performed your miracle?" asked Mickey.

"Yes," said Dr. Carrel. "It's all over, Mickey; but you had the miracle performed before I saw her, lad."

Mickey retreated to Peaches' neck again, and she smiled over and comforted him.

"Mickey, I knew you'd be crazy," she said. "I knew you'd be glad, but I didn't know you could be so——"

Etcetera.

Troubled Tranton. By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable.) 6s.

"I think, nevertheless, we may contrive to get even with Signor Guiseppe if you'll forgive my breaking the recognised rules of the game just once and usurping what ought to be your shot. Let it be agreed that you can't ask me to marry you; but, you see, I never swore that I wouldn't ask you to marry me. Will you?"

Etcetera.

The Professional Aunt. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable.) 2s. net.

"But nothing is yours now that is not mine," I urged, "at least if you have asked me to marry you?"

"Betty," he said, "I quite forgot. I came home for the express purpose of doing so. I have thought and dreamed of nothing else, all through the long marches in Africa, all the way home I have thought of that and of your answer. Betty, will you marry me?"

Etcetera.

Charles Quantrill. By EVELYN APTED. (Methuen.) 6s.

"He thinks himself such a worm that you mustn't expect him to come at once and ask for permission to love you again. If you mean to have him and keep him, you will have to do the proposing this time."

"I took him 'for better, for worse.' And now perhaps the best is yet to be."

Etcetera.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VERSE.

A Child's Day. By Walter de la Mare. (Constable.) 2s. net.
Songs for Little People. By Norman Gale. (Constable.) 1s. net.
Poems. By Iolo Aneurin Williams. (Methuen.) 1s. 6d. net.
Battle. By W. W. Gibson. (Elkin Mathews.) 1s. net.

FICTION.

Troubled Tranton. By W. E. Norris. (Constable.) 6s.
My Friend Phil. By Isabel Maud Peacocke. (Ward, Lock.) 3s. 6d.
The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.) 6s.
The Professional Aunt. By Mrs. George Wemyss. (Constable.) 2s. net.
V. V.'s Eyes. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Constable.) 2s. net.
Fantômas. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.
Victory. By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen.) 6s.
The Rainbow. By D. H. Lawrence. (Methuen.) 6s.
Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low.) 6s.
Charles Quantrill. By Evelyn Apted. (Methuen.) 6s.
The Cub. By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock.) 3s. 6d.
With a Diploma. By V. I. Neinirovitch-Dantchenko. (Maunsel.) 3s. 6d. net.
The Embassy Case. By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock.) 6s.
Because of These Things. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen.) 6s.

GENERAL.

My Childhood. By Maxim Gorki. (Werner Laurie.) 10s. 6d. net.
Bill the Minder. Written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. (Constable.) 6s. net.
The Water Babies. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. (Constable.) 6s. net.
The Showmen. By T. W. H. Crosland. (Werner Laurie.) 1s. net.
Leaves from a Wayfarer's Notebook. By Aurael. (Ousely.) 1s. net.
Normal and Abnormal Psychology. By Boris Sidis. (Duckworth.) 7s. 6d. net.
Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. (Duckworth.) 6s. net.
Contemporary Portraits. By Frank Harris. (Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.
An Untamed Territory: Northern Australia. By Elsie R. Masson. (Macmillan.) 6s.
Where Animals Talk: West African Folklore Tales. By R. H. Nassan. (Duckworth.) 5s. net.
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The Little Wonder Books. Edited by Harry Golding:
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Sumerian Business and Administrative Documents from the Earliest Times to the Dynasty of Agade. By George A. Barton. (University Museum, Philadelphia.)
A Dictionary of the Choctau Language. By Cyrus Byington. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)
Eleftherios Venezilos. By Dr. C. Kerofilas. (Murray.) 3s. 6d. net.
A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections. By Alfred Capper. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.
Studi sul Romanticismo Inglese. Di Federico Olivero. (Bari: Gius, Laterza & Figli.)
Supermania. By Raymond Colleye de Weerdt. (49. Blenheim Crescent, London, W.)

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

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TO H.L.S.

Your toys are all about the floor . . .
I pray that I may die before
I see them there and you not here.
O foolish fond! The chances are
That long before your passing, dear,
I shall be underneath the sod
Or, haply, following afar
The road that leads me nearer God.

And yet who loves must fear, and you
Whose toys are in my heart may know
One day love's gladness and its woe,
And wonder if this life is worth
The price we pay for it who woo
In vain that promised second birth
Whereby we live and love without
This human legacy of doubt.

And you may find it! That should be
Enough for those of us who fail.
But no! Self claims us yet, and we
Must follow where our fates may lead.
I cannot even wish indeed
That you a happier day may hail
Than I have known!—O little son,
This is no love to meet my need—
Wake in my heart a deeper one!

LIFE AND LETTERS.

THE complaint of some of the critical that we are not getting the right war poetry appears to us to be entirely unjust. In a recent issue of the *Academy* we called attention to the overpowering excellence of a war lyric by the late Francis Grenfell, published by the *Times*, and, indeed, almost from the beginning of the war the *Times* has been proffering us moving lyrical work on the great subject. Only the other day our contemporary published a fine piece of blank verse by Gerald Caldwell, of the British Expeditionary Force. From this beautiful poem, called "To the Dead," we venture to take the following lines:—.

Then tho' we walk no more
The woods together, lie in the grass no more,
For us the long grass blows, the woods are green,
For us the valleys smile, the streams are bright,
For us the kind sun still is comfortable
And the birds sing: and since your feet and mine
Have trod the lanes together, climbed the hills,
Then in the lanes and on the little hills
Our feet are beautiful for evermore.
And you—O if I call you, you will come,
Most loved, most lovely faces of my friends
Who are so safely housed within my heart,
So parcel of this blessed spirit land
Which is my own heart's England, so possest
Of all its ways to walk familiarly
And be at home, that I can count on you,
Loving you so, being loved, to wait for me,
So may I turn me in, and by some sweet
Remembered pathway find you once again.
Then we can walk together, I with you,
Or you, or you along some quiet road,
And talk the foolish, old, forgivable talk,
And laugh together: you will turn your head,
Look as you used to look, speak as you spoke,
My friend to me, and I your friend to you.
Only when at the last, by some cross-road
Our longer shadows, falling on the grass,
Turn us back homeward, and the setting sun
Shines like a golden glory round your head,
There will be something sudden and strange in you.
Then you will lean, and look into my eyes,
And I shall see the bright wound at your side,
And feel the new blood flowing to my heart,
Your blood, belovéd, flowing to my heart,
And I shall hear you speaking in my ear—
O not the old, forgivable, foolish talk,
But flames, and exaltations, and desires,
But hopes, and comprehensions, and resolves,
But holy, incommunicable things
That like immortal birds sing in my breast,
And, springing from a fire of sacrifice,
Beat with bright wings about the throne of God.

We don't see much to grumble at here.

And in humbler quarters we are also getting occasional flashes of the real fire. For example, in the *Star* the other night there was a poem by Bombardier R. Bumpus, who was wounded in Gallipoli, and has been invalided to a hospital in Cairo. Bombardier Bumpus gets a bit out of hand in places, but

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on the whole he has produced a poem of which Mr. Kipling himself might not be ashamed. The appended two stanzas with their refrain show quite plainly that the Bombardier has the root of certain matters in him:

Then they gathered us together an' they sorted out the worst—
What they called the "stretcher cases"—an' they tended to us first.
They was overworked and crowded, 'en the Doc' 'ud give a sigh,
"Hopeless, that case"—"That one also"—speakin' softly, passing by.
God! they watched 'im, silent, suffrin', watchin' Hope a-passing by.

Passing by! Passing by! Curt command an' stifled sigh.
For it ain't no place for drama, an' a man 'as got ter die;
'En I thought I 'eard a whimper an' a little soft reply—
"Greater love than this hath no man"—someone speakin' passing by.

So they ships me off to "Blighty," 'en they sticks me in a ward.
I was short a leg an' peeper, but they treats me like a lord.
I'd allus bin a lonely bloke, an' so I used ter lie
An' watch the fren's of other men continual passing by.
Sisters, children, wives an' muvvers, everlastin' passing by.

Passing by! Passing by! Wiv a smile or wiv a sigh,
Wiv their cigarettes 'en matches, flowers or shirt or pipe or tie,
'En one 'ud sometimes stop an' speak—I used ter wonder why—
'Cos I ain't no blame' Adonis, not ter notice, passing by.

We hope to hear more of the Bombardier poet.

Which reminds us that the fashion now is to put epithets before the decent title of poet. A young gentleman from Ireland is being advertised by his publisher as the Scavenger poet, which, if one had not read the works of certain Georgian poets might be taken for a contradiction in terms. And now, if you please, we are actually to have a Downing Street poet. For Mr. Jackson, of Sidgwick and Jackson, assures an evening paper that the author of a little volume of poems about to be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson is Lieut. Herbert Asquith, a son of the Premier.

> "The MS. was delivered to us from Downing Street," says Mr. Jackson, with a smack of the lips, "and is being rushed out before Christmas."

Sounds like taking a trench! There are only eight poems in the volume, it seems, and we suppose it may be taken for granted that they will do no discredit to Downing Street. But what with "postman," "scavenger," "blacksmith," "railway porter," "taxi-cab driver," "super-tramp," "Downing Street" and "bankrupt" poets, not to mention the famous "poet with a wooden leg," one wonders where the ordinary practitioner comes in.

Meanwhile Mr. Stephen Phillips has died, and the *Sunday Times* publishes the following sonnet about him:—

Now you are dead and past the bitter fret
And the long doubt and the disputed throne,
And the contempts which turn the heart to stone,—
Who that hath wit shall breathe you a regret?
Who that hath tears shall pay you pity's debt?
Unto your place of easing you are gone,
Having fetched for us Beauty from her own
Lodges of gold by silver orchards set.

Oh, mortal man that looked in angels' eyes
And still of baseness took both rood and reed,
Griever who wed bright visions to great sounds,
Teller of sorrowful proud histories;
We put our silly fingers in your wounds
And it is well that they no longer bleed.

It has been said, with what truth we know not, that at one time Mr. Phillips' income from his poems and plays amounted to considerably more than a thousand a year, and we believe that he himself wrote an article in which he stated that he had been able to live with "fair comfort" for a considerable number of years by the exercise of the poetic art. But the fact remains that in 1910 or thereabouts Mr. Phillips became a bankrupt on liabilities which did not amount to more than £200. And the fact also remains that at any rate after the bankruptcy he had to learn by bitter experience what poverty means. It has always seemed to us a crying scandal that the author of *Christ in Hades* was never given a grant or pension from the Civil List. He belonged in the beginning to what may be termed the Bodley Head fellowship of young poets, which included William Watson, Richard Le Gallienne, W. B. Yeats, John Davidson, Arthur Symons, and Laurence Binyon. With the single exception of Phillips, all these poets were either pensioned or otherwise provided for out of the public purse. No doubt they deserved it. And it may be that the leaving out of Stephen Phillips was due to the fact that he lived his life in a way which made it appear that he had more to do with the stage than with poetry proper. In fact, it might be said of him that he was a son of Apollo who figured in the town like a "resting" tragedian; and we are given to understand that the Government do not love "sich." Anyway, Phillips got no pension. But he leaves behind him a considerable body of work which must of necessity go into English literature and abide there. And there are plenty of passages of Phillips which are as passionate and as sweeping and as poignant as anything of Marlowe. During his lifetime we raised the question of a proper provision for this fine poet in the *Academy* and elsewhere more than once. It seems to us that it is the plain duty of the authorities to see to it

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that his widow is at least placed beyond the reach of want. If promise is to be made snug, it is surely just that the dependents of performance should be considered.

The December *English Review* contains only one "poem," instead of the four or five to which it has hitherto accustomed us. The author is Mr. William Watson, and here are Mr. Watson's opening lines:—

> Out of the gutters and slums of Hell—
> Disgorged from the vast infernal sewer—
> Vomited forth from a world where dwell
> Childhood, maidenhood, wifehood pure—
> She arose and towered on earth and sea,
> Clothed in her green putridity.

Which is surely very indifferent stuff. Mr. Watson continues in the same vein for a page or so, and winds up as he began with "Hell" for a rhyme. Then in the *Fortnightly* we have the celebrated Mr. John Masefield, who, if it were not for the sacredness of his subject, might be conceived to have taken to the writing of pantomimes. Here is a sample of the kind of talk Mr. Masefield puts into the mouth of Herod:—

> This morning, yes; you sent that man to me
> Because his crime was laid in Galilee.
> A little thing but still it touched me close;
> It made me think how our disputes arose,
> When thieves out of your province brought to me
> Were punished with a fine, perhaps set free,
> Not sent to you to judge, as you sent him.
> In future you will find me more a friend,
> Or so I hope.

Or, as the bold, bad, banal baron will be saying in the provinces in a week or so:—

> This being my daughter's wedding day,
> Ten thousand pounds I'm going to give away!

The elder Weller was a good critic when he said, "Beware of Vidders, Samivel."

Somebody has been asking Mr. Max Beerbohm if he "were not going to draw war cartoons."

> "Oh, good heavens, no!" Mr. Beerbohm is reported to have replied. "The war is much too tremendous an affair for that. It's all very well for Raemaekers. He's the master of the tragic and epic line. He's the greatest cartoonist, I think, since Daumier.
>
> "But I—no, not I! I can conceive the right sort of ideas. I can feel the right sort of emotions. But I can't express them in line. My technique is of the wrong kind. I can only draw funnily. And so I don't propose to draw any war pictures, thank you. You don't want a clown straddling about in a country that is at the supreme crisis of its history—do you?"

Of course, we don't. But, dear Mr. Max Beerbohm, you never drew anything funny—or shall we say scathing—about much more important people than the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, did you? And you have never been severe in your life, have you?—only comic! We daresay the war will be easily prosecuted to a successful issue without the assistance of Mr. Beerbohm. And it may be that we shall not want a clown straddling about in the country even then.

GEORGIAN POETRY.

Some writer for the Chocolate Press has lately asserted that Mr. Asquith "takes a lively interest in Georgian poetry." This may be the merest gossip or it may be the truth, in which case we are sorry for both Mr. Asquith and poetry. We object very strongly to the term "Georgian poetry" as applied to contemporary verse. Who is George? It is true that we are now living in the reign of His Majesty King George V., whom God preserve, and it may be that in time to come the literary product of that reign will be dealt with by the historians in sections properly headed "the Georgian period." But we doubt it. There already exists a more or less well defined "Georgian period" in English literature, and we cannot conceive of any assessor of the writings of our day setting up for himself a "George the Fifthian period." In point of fact, the newly dubbed "Georgian poets" are in the main no more Georgian poets than they are Edwardian poets or Victorian poets. And in view of the particular kind of poets which the coiners of this Brummagem phrase have seen fit to segregate under its pretty protection, we consider that it is as uncomplimentary to the King as it is offensive to letters. A while back there was published a volume called *Georgian Poetry*, 1911-1912, the object of which, we are told, was "to give a convenient survey of the work published within two years by some poets of the newer generation." "Some" is good! That book it appears, "was welcomed," and in consequence we are now bidden to consider *Georgian Poetry* 1913-1915. We have considered it, and we are not edified. *Georgian Poetry* 1913-1915 is represented by a matter of fourteen poets, two of whom are dead, while the other dozen flourish in the flesh. And of this dozen, four are absolutely negligible, five have accomplished passable and perhaps even memorable things, and the remaining three must be the poets who loom large in the great anthologist's mind when he thinks about "Georgian poetry." Of the work of the two dead poets we will say nothing at this juncture; neither will we trouble the negligibles, nor the passables with criticism which would not flatter them. But we have a public duty by the boldest of the band, whose names are Gordon Bottomley, Ralph Hodgson, and Lascelles Abercrombie. The poet Bottomley has pride of place in the *Georgian Poetry* 1913-1914; Ralph Hodgson is set gloriously about the middle, and Mr. Abercrombie is requisitioned to put the lid on matters, as it were. Now Mr. Ralph Hodgson, who is the prince of the three, should by this time be known to everybody with

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an eye for poetry as the author of a couple of lyrical pieces named respectively *The Bull* and *The Song of Honour*. For both of these works, and particularly for *The Song of Honour*, we have due admiration. They are authentic pieces of writing, and only one of them, *The Bull* to wit, comes near being "Georgian" in the bloated, brutal "Georgian" manner. *The Song of Honour* will last because it is not "Georgian," and *The Bull* will suffer because it is "Georgian"—though the force and power of it may keep it alive.

And now let us turn to the pick of the Georgian basket, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, for whose special behoof we are assured "the alphabetical arrangement" of the contributors to the volume "has been modified in order to recognise the honour" he has done to *Georgian Poetry* 1913-1915 "by allowing his play to be first published" therein. The play is called *King Lear's Wife*, and, of course, it begins and ends in a bedchamber and deals with a "problem." With the problem itself we are not concerned, excepting to say that it was probably no problem at all to Lear and his wife, and still less to Lear and his mistress, who, doubtless as "a concession to the proprieties," is not mentioned in the title. And we suppose that if ever Mr. Bottomley's effort comes to be popularly discussed, which is unlikely, his defenders will assert that the playlet is really "a sermon against adultery." The fact that poets should not write sermons *qua* sermons would not trouble them; nor is it troubling us. It is because Mr. Bottomley is "Georgian" down to his finger tips and the end of his rake that the people who know what poetry is will not be prepared to suffer him. *King Lear's Wife* is not for the lover of either poetry or tragedy, but merely for the cultivated suffragette and the frowsy disciple of little masters. Perhaps there are honest readers in the world who will put up with Mr. Bottomley for sundry pages in which he manages to make a show of keeping out of the dubious. But who with a mind worth mentioning about will stand for this lyric, which the "Georgian," we take it, will call "faultless."

A louse crept out of my lady's shift—
 Ahumm, Ahumm, Ahee—
Crying, "Oi! Oi! We're turned adrift;
The lady's bosom is cold and stiffed,
 And her arm-pit's cold for me."

"The lady's linen's no longer neat;—
 Ahumm, Ahumm, Ahee—
Her savour is neither warm nor sweet;
It's close for two in a winding sheet,
And lice are too good for worms to eat;
 So here's no place for me."

And if you want any more, here is an example of the blank verse:—

Her pocket is empty; Merryn has been here first.
Hearken, and then begin:
You have not touched a royal corpse before,
But I have stretched a king and an old queen,
A king's aunt and a king's brother too,
Without much boasting of a still-born princess;
So that I know, as a priest knows his prayers,
All that is written in the chamberlain's book
About the handling of exalted corpses,
Stripping them and trussing them for the grave:
And there it says that the chief corpse-washer
Shall take for her own use by sacred right
The coverlid, the upper sheet, the mattress
Of any bed in which a queen has died,
And the last robe of state the body wore;
While humbler helpers may divide among them
The undersheet, the pillow, and the bed-gown
Stript from the cooling queen.

There is a queen in Georgian England to whom the offering of such poetry for perusal would be an insult; and we say it is an insult to King George that his name should be dragged into such literary usages. Mr. Bottomley concludes the work whereby he has conferred such "honour" on the gentleman who has compiled *Georgian Poetry* 1913-1915 with the louse and the Ahumm, Ahee, already presented.

We may now turn to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, the *bonne bouche*. Mr. Abercrombie is also in the playlet line, and he calls his piece *The End of the World*. The "persons" in it have names like Huff, Sollers, Shale, and Warp. Huff's wife, it seems, has gone off with Shale in the fine old Georgian way, and naturally here is another problem for discussion by the world and his wife after dinner. With the help of a dowser and a comet, Mr. Abercrombie plods along on his old galled horse, and when he can't find beauty, which is always beyond him, he makes up by Georgian "forcefulness":—

Huff. Oh, you're one
Has stood in the brunt of the world's wickedness,
Like me? But listen, and I'll give you a tale
Of wicked things done in this little valley,
Done against me, will surely make you think
The Devil here fetcht up his masterpiece.
Sollers. Ah, but it's hot enough without you talking
Your old hell fire about that pair of sinners.
Leave them alone and drink.
Huff. I'll smell them grilling
One of these days.
Merrick. But ther'll be enough to drink
When that begins! Best keep your skin full now.
Stranger. What do I care for wickedness? Let those
Who've played with dirt, and thought the game was bold,
Make much of it while they can; there's a big thing
Coming down to us, ay, well on its road,
Will make their ploys seem mighty piddling sport.

The whole play is couched more or less in this same hearty vein, and always there is a handing out of dull dubiety for dull dubiety's sake. Late in the proceedings Huff says:—

I was in Droitwich; and the sight of the place
Is where they cook the brine; a long dark shed,
Hot as an oven, full of a grey stream
And ruddy light that leaks out of the furnace;
And stirring the troughs, ladling the brine that boils

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As thick as treacle, a double standing row,
Women—boldly talking in wicked jokes
All day long. I went to see 'em. It was
A wonderful rousing sight. Not one of them
Was really wearing clothes: half of a sack
Pinned in an apron was enough for most.
And here and there might be a petticoat;
But nothing in the way of bodices.—
O, they knew words to shame a carter's face!

A rousing sight indeed!

Generally it is most difficult to imagine what precise aim or purpose these "Georgian" dabblers in the puddle of life have set before them. We take it that they have discovered that there is "a market" for poetry, and that the "market" at any rate is incapable of perceiving the difference between poetry and muddy metrical exercises. And as poetry is difficult of achievement, and the muddy metrical exercise can be achieved by anybody who has command of a penny-worth of ink and an elastic literary conscience, they take the line of least resistance and do a roaring trade in "the market." Mr. Abercrombie knows the business well, and his own words are the best criticism for his Georgian peers.

Let those
Who've played with dirt, and thought the game was bold,
Make much of it while they can. . . .

We have seen these people rise before—and we have seen them fall.

ELLEN MAY.

The sun, dustily streaming into the room, showed her, as she awoke, her little sister Janie curled up miserably among the greyish blankets and crying. Rubbing her eyes, she jumped out of the large bed where the twins were untidily sleeping and opened the window to let some air into the stuffiness—bright air full of the hum of the waking village. Wriggling her thin shoulders out of her nightdress and into the ragged underclothes, she gave a few tugs at her hair and turned to the bed.

"What's the matter now?"

But the child did not answer, and so she ran downstairs and splashed her face under the tap and knocked at Gran'ma's door. When she reached her bedroom again her sister had roused the twins who were squabbling violently, their cries echoed by the noisy jackdaws in the full sunlight of the roofs. Her mother, in bed with the new baby, called faintly and in an exasperated tone, "Ellen May!" through the wall.

The child attended to her wants, filled a pitcher and put it outside Gran'ma's door, slipped on her old black dress which was much too tight for her, seized a jug and some pence from the cracked china sauce-boat on the dresser and, unbarring the door, climbed the street for the milk. In her absence Janie had got up, and by the time Ellen May had separated and dressed the babies she was already in the kitchen and calling for breakfast. Outside, she could hear the children on their way to school, talking up the street, munching their breakfast as they went. Ellen May cut her a hunk of bread and butter and, throwing a hurried glance at her to see if she was fairly clean, sent her off.

Meanwhile Gran'ma had come out of her room and was creaking up the stairs to see what Ma wanted: the twins had climbed down and, joined by a younger brother, just toddling, set up a howl for food. Their sister, dispensing bread and butter and nibbling herself at a more thickly buttered bit, left them at last with some scraps of cake and the remains of a cold apple-pie. In the confusion of the yard she found another child hiding from school. Her she flew at and cuffed. The little girl began to cry, and immediately as if by some pre-arranged fraternal agreement of mutual defence, the three boys left their meal and yelled dismally in sympathy, until Gran'ma clattered down and weakly cut more bread and butter, scolding Ellen May for not keeping them quiet.

That was the usual morning for Ellen May. Though she was only eleven, the household duties seemed to devolve on her; for Gran'ma merely did what she felt inclined for, mostly pottering with a red watering can about her windowsill of ferns and everlastingly flowerless geraniums, and Ma had no sooner, it seemed, recovered from having one baby than she set about having another. The result was that, in spite of the eldest child's hard work, most things remained undone; which accounted perhaps for the stale, unwashed, dirty smell which the opened door exuded now and then into the street. Gran'ma, however, who preserved a little sitting-room of her own next to the kitchen, for warmth, managed somehow to be, or at any rate to appear, miraculously clean; and it was probably owing to her that at last some strange perspiring woman was sent for who set them all by the ears, while the house began to look as if an earthquake had devastated its interior, and Ellen May stubbornly watched the intruder with a dispassionate interest and criticism which was, if nothing else, annoying.

These most definite "cleanings up" took place usually just before a visit from Da—a person in-

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separably connected in the mind of Ellen May with the bristly "feel" of his huge moustache against her cheek and a richness of thick slabs of toffee deliciously unlike any that could be obtained in the village. Some mysterious "business" kept him mostly from home in a big town "up country," supremely interesting to the children if he was in the mood to tell of it. He came back to the village punctually with each occasion when his family was added to (there must have been other times, but none so definitely marked), a fascinating visitor whose good temper lasted barely as long as the sucked toffee, and after three or four days of growing resentment against him on the part of the children he left his wife to complain to the in-gathered neighbours of his perpetual absence, "not but what," as she said, it didn't make things easier to have no man to look after as well. The force of that "as well" was intensified by the squealing, fighting presence of innumerable offspring, all over the house.

On the morning before these momentous visits Ellen May was to be seen in a skirt and "chimmy," her dark hair done in two sickly "weaves" tied with dirty tape, vigorously rubbing away at the brass door handle and knocker. Her serious, occupied face, her stick-like arms and the busy waggle of her little thin figure did glean for her the pitying remarks of the neighbours, who at that time of day filled the street with flapping mats and clouds of dust. "Poor little skerrymudge" she indeed was, as she rubbed and scrubbed and rattled away. . . . And when she opened the door and slipped inside, Gran'ma's voice would be heard: "'Oo beat 'ee, my lover? I'll stop 'is ears for 'im, the young pest!" Then presently, as the uproar died down, would come, shrilly, "Ellen May! Ellen May! Where's she to . . .?" But Gran'ma was singularly delicate in her language, which seemed somehow to suit her white plastered hair and pink unruffled face; unlike her daughter who always for the slightest misdemeanour threatened the most horrible retaliation on her children's "guts." That was the distinction the children knew, and profited by: Gran'ma would scold and scold, but you could be certain that you wouldn't have to duck away. . . .

There were other distinctions, too, of visitors, smellable, tangible. The rank savour of cigars and, horribly, the greasy odour of the inside of caps pleasantly tickled them; and, to the touch, the soft hairy texture of a portly watch-bechained waistcoat of a wondrous plaid pattern which adorned the person of a venerable uncle appealed to their nestled cheeks almost as much as the strong surface of sailor serge did to a hand that ecstatically stroked it: a small enough excursion into the realms of sense, but which counted for much among the pleasures of their simple day. They gauged the standard of judgment for these visitors by how much they would stand, and for how long they would stand it—which, after all, brought them back again in their infantile reasoning to the fundamental and well-known distinction between Ma and Gran'ma.

But for Ellen May there were moments of relief when she set out, beyond reach of sudden summons, on an errand to the shops, falling in with a companion kept home from school perhaps for the washing, with whom she could indulge in her little elderly gossip . . . or on the beach when, amongst the children playing in the boats she could read at her leisure a book borrowed from Gran'ma's scant library . . . or when with the little ones well scrubbed and jerseyed she was to go up into the lanes and fields. Wearily preceding them she would go, her head still buried in the book, looking up now and again to call to her charges, "Come on 'ere!" or "Wipe yer nose!" invariably replied to by a prompt "Shan't, for you!" and then a kick and a scuffle, or a stone thrown, and she would fly, eyes darting, to keep them apart with threats of an immediate return.

At other times, when Ma was well, they would be taken out with her, clothed in all the terrific importance of "Sunday best," to the town close by, where the shopfronts had so magnetic an attraction for eyes—and for noses, too, which, if Ma left them outside, immediately glued themselves to the fascinating panes, and they would return in a dusk marvellously lighted, the youngest by now wailing at his mother's heels, dragging from a pace which seemed to make him fly out, his quick feet almost off the ground, as if carried by the very force of their walking—like a quite useless appendage streaming behind, just as Ma's flimsy scarf streamed out; while Ellen May pestered her with questions until told peremptorily to shut up. And then, at the very bottom of their street, Ma would become conscious of that jerky wailing, and, crying, "Are you tired, then, my 'andsome?" would pick him up amongst her parcels and carry him, soothed, past those inquisitive windows. . . . And sometimes Gran'ma would sail off, rustling in all the glory of a hoarded silk petticoat, on some vague mission about which she and Ma would converse in low tones on her return, but after which, dating from the immediate dispensation of sticky sweets, a comfortable sense of plenty descended for a time upon the household.

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These were but occasions, stamped with a vivid recollection that looked eagerly forward to their erratic and uncertain reappearance. They, and an infrequent funeral or wedding, were the movable feasts of the child's calendar. They fell, unexpectedly, like a sudden refreshing shower—just when Ma "felt like it." The other occasions, fixed beyond such mere arbitrary treatment, the village "feast," the town fair, school-treats and "galas," were altogether too magnificent to bear thinking of save during the few feverish days preceding them. They were her right; they had a promise, never yet quite fulfilled, of things so out of the ordinary, magical dipensaries of buns and biscuits, sweets and "fairings" and roundabouts, which bulged her little mind out of all proportion. She looked forward to these more "grown-up" functions, unable any longer (though she, too, had had her days of joys) to appreciate those simpler pleasures of her brothers who chased cats or, dizzily wavering about the street embarrassed by the choice of so many wonderful things to do, mimicked the cries of the vegetable-sellers as she worked. . . .

But at last after the day's labours the evening came, and the cries dwindled from the streets before the crisp sounds of night. The children scrambled about the kitchen, over the chairs, and on the table under the hanging lamp. Ellen May, in despair of her reading, packed them off to bed and stayed a little, her head propped over her book, while Gran'ma who had come silently in filled the kettles on the stove; and then herself, the last dish dried, mounted the stairs.

In the unfriendly light of the candle, which shot great ominous shadows into all the corners, she could see as she quickly undressed the twins sleeping peacefully. But Janie was snoring, her head thrown painfully back, and legs crumpled under the blankets. . . .

GERALD MILLER.

ON OUR DISLIKE OF THE THEATRE.

A great number of people have expressed disgust at the neglect of the theatre in this country, and many brave schemes have been offered for our amendment. But as yet no one has succeeded in persuading us into really liking the theatre. We would sooner hear Sir Herbert lecture than see him act, and our devotion to the younger generation of actresses is entirely satisfied by reading about them in the picture papers. Our indifference to the theatre is such that, apart from those who are professionally connected with the stage, there are but two kinds of men whose interest in the drama is in any way considerable.

One is a happy person whose child-like dreams of the theatre have never faded. Most of us are able to preserve something from the havoc wrought by experience. And just as there are men whose passion for detective stories even of the crudest is a never-failing source of relaxation, so also are there others capable of entering a theatre and leaving the manacles of worldly wisdom behind them. It remains a fairy place filled with bright lights and dream-like surprises. The ease with which a man of this kind is thrilled provokes the suspicion or derision of those of us who are unmoved. "I knew I should enjoy it even before the curtain went up!" was the remark of one of these easily entertained people as he recalled *The Belle of New York*. A child at its first pantomime could not have expressed a greater enthusiasm. Nor, perhaps, could the man in the pit who was observed to be weeping over a sentimental passage in one of our recent musical comedies, a passage for which the composer, as a countryman of William Byrd, might well hang his head in the halter of shame.

As a rule the born playgoer is unmarried. For him a visit to the theatre is a pleasure unalloyed. Never has he descended to the pious duty of escorting fiancées. He has never considered the theatre as a place where tired or rebellious wives may be taken by way of an outing and by chance be soothed. "To be taken out of oneself" is a phrase which has no meaning for a person for whom the theatre is the one spot in the world where he is able to find himself. Still more beyond his comprehension is the pomp and circumstance of taking one's family to the play. He is a happy, amiable person whose pleasures are self-contained. Usually he is a member of a club where playgoers foregather and where he spends many agreeable hours comparing reminiscent notes with his cronies. He will listen deferentially to the old gentleman in the corner who has only one notable claim upon life, namely, a recollection of Madame Vestris. Some day he will himself be transformed unprotesting into that old gentleman.

To this type of playgoer an interest in the theatre is instinctive. That of the other type is accidental and intellectual. Out of the moral and social unrest incident to Northern Europe was born a new playgoer who desires to carry his mundane discontent with him into his pleasures. His demand is for a play which, if

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it is capable of exhibiting happiness at all, must show that people can endure a stern Puritanical kind of satisfaction from the joys of life, provided they are sufficiently haunted by the wickedness of its economic and moral tyrannies. A new kind of *Reppresentazioni* was called into being for their benefit. Instead of being composed of joyful situations, however, it concerns the dismal lives of slum-landlords, strike-breakers, or has the object of showing the lamentable condition of a society which does not permit an adulterer to be a minister of state. Playgoers who care for this type of play have their clubs, too. But they are not clubs which would provide an arm-chair for the old gentleman who recalls Madame Vestris. The oratory heard there would be thrown away on him. If by chance he strayed in to hear it he would soon be lulled into a condition of semi-somnolence, and would blot out a dreary modern world by dreams of Madame Vestris.

Those who do not belong to either of these types of playgoers, that is, the majority of us, are apt to find the theatre a place of weary social pilgrimage. The thrill, which is after all the ultimate desire in playgoing, is so rarely found. The artistic limitations of play-making which entail that characters should "keep moving" disturbs a thoughtful man, while the fact that dialogue must be an uninterrupted stream enfuriates a man of action. Gratitude always exists at the back of our minds because the national characteristics of our countrymen prevent, or should prevent, them from becoming remarkable actors. That is our only consolation for the unalterable condition by which we seem fated to see our really great actors after they have passed their prime. One of the oldest objections to stage plays, that they are dangerously attractive, is another of those Puritanical notions which square very ill with the facts. It is not an excess of morality which is responsible for the comparatively small number of theatres supported by the vast population of our large cities. On the contrary, as has been justly observed, the voluptuary has a poor time in the theatre.

By strenuous efforts an actor-manager can provide a theatre with a tradition for a number of years. But the result of this is that one visit to the theatre will provide you with opportunities of seeing all the plays which are produced there during that actor-manager's régime. Irving would have chuckled if he had overheard the remark of a lady who was asked how she had enjoyed *Her Forbidden Marriage*, which was recently played at the theatre that was once his. "Very good," she said complacently. "Quite in the Lyceum style." A scheme for a National Theatre in England would prove a national success only if it provided us with a building where we could gaze abstractedly at the posters and pass on to a cinema.

HERBERT GARLAND.

REVIEWS.

HUSTLE AND ART.

Ivory Apes and Peacocks. By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.) 6s. net.

The hustler in the world of the spirit is new to us. After reading *Ivory Apes and Peacocks*, we are left with an impression of its author tearing through life on the front of an express train to thrills without end from kaleidoscopic flying scenery. Or it is as if he were a spectator enjoying the best effects at a sustained blaze of fireworks. Or, again, he may be imagined rushing about a flower garden, stopping breathlessly at particular blooms—and they are chiefly exotic blooms—which insist on his attention. "Give me my moments, you may keep your years," said the poet apostrophising Time, and the energetic Mr. Huneker—his very name is like a dynamo!—would thoroughly agree with him. He is withal fortunate in the quantity, if not always in the quality, of his moments. Most Americans, we firmly believe, hustle with the devil after them, not daring to stop. Mr. Huneker would stop if he thought the sensation worth while, but the experience would be a waste of time, there is so much in life for him to enjoy. The melancholy Jacques marvelled that "fools should be so deep contemplative." Mr. Huneker would retort at once that it is because they are fools. For him the visible world not only exists, it is alive all the time. "To burn always with this hard gemlike flame," says Pater, "to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Mr. Huneker burns in the manner of a naptha flare, and is enthusiastic rather than ecstatic, but at any rate he burns. We will say this for him also—that Epicurus would have thought twice before bundling him out of the garden. If not a resident therein, he would have been at least an occasional visitor. Pater might have invited him once in a twelvemonth. Not for such as Mr. Huneker was the famous *Conclusion* omitted from the second edition of *The Renaissance*. He would agree that, of the "various forms of enthusiastic activity," art gives the "highest quality." Whether the greatest art attracts him is another matter. He is a cosmopolitan modern of the moderns. Names unknown to the majority in music, painting, literature and the drama jostle one another in these pages. And for most of them the author has a quick and pithy judgment, though whether his judgments are of much importance is also another matter. Witness the way in which in a lengthy study of Conrad he dismisses *The Secret Agent* and Mrs. Verloc—

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Then there is Winnie Verloc in *The Secret Agent*, and her cockney sentiment and rancours. She is remarkably "realised," and is a pitiful apparition at the close. The detective Verloc, her husband, wavers as a portrait between reality and melodrama. The minor female characters, her mother and the titled lady patron of the prophet Michaelis, are no mere supernumeraries.

This of a great novel and of Conrad's great female creation is the sort of criticism one expects from the popular "literary" weeklies. We must, however, do Mr. Huneker the justice to say that he is not always so superficial. He expresses memorable ideas, he creates a desire for the acquaintaince of many of the artists he mentions, and his book, when all is said, is a book to read.

THE BASKISH VERB.

Keys to the Baskish Verb in Leizarraga's New Testament, A.D. 1571, *being an Analytical Quotational Synopsis of the* 1,673 *Forms found in St. John's Gospel, The Acts, The Letters to the Romans, the Corinthians, and St. Titos, those of St. James and St. Peter and the Apocalypse.* By E. S. DODGSON, M.A. London. 1915. 30s. net.

This book is the latest instalment of an Analytical Concordance or Synopsis of the Verbal Forms used in the Baskish New Testament of Jean de Leizarraga, printed in 1571. The work, as Mr. Dodgson informs us, was begun in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris in the autumn of 1889, and specimens of it have been published at intervals. "Some of these are rehandled in this volume blended with others never printed before, and the whole embracing about half the New Testament, is offered to Comparative Philologists" (p. 604). The plan adopted by the author corresponds to that employed in the familiar Hebrew and Greek analytical concordances to the Old and New Testaments. The parsing of the forms is given in French, and their meaning is explained in English, each quotation being provided with the corresponding French version of the passage in question taken "from 'Se Nouveau Testament,' printed by I. Faure at Lyon in 1566." The work therefore furnishes scholars with material for constructing a grammar of the Basque language as it appeared at this particular epoch in its history. Mr. Dodgson promises us an "analytical index to the whole of Leizarraga's verb" (p. 694). By comparing the forms of the Leizarragan verb with the dialectical varieties of the present-day language, it might be possible to lay the foundations of an historical grammar of the Basque language. An analysis of the forms as they occur in the older literature would perhaps enable students to test the various theories that have been broached respecting the affinities of Basque. The view propounded by the late Mr. Robert Ellis was that this language was related to the Caucasian group (*Sources of the Etruscan and Basque Languages*, London, 1886). This would seem to imply that Basque was the last surviving western member of a primitive family of languages extending from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic, to which family it has been proposed to give the name Iberian. It is just possible that the Sumerian, the primitive language of Babylonia, belongs to the same group. If this be the case, then the area occupied by these languages in the earliest times would have been limited on the east by the Caucasus and the mountain ranges and deserts of Persia. It may be conjectured that the original home of the Sumerians was in the mountainous region of Armenia, around the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates—the Sumerian hieroglyph for "country" representing a range of mountains. From this centre they would have moved south along the banks of the two rivers, till they reached the sea, the limit of their migration, where they for the first time established a permanent settlement. The affinity of Sumerian to Basque has been indicated in a general way by Prof. Hommel, and in greater detail by Ernst Bonnell (*Weissbach*: *Die Sumerische Frage*, p. 132). Certain correspondences may be mentioned which would seem to support this theory, but whether they are more than mere coincidence cannot be decided at the present stage of linguistic research. Basque *zu* (second person singular pronoun suffix), Sumerian *zae* (pronounced *zö*). B. *eduki*, "to have"; S. *tug* (id.). B. *-ra*, "to, towards"; S. *-ra* (id.). B. *-ko*, "of"); S. *-ka*, *-ge* (id.). B. *ta*, "with" (instrumental); S. *-ta* (id.). B. *z* (sign of the second and third person plural of the imperfect); S. *zu-ne-ne* (used for the possessive of the second and third person plural) (Weissbach, *l.c.*, p. 163). B. *lav-*, "four"; S. *lamma* (id.). B. *uri*, "village"; S. *uru*, "town." B. *gai*, "night"; S. *gé* (id.). B. *iz*, "fire"; S. *izi* (id.). These instances are, of course, too few to be of much value for the purposes of scientific comparison, though they might easily be supplemented. In any case, the safest course in all investigations of this kind is to refer to documentary evidence, such as that provided in Mr. Dodgson's work, and by comparing the separate forms to ascertain the principles governing the phonology of the language.

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SHORTER NOTICES.

The First Temptation of St. Anthony. Translated by RENE FRANCIS, and illustrated from drawings by KATHARINE LOW. (Duckworth.) 15s. net.

Here for the first time in English is the earlier version of Flaubert's masterpiece with Mons. Bertrand's interesting apologia for the publication of the 1849-56 MS., and a brief introduction by the translator. It is a handsome volume, and we must congratulate Miss Francis on the excellence of her translation. The high priest of the *mot juste* would himself have approved it, we think. In the matter of the illustrations, however, the publishers have much to answer for. The army of young women influenced by Beardsley has of late years assumed alarming proportions. Imitation of that sinister genius would seem to be the easiest form of flattery. Without the drawings the book would be perfect.

The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide. By MARY F. SANDARS. (Stanley Paul.) 16s. net.

Of the Consort of William the Fourth Miss Sandars remarks:—

> "It is nowadays the fashion to consider Queen Adelaide a nonentity; but she loomed large in the eyes of her contemporaries. She had reformed William; she was in part responsible in the eyes of the people for a change from a state of things which had outraged public morality. She signified—in contra-distinction to the detested Lady Conyngham—the placing of what would in those days have been termed the 'virtuous female' in her rightful position."

There was little of the heroic about this unfortunate lady, and therefore she figured amid her squalid surroundings in a way that is apt to rejoice the hearts of those who add cynicism to wickedness and who are eager to find evidence of the dulness which they imagine is inseparably associated with virtuous females. It would have been easy to use rhetoric in regard to the state into which the Court circle had descended at the time when this Princess was brought from her native Saxe-Meiningen to take her place among English Royalties, but rhetoric is avoided by Miss Sandars in her quiet and tactful biographical method. She devotes a chapter to the prevailing conditions of London wherein she recounts many of their social and economic horrors, but we think she omits a consideration of the fact that at this time the Court circle still continued to embody something which was alien to the lingering robustness and lack of sentimentalism of the country as a whole. We do not agree with her when she remarks that "in forms of expression, even in point of view, the Englishman of ninety or a hundred years ago differed little from ourselves." In dealing with the life itself of Queen Adelaide Miss Sandars has brought her practised hand to bear upon a subject which might otherwise have proved an unenviable task. But by a careful handling of her materials and her agreeable style she has made an interesting book. The volume is richly illustrated with portraits and a most interesting series of caricatures of the time.

Footnotes to Life. By FRANK CRANE, D.D. (Lane.) 3s. 6d. net.

> "These little articles," says the author of this book, "have been written for the People, who love Thought, and play with Philosophy, and speculate about God . . . fully as much as the Elect. They were published daily in some thirty newspapers in the United States and Canada, having in total about ten million readers."

Here, therefore, we are confronted by some of the models which our own Press have recently copied when presenting us with the outpourings of those whom editors are pleased to call "spiritual leaders." As regards the book itself it is certainly worthy of note that ten million readers should swallow such stuff. The publisher has performed a service in allowing us to see in bulk what in a casually-read newspaper column might seem innocuous and merely foolish. In this way are we enabled to measure the total effect of this daily expression of a writer whose looseness of thought (of course he is impelled to spell the word with a capital T), and whose odd twists of morality are illustrative enough of the dire extremities to which those people are driven who pose as being "broad-minded," and whose efforts are mainly concerned with an elaborate evasion of a direct acceptance of Christianity. The average quality of this Doctor of Divinity's wares may be judged by the following extracts:—

> "Goodness is frequently a question of adjustment. Morality itself cannot be composed of set rules."
>
> "The United States does not go to church as much as did the Middle Ages, but we have a deal more Faith in what the Church is supposed to stand for—Righteousness."
>
> "It is not truth we want in art. It is beauty." (P. 167.)
>
> "If you want to produce a good work of art you have only to tell the truth." (P. 197.)
>
> "It is wonderful to see how a great genius, despised in his time, advances after he is dead to the undisputed sway of all men until opposition ceases, and he takes his throne by universal consent. Only one or two first-class musicians acknowledged the ability of Wagner living; no one would dare to question the supremacy of Wagner dead. Jesus was rejected by the crowd, and executed by the authorities, but who to-day questions his moral grandeur or his spiritual dominion? When any man has won over the world I cannot afford to turn away from him. . . . If I cannot enjoy Bacon's essays I must wrestle with them until they bless me."

We have selected the least offensive example of Dr. Crane's sense of values. And here is the worthy doctor on reviewers:—

> "I am unclassified. . . . Reviewers insist upon classification. If you will not choose to belong to anywhere they will put you somewhere *vi et armis*."

We can only remark that when reviewers have forgotten their classifications they and logic will have parted company. They will have joined that vast army of "thoughtful people" who endeavour to cover

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up a lack of the reasoning faculty by pretending to be free-lances, who ape religion in order to tickle the irreligious, who ape irreligion in order to soothe the conscience of an impious age, and who finally succeed in cheapening and coarsening every religious inpulse they touch.

I Pose. By STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan.) 5s. net.

The war has been very unfortunate for Miss Benson. Not only was her book composed amid pre-war conditions, but it is a work which would have proved of inestimable value in stimulating conversation at tea-parties, which, alas, cannot now flourish in their erstwhile popularity. Nevertheless, it is a work which, in the words of her publisher, "may be expected to attract attention." For Miss Benson has succeeded in expressing the sentiments of a clever and untamed younger generation which always insists upon the privileges of driving greybeards into an acute state of wrath. She writes with the pen of an impudent and assertive young woman who is unwilling to spare anyone from the shafts of a logical and spiteful wit. For our part we are prepared to preserve a benevolent neutrality and to welcome this first effort because it contrives to be a lively and an individual expression—in these days an uncommon achievement.

The Jolly Duchess. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul.) 16s. net.

If of the making of many books such as *The Jolly Duchess* there is no end, it is none the less true that some of them are interesting enough to justify their existence at a time when a desire for occasional forgetfulness of the war is not unreasonable. Mr. Pearce's account of the Duchess of St. Albans is of this order, and his own excuse for the making of it is therefore scarcely needed. Harriett Mellon, he says,

> was as much under the public as Mrs. Coutts as she was as Harriett Mellon, and probably no one occupied a more prominent place in society than she did. The newspapers were never tired of chronicling her doings, some of them not always in a complimentary tone, and after she became the Duchess of St. Albans the satirists considered they had full scope for their pens. It follows that the life of Harriett Mellon can hardly be considered apart from the time in which she lived, and it is this aspect, we venture to think, which justifies an attempt to picture not only her own distinctive personality, but her surroundings, both of the stage and of society.

The Jolly Duchess is full of good stories. We like the following of an actress of the period who had not taken the trouble to learn her part, and insolently insisted on reading it to a naturally aggrieved audience.

> Mrs. Montague flew into a passion, and placing herself in a tragedy attitude, she exclaimed: "So I may not be permitted to read the *Queen*?" "No—no—no! Off—off—off!" "Well, then," she retorted, "curse you all!" and threw the book into the pit and made her exit.

Such stories incline us to lament the passing of "the good old days." Our modern Montagues have sold their charming wilfulness for a mess of society pottage.

My Year of the War. By FREDERICK PALMER. (Murray.) 6s. net.

We gather from the newspapers that Mr. Palmer is at present lecturing in the United States of America. Englishmen will not be sorry that so able a writer and so whole-hearted an admirer of England is telling his countrymen the truth as he sees it, and thereby doing much to counteract the false impressions created by Germans and German sympathisers. We advise them to read this book of his if only to recapture a thrill badly quenched of late by the pessimists. England is still a land to be proud of, and many readers will be grateful to Mr. Palmer for reminding them of it. No "neutral" he, indeed! "It hurt sometimes," he says, "that we also could not be in the fight for the good cause, particularly after the *Lusitania* was sunk, when my own feelings had lost all semblance of neutrality." And, again, *apropos* an anecdote of the *Inflexible's* chaplain at the Falklands battle, he goes on to remark: "It was not the British who needed his prayers that day, but the Germans. Personally, I think the Germans are more in need of prayers at all times, because of the damnable way they act." And Mr. Palmer, unlike President Woodrow Wilson, has seen how "they act.' He journeyed through Belgium and French Lorraine after the German invasion. He has known intimately Bosche, Briton, and Frenchman under circumstances which do not admit of illusion. If any person has any doubts as to the necessity for stamping out a monstrous idea, this book will serve to dispel them. Apart from this, it is the most interesting book on the war we have yet come across. Mr. Palmer is a vivid and vigorous writer, and as—thanks to the Censor—dulness in descriptive press accounts of the operations is our daily portion, *My Year of the War* will be welcomed by all who read it, and we hope for a speedy issue of a cheap edition that will enable a wider audience to enjoy its interest and profit by its wisdom.

A Short History of English Printing, 1476-1900. By HENRY R. PLOMER. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

The Binding of Books. By HERBERT P. HORNE. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

The re-issue of these two volumes, together with the rest of the "Books about Books" series, is important and timely. Bibliography is a branch of knowledge with which all scholars must at least scrape an acquaintance. And it is perhaps a characteristic of a country which allows the special bibliographies of two of its greatest writers, Shakespeare and Bacon, to be in the French and German languages, that to acquire an ordinary working knowledge of bibliography should have been only possible through the small mercies of encyclopædias or by wading through a quantity of books containing isolated passages of interest. In fact, until Mr. McKerrow's contribution to the last volume of the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society* on "Bibliographical Evidence for Literary Students" (which in this form is inaccessible to students), there was no elementary work in a compact form. These two books by Mr. Plomer and Mr. Horne may be said, therefore, to assist in filling a cavity. In a work which covers so wide a field as Mr. Plomer's it is inevitable that there should be omissions—that is, if one goes out of one's way to look for them. We notice, for instance, that in his reference to secret presses he mentions only one secret Jesuit press in the seventeenth century, that at East Ham, and makes no mention of

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Southwell's press under the protection of Lady Arundel. Also he does not mention John Wolf's disguised issue of the works of Macchiavelli for export to Italy after they had been placed on the Index. But omissions of this kind are unavoidable, and it is a matter for surprise that there should be so few. Mr. Plomer is to be congratulated on the balance he preserves in the treatment of his large subject. When one considers the extreme difficulty of his task, that of selecting from and compressing the work of specialists—among whose researches his own figures with distinction—one realises the success with which his task has been accomplished. Mr. Horne's book is necessarily less of a compilation, but a work of this kind required his considerable knowledge of authorities, as well as the additional practical knowledge gained in his extensive experience as a specialist on bindings. We are surprised to note, by the way, that in his interesting summary of authorities at the beginning there is no reference to Mr. Weale. The book is very readable, which is rare in works of this kind, and is embellished by several interesting reproductions.

The Heart of the Hills. By JOHN FOX. (Constable.) 2s. net.

"But before midnight Jason and Mavis fared forth pillion-fashion again. Only, Jason too rode sidewise every now and then that he might clasp her with one arm and kiss her again and again under the smiling old moon. Through the lights and noise of the mighty industry that he would direct, they passed and climbed on.

"Soon only lights showed that their grimy little working world was below. Soon they stood on the porch of their own little home. To them there the mighty on-sweeping hills sent back their own peace, God-guarded, and never to be menaced by the hand of man. And there, clasped in each other's arms, their spirits rushed together, and with the spiral of smoke from their own hearthstones, went upward."

Et cetera.

Because of Phœbe. By KATE HORN. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

"Hughie," whispered Anne that night, with her head on his shoulder, "I can't help it, but I love you so much more now that you are—are not as strong as a horse! Women are like that, you know!"

"Are they?" said Hugh Bentley; "then thank God for His gift of womanhood."

Et cetera.

The Story of Julia Page. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. (Murray.) 6s.

Julia turned up her face for a kiss. "Run and wash your hands, Doctor, dear!" said she.

"Yes—and what are you going to do?" Jim asked jealously.

"I'm going to wait for you right here, and we'll go down together," she said pacifically. Jim took another kiss.

"Happy?" he asked.

Just as he had asked her a thousand times in the last four years. And always she had answered him, as she did now:

"Happiest woman in the world, Jim!"

Et cetera.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

VERSE.

The Battle of the World. George Weddell. (Elliot Stock.) 6d. net.
Mater Dolorosa. A. E. G. (Heinemann.) 1s. net.
Rivers to the Sea. Sara Teasdale. (Macmillan.) 5s. 6d. net.
Odd Creatures. Capt. Kendall. (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net.
War Poems. Constance Powell. (Maunsel.) 6d. net.

FICTION

Thirteen Stories. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth.) 2s. 6d. net.
Laddie. Gene Stratton-Porter. (Murray.) 2s. 6d. net.
In the Heart of the Hills. John Fox. (Constable.) 2s. net.
The Fortunes of Garin. Mary Johnston. (Constable.) 6s.
Upsidonia. Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.
Pootli. Ardeshir F. J. Chinoy. (Werner Laurie.) 6s.
Because of Phœbe. Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.

GENERAL.

Wars of the Olden Times. Alfred H. Miles. (Stanley Paul.) 5s.
The Kingdom of Winding Road. Cornelia Meigs. (Macmillan.) 5s. net.
Prehistoric Man and His Story. Prof. G. Scott Elliott, M.A. (Seeley Service.) 7s. 6d. net.
A Journey with a Knapsack. Reginald Rogers. (Ouseley.) 3s. 6d. net.
The New Empire Partnership. P. and A. Hurd. (Murray.) 6s. net.
Oxford. Andrew Lang. (Seeley Service.) 12s. 6d. net.
A Naturalist in Madagascar. James Sibree, F.R.G.S. (Seeley Service.) 16s. net.
My Year of the War. Frederick Palmer. (Murray.) 6s. net.
Over There. Arnold Bennett. (Methuen.) 1s. net.
I Pose. Stella Benson. (Macmillan.) 5s. net.
The Scottish Friend of Frederick the Great. Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, F.R.H.S. 2 vols. (Stanley Paul.) 24s.
His Lady's Response. Letters by E. M. Akers-Douglas. (St. Catherine's Press.) 1s. net.
The Last King of the New France. Alexandre Dumas. (Stanley Paul.) 2 vols. 24s. net.
Myths and Legends of Ancient France. Lewis Spence. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.
La Vita Nuova. Rossetti's translation, illustrated by Evelyn Paul. (Harrap.) 10s. 6d. net.
A Little House in War Time. Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Constable.) 6s.
The Sleepy Song Book. With music, words, and pictures. (Harrap.) 6s. net.
William Butler Yeats. J. M. Hone. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.
Towards a Lasting Settlement. Edited by C. R. Buxton. (Allen and Unwin.) 2s. 6d. net.
Ivory Apes and Peacocks. James Huneker. (Werner Laurie.) 6s. net.
Letters from a Field Hospital. Mabel Dearmer. (Macmillan.) 2s. 6d. net.
The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide. Mary F. Sandars (Stanley Paul.) 16s. net.
Isabella D'Este. Julia Cartright. (Murray.) 2 vols. 12s. net.
The Arts in Early England. Baldwin Brown. (Murray.) 2 vols. 21s. net each.
South-West Africa. A. F. Calvert. (Werner Laurie.) 5s. net.
The Balkan League. J. E. Gueshoff. (Murray.) 2s. 6d. net.
John Ferguson. A Play. St. John Ervine. (Maunsel.) 2s. net.
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The Fringes of the Fleet. Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) 6d. net.

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Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C.*

WAR-TIME PERSONS.

I. THE ASS.

The enemy without—and he within!
You meet him on the stairs of your high tower
All simpers. At his nose he hath a flower,
Upon his tongue cheap honey; and his chin
Waggeth for ever. If we lose or win—
Please don't talk war! The witty luncheon hour,
The joyous week-end! Good souls, who could sour
So blithe a spirit, or prick so sleek a skin?

Cheerfullest wight! It is his constant whim
To beam on Fate. All that he asks is love,
A salad, a glass of wine, music that charms,
A book, a friend, and "the blue sky above"—
And underneath, the everlasting arms
Of them that toil and groan and bleed for him.

T. W. H. C.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

HERE is the real "old ACADEMY"—at a penny, instead of threepence. Other people's prices threaten to go up, "owing to the increased cost of paper." Lest any soaring human person should say at the final summing that we barred him from the light, because he couldn't afford threepence, we descend to the price of the *Times*, and look Fate unwinkingly in the face. If you want to know the truth about poetry, *belles lettres*, criticism, literary journalism and kindred high matters, now is your chance!

In the piping day of peace, and while yet a weekly, our esteemed contemporary, the *Athenæum*, announced that it proposed for the future, as in the past, "to reflect the literary fashions." That was a great ambition, and must have encouraged the souls of the fashionable writing and publishing fraternities—the Paquins and Peter Robinsons of Parnassus, so to speak. But for ourselves—we have other fish to fry. The fact that the literary *modes* have latterly stood in a similar relation to literature as the sumptuary *modes* sometimes stand to reasonable dressing, need not trouble us. Are we Miss Jinkins in "the Millinery" that we should tip, adjust, or otherwise arrange the cheval-glass for the "authoress" of "The Third Wife's Sister," or Mr. Smeek, of the "sartorial *atelier*," that we should perform a like office for the obese composer of "Sonnets *that* Took Such a Fearful Lot of Writing"? We trow not!

And now to business. According to all accounts, there is a Shakespeare Tercentenary afoot. The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P., S.R.T., is taking part, and so is everybody else, including Miss Marie Corelli. It is the custom either to take these affairs heavily or to treat them as a sort of delicate joke. In point of fact, they are all to the good. The people of England cannot have too much Shakespeare thrust upon them, whether now, or at any other time. We are glad to note that the *Daily Mirror*, of all sheets in the world, has been printing poetry about Shakespeare day by day for a whole week or more, and survives to smile at the ancient and fish-like theories as to what "the public want." On Saturday our contemporary actually took its life in its hands and gave the public Meredith!—

> Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured
> He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
> Of human passions, but of love deflowered
> His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
> Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
> The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
> Calm as the god who the white sea-wave whips,
> Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
> Close mirrors of us: thence had he the laugh
> We feel is thine: broad as ten thousand beeves
> At pasture! thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
> From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
> Whirl, if they have no response—they enforced
> To fatten Earth when from her soul divorced.

We have not heard that the *Mirror* has been burnt on the Stock Exchange, or banned at the Board schools in consequence.

The plain truth is that nothing can be too good for the public, which, taken in the lump, is possessed of a great deal more mentality than the persons who profess to "write down" to it.

We opened a *Daily Mail* the other morning, and our heart jumped as we read the headline:

SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS.

But, after all, it was only Whibley.

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The *Weekly Dispatch* has been asking the very eminent what Shakespeare "has meant to them?" George Moore, S.R.T., began his reply thus:

> I have been asking myself all this morning what Shakespeare has meant to me, but my soul gives back no answer. It is true that I have listened to the plays for the sake of the language, which has often seemed to me as beautiful as the language used in Wagner's "Ring."

The Germans will doubtless thank Gussie's brother for that sweet compliment. Max Pemberton's answer ran, "Shakespeare has meant to me 'the book' in which lies the wisdom and beauty of all other books." Didn't Pemberton furnish "the book" for one of the earlier Hippodrome shows? The *Weekly Dispatch* appears to have omitted to ask E. V. Lucas, S.R.T. (also late of the Hippodrome) what Shakespeare means to *him*. Perhaps he will be telling us in the *Star* before the May meetings are over. A statement on the subject by the man Harris, author of "The Man Shakespeare," might likewise be interesting just now.

The *Outlook*, "under new proprietorship," has a serious sonnet, which finishes as follows:

> Yet, some while,
> The judge must cease to be compassionate
> If we persist in adding to the pile.

And the sonnet is signed by a gentleman who rejoices in the fine old banking name of Coutts.

From the advertisement columns of the same journal we take this:

> Mills and Boon issue a Popular 1s. net Edition of Harold Begbie's
>
> A LONDON GIRL.
>
> The Bishop of London says: "I have lately been reading a story which interested and impressed me very much indeed. All you men ought to read it. It was called 'A London Girl.' The picture painted in it made a great impression on me, because I know from my own experience in rescue and preventive work that the story is literally true. It is the story of the downfall of hundreds of our girls in London to-day. The pitiful tale is not overdrawn; it is all too true."

A bishop with time on his hands to read a *Lloyd's Newspaper* serial in the middle of Armageddon, excites the fancy. We are not a bishop, but we can assure "you men," that though stories of "the downfall of our girls" may be a Boon, even Thomas Hardy, O.M., S.R.T., cannot, in our opinion, make them a blessing, and that anybody really desirous of an expansion of the mind and an uplifting of the spirit will do much better out of the Book of Job or the Epistles of Paul the Apostle than they will out of Begbie.

We have not read "A London Girl." It may be, and probably is, a work of high moral import for unsuspecting innocence; but if its subject is correctly reflected in the Bishop of London's encomium, we say flatly that the simplest of us can get along admirably without it. Despite the creditable motives of their authors and fugle-men, it is a question whether books of this nature ever accomplish any real good. On the other hand, they have been known to assist in the development of the very evils they are designed to combat; whilst, as literature, of course, they are usually past thinking about. Begbie and the Bishop of London dabbling in stories of "downfalls," true or fictional, will worry many good people.

"No," says a well-known publisher, "I wouldn't say that the war is actually crippling the publishing business, but it certainly is affecting it. The publishers are not publishing as many books as they would in times of peace, and they are especially timid about publishing expensive books. The publication of fifteen shilling art books, those sumptuous confections that used to be especially popular in the holiday seasons, has stopped entirely. Nearly all books of fiction that are published are low-priced; the expensive novels are not published because it would not be worth while to put them on the market."

All this to *London Opinion*. Of course, nothing can cripple the publishing trade, which, when you come to think of it, has the monopoly of the non-journalistic reading of the country, and on the whole has abused that monopoly in the most flagrant way. With the publishing trade, questions of price are ever the great topic. Quality is a horse most distinctly not to be backed, till after he has gone to the knacker, when you turn on a "popular" novelist to write patronising prefaces about him, and sell him for all you are worth. With a few notable exceptions (and some of these are not by any means so notable as they might be), the literary tradition has died out of the publishing houses. For the most part they are now mere purveyors of fiction—"low-priced," and lower-thoughted. And this sublime condition of things is not in any sense "a result of the war." It existed long before Wilhelm II. went mad, and it will continue to exist long after we have him safely trussed up in a strait-waistcoat.

All the cackle about the regenerations which are to come upon "literature" by way of the present "world chaos"—we thank thee, Northcliffe, for that blinding phrase—is cackle and nothing more. We were told eighteen months ago that "the war would kill the sex novel." Since then one of the biggest firms in the trade has been prosecuted for publishing the usual "work of art." And some of the stuff which can still be obtained at every street corner for a shilling renders it abundantly evident that one may go tremendous lengths in the "art" line without at all ruffling the delicate susceptibilities of the police. We are not squeamish, and we have no more delight in censorships than the devil is said to have in holy water; but we say once more what we have been saying ever since we began to trail a critical pen.

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that of two things important to humanity—namely, Art and Decency—Decency is vastly the more important.

It is not only in this particularly scandalous direction that what we may term the "popular" section of the publishing trade goes wrong. Though fiction, clean or unclean, is its stand-by—the pig, as it were, that pays the rent—there are other forms of undesirability out of which bright shillings may be made. Biography, reminiscence, essays, works which profess to be purely scientific, and even poetry and criticism, can be smirched with the touch which by a euphemism is said to "help sales," and from time to time that touch makes itself only too discreditably apparent. One sees continually recommended in the Press books which bear in their very titles the condemnation of their right of existence. Yet the publisher has published; the price is anything from half a guinea to thirty-one-and-sixpence; the advertisement department must be "supported," and the reviewer, poor beggar, "knows his job," and how useful tuppence a line really is to a man with a family. And so the mill goes merrily round.

From this same *London Opinion* we gather that some publishers are being hit by the war in a personal sense. For example:—

> Martin Secker applied to the tribunals recently for exemption; he is publishing books that are earning royalties for authors who are away on active service, and has no one he can leave in charge of his business. But because he has a partner, even though the partner has no practical acquaintance with the trade, exemption was refused.
>
> Herbert Jenkins is another publisher who is liable to serve. Meanwhile his staff has gone. "I am," he says, "keeping my own books, and occasionally have had to wrap up my own parcels. I have not yet gone out to deliver any, but there is no knowing what one may come to nowadays."

There is an accent of complaint here, which is not pretty. Why shouldn't a hefty young publisher "do his bit" for the country of his love along with the rest of them? Is it Mr. Secker who is earning the royalties of authors away on active service? And why shouldn't Mr. Jenkins' staff go, like other people's staffs, and why shouldn't he tie up his own parcels? It is an absolute fact that if the publishing trade as a whole were to be shut down from to-morrow until the end of the war, England would not be a penny the worse. Rather would such a shutting down be a clear gain to the community. In war-time paper used to print fiction upon is waste; labour used to "handle" and disseminate fiction would be better employed in munition factories; and as for our general supplies of reading matter, we say that there is a great deal more value in the old, which cannot be taken from us, than there is ever likely to be in the new, which is the staple of the publishing houses.

The money which has been spent on trivial books since the beginning of the war runs into millions. Let us suppose that there are only five hundred bookshops in the United Kingdom, and that the average turnover of each is £50 weekly. In fifty-two weeks that means £1,300,000 gone on what is at best a luxury and at worst next door to a vice. We note that Mr. Clement Shorter, with certain other literary people, has signed an appeal to the public, which suggests that, with a view to helping on the war, we should go without meat on a Thursday and drink nothing alcoholic on Mondays. Very right and proper. But to go without the latest bookstall shillingsworth, and the latest footling six-shillingsworth "that everybody is talking about," would be vastly more to the point. Women are especially prone to this mania for devouring rubbish. They call it being "fond of books" and imagine that it is creditable to them. Of course, they are as anxious that "the war should be prosecuted to a successful issue" as any lawyer that ever slapped an honest waistcoat. By all accounts, they have been helping, and are still helping, magnificently. Let them help further, and "cut out" the new novel. Then the poor, dear publishers will have no parcels to tie, and no authors' royalties to worry about, and they can go off to the trenches, or wherever glory leads them, with perfectly easy minds.

Of course, both Mr. Secker and Mr. Jenkins are doubtless just as good patriots and as keen on getting one in on the enemy as the next man, and we know nothing evil about their respective publications. Our point is that no publisher of them all is entitled to exemption for either himself or his staff on the mere ground that he, or they, happen to be engaged in publishing; especially as, argue as one may to the contrary, publishing is, nowadays, largely a matter of selling fiction. The books which may be credited with having been of service to us in rousing our energies or strengthening our *moral* during this present war-time might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Literature has failed lamentably to blow anything really stirring or inspiring out of the martial trumpet; the silver call has not been sounded, the heartening blast has been withheld. And we have had to fall back on Acts of Parliament.

Such of the foregoing remarks as might seem to be capable of application to newspapers, equally with books, are not intended so to be applied. Newspapers are necessary for the dissemination and discussion of current facts. It is proper to buy them, and proper to read them, even if one cannot always believe them. Spend your ha'pence by all means; but put your shillings net, your six shillings ordinary, and your library subscriptions into the War Loan. They will soon tot up, and Mr. McKenna is sure to be there with the five per cent. (or whatever it is) all correctly computed and ready for you.

It is curious to observe that MacDonagh, of whom one never heard in his life-time, is now being freely spoken of as "the poet MacDonagh," "Mr. MacDonagh,

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the well-known Irish poet," and so on. The *Nation*, which describes him as "Mr. Thomas MacDonagh, one of those who signed the manifesto proclaiming an Irish Republic and has since been shot," reprints a poem of his which originally appeared in our contemporary's columns seven years ago. We quote the concluding stanzas:—

> And, sure, 'tis the fools of knowledge who feign that the winds of the world
> Are but troubles of little calms by the greater calm enfurled;
> I know them for symbols of glory and echoes of one Voice dread,
> Sounding where spacious tempests house the great-hearted dead.
>
> And what but a fool was I, crying defiance to death?
> Who will lead my soul from this calm to mingle with God's very breath!
> Who will lead me hither, perchance, while you are waiting here still,
> Sighing for thought of one when the winds are out on the hill.

Palpably, this might pass for poetry of a sort. It has a certain force and "cry" of its own, even if the general effect be inchaotic. But the appellation "poet" should not be lightly bestowed at any time, and we cannot help thinking that those journalists who are so keen about bestowing it on Thomas MacDonagh do an ill service to letters (which won't worry them) and a worse service to right thinking (which will worry them less still). The late Mrs. Piercy, and, if our memory serves us, the late Mr. Charles Peace, wrote passable verses while actually lying under sentence of death. One can discriminate between the crimes of these worthies and the crime of MacDonagh, if it be worth the trouble, just as one can discriminate among their "poetry." On the other hand, a criminal is a criminal, and it is not good that the unreflecting world should be invited, either by implication or otherwise, to suppose that MacDonagh was any the less a traitor (and of the double-dyed variety at that) because he happens to have possessed some of the skill and passion requisite to the production of middling verse.

The current issue of the *Nation* (dated Saturday, May, 6, 1916) is, to all intents, little else than a tract on the side of sundry kinds of rebelliousness. In addition to the MacDonagh poem (which is printed without a word to indicate either disapproval of the author's treason, or approval of his punishment), the Editor publishes a plea for the merciful consideration of the lapses of Sir Roger Casement, which we think would have come with much better grace from counsel for the defence at the impending trial than from our contemporary or its correspondent, H. W. Nevinson. Casement is to be tried by the Lord Chief Justice of England and two other Judges, and we take it that there will be a Jury. Does the *Nation* imagine that it can influence English Judges or an English Jury by allowing Nevinson to "tell your readers of the admiration felt for Sir Roger Casement before the war by myself and very many of the men and women whom I most respect"? Of course not! Then why not leave the matter in the hands of those appointed to deal with it?

And what are we to make of this sort of thing?

> We congratulate the Government on the speedy and ignominious downfall of the Irish *émeute*, but we record with deep concern the trial and execution by court-martial of three of the signatories of the manifesto of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic. . . Clemency would have been a high political virtue at such an hour. There was the American situation now in its most delicate and important phase. *We must expect it to be inflamed against us* when the tale of these executions has been presented in the States with the real and simulated passion of the Clanna-Gael and its German friends. . . Have we lacked canonised Irish rebels that we must manufacture more?

The *Nation* chooses to ignore the real issue. If what has been happening in Ireland had taken place in peace time, "clemency" and "magnanimity" might have been all very well, and would doubtless have been forthcoming. But nobody in his senses can pretend to deny that "the Irish *émeute*" was really a German *émeute*. "Germany plotted it," says Mr. Redmond, "Germany paid for it." The lesson which has been so swiftly and sternly read out is for Germany, and not for Irish nationalism at all. On one page our contemporary bemoans the fate of "Professor Pearse [of what University was he professor, pray?], Mr. Clarke, an old Fenian [poor old gentleman!], and Mr. MacDonagh, the poet" (never commanded any armed rebels, and didn't order or connive at any sniping of British soldiers and harmless citizens in Dublin streets, didn't "Mr. MacDonagh, the poet," you know), and on another page tells us that—

> for many weeks past in Dublin there has been talk *of a deliberate attempt on the part of some official at the Castle to provoke an outbreak of violence.* The rioting of a handful of corner boys was magnified into an armed rising, *and the precautions taken to prevent a recurrence were on such a scale that the Irish Volunteers began to prepare in earnest.* If the Castle authorities were right, it is difficult to understand how, with such a warning weeks ago, they allowed the present rising to reach a head at all. *If, on the other hand, the exaggeration was deliberate and intentional, the unpreparedness is readily explained.*

The italics are ours. The rest is the *Nation's*, and published by the *Nation*—not in Zurich or Stuttgart or Berlin, but at 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. If this ill-expressed comment means anything at all, it means:—

> (1) That it may have been an official of Dublin Castle who plotted the very rising against the recurrence of which Dublin Castle took precautions.
>
> (2) That in view of the "scale" of these precautions (whatever that may mean), it was only natural in the Irish Volunteers (not "rebels," mind you, but respectable "Volunteers") to make preparations for ensuring a recurrence.
>
> (3) That if the authorities knew that what they had magnified into an armed rising was not an armed rising, but a mere riot of corner boys, they ought, nevertheless, to have treated it as if it were an armed rising.
>
> (4) That the fact of their unpreparedness may be taken as presumptive evidence that they were in the plot.

Obviously such propositions carry their condemnation on their own foreheads. That they should be put forward at a moment like the present by a journal which claims to stand for high patriotism and honest thought is nothing short of scandalous. They will help and benefit nobody, and they are capable of being turned to purposes of quite another character.

Here is the *Nation* on what we suppose we must call the thorny subject of the hour:—

> The conscientious objector is not a popular figure in wartime, and to the plain man his attitude seems irritating and incomprehensible. *His view of the course which a*

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> *man should follow at this moment in this imperfect world is not ours.* But few of us who find his standard impracticable would deny that the world is imperfect precisely because, from generation to generation, mankind has gone on obscuring and ignoring this higher standard. These men are with Tolstoy and the primitive Church in believing simply that Christianity is a religion of love, and that it is irreconcilable with the use of murderous force. Civilisation has come to its present pass because such voices were few and weak, and because those who half-listened to them found obedience too hard. A view may seem to us impracticable or extreme, a half-truth, or a truth for to-morrow. Such a dismissal does not discount its value. We live by half-truths.

Well—*we* don't! And the whole truth about the foregoing is that, while the honest conscientious objector has no need of it, the lover of the comfortable lee-side of "murderous violence" will find in it a full and uplifting confirmation of his muddle-headed "view."

ON THE TREATMENT OF GENIUS.

For works of genius, the wise world, knowing precisely upon which side its bread is buttered, has a prodigality of praise which is sometimes appalling. For genius in the abstract the equally wise world professes nothing but respect. But for genius in the flesh—well, the plain truth is that genius in the flesh has seldom managed to recommend itself to the tender mercies of the wise world. To say of any man that he is a genius is really to put a sort of slur upon him, to bring up, indeed, in the mind's eye of the wise world visions of inept, undesirable, and even dangerous personality. "Hats off, gentleman—a genius!" may have been the attitude of here and there a foolish soul in a departed time; but we, who are the people with whom wisdom shall surely die, know better. "Get ready to be amused, or scandalised, or frightened to death," is more us. And perhaps the justifying reasons are not far to seek. As a fact, there are fewer than half-a-dozen actual genuises in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales (particularly Wales) at the present moment, and it would probably be considered an infringement of the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act to mention their names. We will go this far, however: one of them belongs to paint and the other three—there are but four all told—belong to poetry. To our knowledge, the paint-man is in the devil's own way for what he calls "supplies," meaning thereby, the wherewithal to purchase tobacco and pay his landlady; whilst for the poetry-men, it is their doom, of course, to be always and sempiternally "short"; that is to say, without hope, boots, beer, or fourpence. Yet the other day there were paragraphs in the Northcliffe or the Chocolate press (possibly in both), announcing that there is a scarcity of pictures by English artists, who, it seems, are getting fancy prices for old studio work, and the Northcliffe press assures us on its oath that of late there has been an immense revival in poetry, and that a "famous" or "clever" publisher—we forget which—has actually bought up a "remainder" line in verse books running to the stupendous figure of 400 copies. We ourselves, who, thank the Lord, are not included among the geniuses, excepting, perhaps, behind our back, recently traded off 1,000 copies of "Sonnets" and 1,000 copies of "The Chant of Affection" for a cute little puppy dog answering to the name of —— And we don't care who knows it; nor do we repent our bargain, though the dawg, good lack, has since chewed up half of a Cowden Clarke and eaten the covers off "The Mighty Atom," our sole possession in the way of works by the Linnet of Stratford.

But enough of these vulgar withdrawals of the sacred curtain. Let as get back to our mutton-less geniuses. What is to become of them? The painter has painted nothing saleable; the poets have written nothing comprehensible. Yet there they are. They know they "have it in them." Persons who pay for their *apertifs* —the *apertif*, by the way, is the nearest they get to dinner most nights—regard them wistfully, and prophesy golden futures for them while still firmly refusing them the "loan" of present silver shillings. One of them is just returned from a sort of village of refuge built and beautified by the benevolent, where he appears to have had free lodging and victuals on the understanding that he should "be himself" and give free utterance to the surgings of his soul. He calls the place "the cats' home" —one gathers that it rejoices in its sprinkling of ladies— he avers that the "conditions," the "atmosphere," the *milieu* are entirely subversive of the life of the spirit, and that "he never set pen to paper all the bloomin' time." We are not astonished, neither do we blame him. Years and years ago we hazarded the opinion that the supreme poet would probably scorn expression. To put high, sweet thoughts into the one guise which renders them capable of being swapped among "lovers of poetry" over prunes and rice at A.B.C. shops is, on the whole, low. A rich man showing his money, and a rich mind exhibiting its treasures, are not hugely different affairs. Shakespeare might have died dumb if he hadn't liked his share of sack and venison pasty (wherein, of course, lies a rub); Milton, if he hadn't been infected with the last infirmity of noble minds; Temyson, if he hadn't hankered after baronies; Swinburne, if he could have been content to tolerate the Tennysonian glory.

The genius of our own spacious times is not so human. You will never teach his soaring supremity to condescend, and never pull his head out of the stars. Arthur Playfair might bestow a verse on him in *Bric-à-Brac:*

> We takes off our 'ats to this genius.
> An' why do we do it? Becors,
> Though money is tight,
> He's too proud to write,
> So give 'im your kind applorse.

Kind applause (when by accident he slips something tremendous in the course of talk), a choice of the non-alcoholic beverages still within the compass of the hospitable; sympathy, and an occasional pair of cast-off trousers are all that some of us are ever likely to give him; and we say it in cold blood. It is conceivable that we ought to be a good deal more tender to him. He is really the salt of our weary earth, and of a far, far finer spiritual significance than all the pensioned or royalty-fattened persons of performance put together. In the day of perfect things we shall have learnt to honour (and support) the deviser of pictures too beautiful to be painted and poems too wonderful to be set down. But the dawning of that day is yet a great way off, and meanwhile our unhappy friend must, one supposes, be thrown back upon the hard and spiky facts of life.

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KHAKI FOR ALL.

I.

Lo, the stark heavens are stirred:
He cometh, plumed and spurred,
To say the undaunted word,
England!
With high and haughty breath
He hails the hordes beneath;
This hath he for their teeth—
"England again!"

II.

King George in London Town,
Sweareth our own's our own:
Whose might shall pluck us down,
England?
Glories of slaughtered hosts,
Splendours of English ghosts
Beckon us from our coasts,
England again!

III.

Shrewd, on our world of seas,
Waketh at dawn a breeze
Singing bold melodies,
England!
Rose-red the long day falls,
And the frore night wind calls
To our proud Admirals,
"England again!"

IV.

Our Ensign flutters still
On the unshaken hill;
Our Bugle vaunteth shrill,
England!
What of the heathen draff?
They are as burning chaff,
Into their eyes we laugh,
England again!

V.

Death in his charnel house,
Rage and the Devil's spouse
Hate—ruffle not your brows,
England!
Blood of your fathers' blood,
Bred of great motherhood,
Suckled on ancient good—
"England again!"

VI.

You shall be steel and ice,
Stronger than love, and thrice
Stricken for sacrifice,
England!
You shall bow to the flail,
The hammer and the nail,
And perish—and prevail,
England again!

VII.

While this our little land
Hath a man-child to stand,
He shall lift up his hand,
England,
To smite the accurséd bars:
Out of the din of wars
He shall shout to the stars,
"England again!"

VIII.

Troop you from field and fold,
Market and shop of gold;
Let the full tale be told,
England!
Time beats his pitiless drum,
Fate's at her iron loom,
For the *New Earth* or doom—
England again!

T. W. H. C.

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IDEALS AND REBELLION.

I.

By the time the present writing is in print the Irish Rebellion will be over and done with. The malignant irreconcileables of dear, dirty Dublin, have had their orgie and paid the price. Politically considered, the affair scarcely amounts to a row of pins. We shall forget it, as we are in the habit of forgetting unpleasant episodes, and it is highly improbable that we shall be wiser next time. There is, of course, to be an investigation. Perhaps before Christmas next somebody who is really to blame will be unearthed and suitably admonished. Meanwhile, and for ourselves, we are rather interested in what may be termed the artistic aspects of this deplorable outburst. Art and a foolish Dublin riot might appear as the poles asunder, yet in this instance they appear to us to exhibit a curious interrelation. In the first place, one cannot help noting, though it is perhaps a matter of no moment, that the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland—Mr. Birrell to wit—happens to be one of those persons who, on the strength of a far from formidable amount of writing, is commonly set down for a man of letters. It was stated in an organ of light and leading recently that Mr. Birrell should be put out of politics and returned to the arms of literature, or words to that effect. Literature can do without politicians. Then the Irish fictionist, George Moore, S.R.T., has been telling an interviewer that the origin of the Sinn Fein movement was in a newspaper called *Sinn Fein*, started by a printer named Arthur Griffiths, "who was a violently Irish person." We know what that means. Among his contributors were people not necessarily in sympathy with the later Sinn Fein outbreaks—for example, James Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats. On top of which we have the fact that out of the three rebel leaders shot by order of Court Martial on Wednesday last, two were poets; whilst another ornament of the movement, the Countess Markievitz, was formerly an art student in Paris. In the *Daily Mail* Miss Violet Hunt has been giving us her recollections of the Countess, who, it seems, was known in the region of Montmartre by the joyous nickname of Teuf-Teuf.

Miss Violet Hunt has nothing intrinsically evil to report of Teuf-Teuf, the worst, perhaps, being the following: "About two in the morning she returned, and, putting off the walk to her studio on the other side till morning, laid down on the floor of my room and put herself to sleep with a recitation of Swinburne's 'Triumph of Time'—every word of it." Also, "she sometimes turned in at the Morgue, which had a singular fascination for her." Also, "I do not fancy she was mad at all, but I am sure she had not ever quite enough to eat. I believe her very brain was starved. She did not think; she had no emotions which she could not work off with a round of Swinburne, or a dance at the Moulin de la Galette."

Beginning with Griffiths and continuing to Markievitz, one can conjure up for oneself a pretty fair picture of what we shall take the risk to call the spiritual brains of Sinn Feinism. Griffiths, the "very Irish person," ready to risk his last penny and his last drop of printer's ink for Irish ideals; Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats (the latter now the recipient of an English pension) all for Irish ideals, and the world well lost; and in Paris—unbeknown to them, but alive and kicking—the Countess-to-be, spouting Swinburne, regaling herself at the Morgue, and getting rid of her emotions at the Moulin de la Galette. Verily, it is a wonderful world, and verily (as Tennyson has it) do our echoes roll from soul to soul. We have to presume that if Messrs. Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats of that day had dreamed that out of *Sinn Fein* the newspaper there might indirectly grow the malign Sinn Fein disturbances of yester-week, they would have been startled out of their fifteen senses and finished with Mr. Griffiths's newspaper forthwith. For, though the youth of literary Ireland has always encouraged a plain regard for ideals, nobody will accuse it of any serious intent either to promote bloodshed or shed its own blood. Stephens, Russell and Yeats are not of the order of martyrs, and Stephens and Yeats have not even talked rebellious talk. And while Swinburne, the literary fetish of Markievitz, may have been a horse of another colour, in that he would probably have rejoiced over a rebellion in Ireland pretty much as small boys rejoice at a fire, he was nevertheless an honest little man, and would have been shocked to learn that young ladies in Paris or elsewhere were using his elaborate dithyrambs in the place of sleeping draughts, or as a sort of safety valve when they happened to feel the approach of an attack of hysteria.

It goes without saying that investigation into the origin of things must always be pulled up somewhere. Perhaps when we turn to literature for the beginning of Sinn Fein, we are probing deeper than the roots of things. Yet it seems to us conceivable that if the Countess Markievitz had not happened to dote on Swinburne she might now be painting pretty pictures for next year's Royal Academy instead of pondering her defence to such charges as authority may see fit to bring against her. And if Irish poetry had not got so inextricably tangled up with Irish politics, Mr. Birrell might still be Secretary for Ireland. There is a moral in all this, both for people who write and people who read, which is that burning words and fiery imaginings, not to mention literariness, do not always translate very beautifully into action.

SUFFICIENT.

It shall suffice if one swift word
Of thine the living hope hath stirred
In one sick soul when faith was blurred.

And if upon the tilth of pain
Thou rear'st one earful of the grain
Of power, that men may sow again

To keep the seed of Paradise—
Though thou be broken, sere and thrice
Blasted by Fate, it shall suffice.

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REVIEWS.

IRISHMEN OF TO-DAY.

Æ (George W. Russell).—By DARREL FIGGIS. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.
William Butler Yeats.—By J. M. HONE. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.
Sir Edward Carson.—By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.

In view of recent happenings, Messrs. Maunsel's series of monographs dealing with representative men of the green and unfortunate Isle—we use the first epithet very advisedly—may be considered to possess some sort of special interest. We plead guilty to having read twice over the three volumes whose titles are set forward at the head of this review; that is to say, once before the Small Rebellion, and once since. And we must admit that, if we have not been vastly edified, we have at least been entertained. Even though Mr. Darrel Figgis scarcely strikes us as being ordained by heaven to deal with such a figure as that of Æ, he does manage to get a certain amount of drawing into his picture, and while the big line escapes him, one feels he is not lacking in the consciousness that it ought to be there. If we may be allowed to rush in where Figgis has more or less hesitated to tread, we should say that George W. Russell is (or was) a poet who has made the mistake of assuming that, because he could turn out competent—and, if you like, "arresting" and "moving"—verse, and had knowledge of, and profound sympathy for, the much-advertised "wrongs" of his country, he was therefore a natural-born statesman, fallen upon Ireland like a saviour, destined to set straight her distorted things, and to empty the broad quiver which the wicked Oppressor is alleged to bear along. Nearly all Irish poets have tumbled into this pitfall, and once in, there they stay; orating, adjuring, and calling down the lightnings, but producing no further poetry. In the majority of cases literature has no great cause for regret, but in the case of Æ it is a pity. Mr. Figgis, of course, will not have it that a poet of Æ's parts could possibly take the wrong turning. He labours under the impression that poetry and the science of economics are the complements of each other. He boasts of Æ's views about co-operation, pig-breeding, and polity as if they were affairs of the Muses, and he quotes with equal gusto the poem called "Om," which it is to be hoped we all know, and such cheap talk as this:—

> God gives no second gift to a nation if it flings away its birthright. We cannot put on the ideals of another people as a garment. We cannot, with every higher instinct of our nature shocked and violated, express ourselves as lovers of the law that rules us. We would be slaves if we did.

Jim Larkin, or Connolly, might rise to such levels; but they couldn't have given Ireland "Om" to save their lives. Æ, the poet, must know, in his heart of hearts, that nobody, unless it be the Germans, wants to interfere with Irish ideals, and that the Irish people are no more slaves than the English people, "who never, never, never can be slaves." Yet Æ the "pathriot" must indulge the pathriotic rage—and he indulges. We wonder where Irish ideals, as represented by Æ, W. B. Y., and the rest of them, would be if the apostles of English ideals had been so stupid as to scorn or combat them instead of taking them to the bosom. And when it comes to slavery, there is not an Englishman breathing the breath of life who has not now cause to envy Irishmen. For never in the history of the world has a nation, with or without ideals, been so pampered, humoured, and cosseted as the Irish. "Discontent in Ireland!" There you have, and have pretty well always had, the whole trouble. The spoilt child whines even over sugar-plums. We are afraid that it is so with our little Sister.

What we have said of Æ will not in the least apply to W. B. Yeats, who, as Mr. Hone tells us, has endeavoured, and "to some extent succeeded" in ridding Irish literature of "its propagandist tendencies and what he has called 'the obsession of public life.'" We have a suspicion that Mr. Yeats' popularity in his own land has suffered somewhat on this account. But there is quite sufficient propaganda in Yeats for all that—no Irishman can, as yet, really help it—and his claim to be

> True brother of that company
> Which sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong.

is a justifiable claim. We like Mr. Hone's book. It is simply and honestly written; it puts the critical facts as fairly as one can expect them to be put in the circumstances, and it does not belittle its subject by over-laudation. Yeats, as we all know, is a lesser poet than Æ might have been, and to set him on the line with Keats and Shelley and Blake, as some people do, is preposterous. But he has done his bit for poetry, and more than his bit for Irish ideals, and if Ireland is not proud of him, she ought to be ashamed of herself.

The volume on Sir Edward Carson appears to us to be rather a waste of paper and printer's ink. At random you may find in it passages like the following:—

> Mr. Swift MacNeill is a Learned Bird. He has an immense store of footling knowledge, and is inordinately pleased with himself for descending from Dean Swift. His chief function in the House of Commons appears to be that of Yapper. When someone makes a disparaging remark about Ireland, Mr. MacNeill shouts, "Oh! oh!!" with something of the passion which one ejaculates when impaled upon a pin. . . . Sir Edward Carson easily surpasses [this gentleman] in his ability to fill the music-hall stage as the Comic Irishman.

Sir Edward Carson is no friend of ours, and we know nothing of Mr. Swift McNeill; but if this kind of writing passes in Ireland for serious criticism, we are compelled to suppose that Irish ideals are not by any means the noble affair we have endeavoured to believe them to be. In a "foreword"—why not "preface"?—the author tells us that soon after he had "accepted the commission to write this book" he met a friend "who is the assistant editor of an important Conservative weekly review, and although he is a journalist, a distinguished man of letters." "I told him," continues the "foreword," "that I was about to write a book on Sir Edward Carson, and he gaped at me for a few moments in astonishment. Then he said, 'Good God!' and walked away."

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Sir Edward Carson is either worth writing about or not worth writing about. If he is not worth writing about (as Mr. St. John Ervine makes out), he should not be written about even in monographs dedicated to Æ.

A SINGER AND SOME SONNETS.

Song of the Unborn.—By GEORGINA B. PAGET. (Richards.) 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Grant Richards is one of the few publishers who can be depended upon not to put his imprimatur on really impossible verse. The poets who come his way may not be of the highest—the highest seldom comes any publisher's way nowadays—but they are always poets, even if it be only in flashes. And a flash of the authentic light is clearly to be preferred to no light at all. In this neatly designed little book, the "Song of the Unborn," we get a flash on the very first page. Here it is:—

> Be like the bird for a moment swayed
> On too frail a branch, who sings—
> Tho' the branch may tremble—unafraid,
> Knowing that he has wings. . . .

Now, it is plain that the author of this quatrain is a rough-and-ready workman—one of those workers, in fact, who scribble down the next thing that enters their heads, without much in the way of serious regard for refinements of language or perfections of form. There is no conscious artistry about the verse; the rhythm is faulty and the construction distinctly clumsy; and yet—the flash, which is either poetry or nothing.

Carelessness, "sing-and-be-blowed-to-'em," is Miss Paget's besetting fault; though sometimes she manages to get through quite passably. In this morsel called "Epitome," for example:—

> Because my country called, I went.
> An only son my parents' mourn,
> Fighting, I fell, and am content;
> To this end I was born.

What more is there to be said, and who, on the whole, could have said it better? But in a poem, so short, one really shouldn't have an inversion like "An only son my parents' mourn." The English is "My parents mourn an only son"; and the possessive point (doubtless a misprint—has no business there at all. We are not a schoolmaster, and it is no function of ours to teach people with singing souls the rudiments of expression. But we take the liberty of advising Miss Paget to sit up and pay attention to her work. It is worth all the attention she can bestow on it. And to people who are willing to put up with a great deal of slack writing for the sake of a more than occasional glimpse of beauty, we heartily recommend this volume.

Adventurous Love and other Verses.—By GILBERT CANNAN. (Methuen.) 3s. 6d. net.

Fifty sonnets—and all about love! And "somewhere there is a war on!"

> Never in vain! The nightingale proclaims
> No other truth. In the dark night he tells
> The night is not in vain. In woods and dells,
> When other creatures sleep, the singer shames
> The hopeless. Love works through not for our aims,
> Through and not for the singer, whose ditty swells
> Out on the night air. Bravely he rebels
> Against the night.

And so on *ad lib., et ad nauseam.* If Mr. Gilbert Cannan could, indeed, write sonnets, whether about love or any other passion or emotion, one might forgive him, even in war-time. But the plain truth is that, while he clings faithfully and desperately to the sonnet form, he might just as well (or better) have written in blank verse or rhymed couplets, for any real effect he produces. The sonnet may be a trumpet, a key for unlocking Shakespearean hearts, a moment's ecstasy, and the rest of it; but it is also a lure, a springe, a pitfall, and a barbed-wire entanglement for unwary ambition, and unless he is reasonably sure of a special call, the wise poet lets it alone. We believe that if anybody had gone to Swinburne in his prime and offered him a couple of thousand sovereigns for fifty sonnets about love, he would have referred the would-be buyer to Watts-Dunton, who in his turn would have pointed out that Mr. Swinburne was a busy man and that his engagements precluded him from accepting such an offer, generous and flattering though it might be. Whereas he, Watts-Dunton, was not quite so busy; but, after all, fifty sonnets!—and on the one subject!—a very, very, very large order indeed! Swinburne knew that he couldn't write sonnets—two reasonably fine attempts were the limit of his execution in this department—and he also knew that Watts-Dunton and sundry other persons couldn't. Mr. Cannan, who has not yet given us anything like "Atalanta" or "The Garden of Proserpine," adventures, and though one deplores his temerity, one may admire his pluck. He says that—

> As in a players' booth,
> [He] saw life rounded, kneaded to a cud
> For hope to chew.

And we venture to say that sonnets can never be fashioned out of that sort of stuff. He means well, and he has been patient with himself—because he is a prose-writer of some parts, and presumably therefore of equal taste—but as sonneteer, he fails.

Nor does he attain to a much higher level of accomplishment when he essays the comparatively easy lyric. From "Lines on Visiting his Lady in War-Time" we take three stanzas:—

> They have put out the light.
> What then?
> Your days are viler than your nights,
> O men!
>
> There shall be darkness now
> And noise.
> The spirit loses in your row
> Its joys.
>
> O! like a hare is she,
> My dear,
> And sport it is to set her spirit free
> From fear.

We have been careful to collate the foregoing with Mr. Cannan's printed words, so that he may have no ground for complaint about misprints. If he thinks it would be fairer to print the whole piece we will oblige him in our next issue on receipt of his permission. But that word "row" can never be got rid of, and that "O! like a hare is she, my dear," calls up irresistibly a trifling tag of Mr. Harry Lauder, who, after praising a certain "bonnie lassie" in good stage Doric, is wont to remark: "S-'sh—her-re she comes! . . . No—it's only a rabbit!"

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PREFACE TO MR. JOHN BIRD-SEED'S INEDITED VOLUME,

"SONGS OF HATE AND MURDER."

We have been told in much sturdy prose and trumpet verse that the English "are afraid of nothing." Up to a point this is true; but only up to a point. And that point is Poetry. High explosives, withering machine-gun fire, and howling phalanxes of Huns, afield; Zeppelins, black darkness, hideous lawyers and dropsical taxes at home, have no terrors whatever for Englishmen. Neither have burglars, runaway taxi-cabs, escaped tigers, or conscription. But Poetry! Well, Poetry; who of us is not bathed in the cold sweats of cowardice at the bare thought of it?

The other day I looked from a windy eminence upon London. There was St. Paul's Cathedral; there was the Thames new-mailed in morning; there were the Houses of Parliament. There, worse luck, was the Ministry of Munitions. And there were the offices of my literary agents. And, spread like a swirling dream amidst and around and illimitably beyond these shining land-marks, were millions of houses, with millions of people in them—all, every one of them (the people, I mean), man, woman and child, taking the war as coolly as so many cucumbers, and with a calm which does not give a single damn; but in their secret hearts possessed of a haunting and terrible fear—the fear of Poetry.

I brooded over those millions of people as a hen might brood over an infinity of chickens. The tears stung in my eyes, and I had to swallow hard as I reflected that if I could only get at those dear splendid people with ever such a little book of poetry, say, at 2s. 6d. ordinary, or even 1s. net, my fortune would be made, and the Lord Chief Justice of England might ask me to dinner to meet the children of Israel with a view to arranging a useful loan.

"Why not?" I said to myself; "why shouldn't I capture 'em: 'Where there's a will there's a way,' as the bellowsmaker's wife said when her husband told her that he was afraid he couldn't buy Buckingham Palace for her. 'By the nine fair Muses and the three sweet tops of Helicon, I'll have a fly for it!'"

Then I proceeded to put on my commercial thinking-cap. I became a sort of inspired "expert business organiser"—a "tear-the-paper-off-the-wall" man. I propounded to myself these propositions:

There is the public—millions of public.

The public has pockets.

Mr. McKenna has very kindly left still a little money in those pockets.

Here are you.

You have a pocket.

Mr. McKenna has very kindly allowed you to retain your pocket.

Also you have goods—poetical goods, wares, stock-in-trade, merchandise which you are gasping to sell.

To whom should you sell, if not to the public? To whom do the virtuous sell, if not to the public?

Be virtuous.

Go down and take what is yours.

You say the public don't want your goods?

Who told you that? Did the public tell you?

Your publisher told you?

He is a ———. Anyway, don't believe him.

You say the public is frightened by poetry? Bunkum!

It is you who are frightened, frightened of yourself, frightened of the public, and still more frightened of your low-grade poetry.

Yes, sir!

Approach the public. Approach it with a firm step. Look it steadily in the eyeball. Stroke its glossy neck. Begin with a carrot. Get expert business organisers to tell the public how good your carrots are.

The public will then eat thereof.

You will charge them the proper price for your good carrots.

There will be a margin of profit.

You will be rich.

So, good people, let us commence. Get your money ready and read the following. Steady, now. Whoa! Steady! It won't hurt you, really:

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN.

I.

London has lost
A useful citizen
In the death,
Which occurred recently
At Brighton,
Of Mr. ———,
Of Blackfriars Bridge Wharves.
Mr. ———,
Who was aged 65,
Was one of the largest
Dust contractors
In London.

II.

In his youth
He succeeded
To his father's business
As coal merchant
And street and house-refuse contractor
At Dockhead,
Bermondsey,
And he developed
The refuse disposal business
At the wharf
On the south side
Of Blackfriars Bridge
To such an extent,
That for years he was known
As
"The Golden Dustman."

III.

He opened the business
At Blackfriars
In the year before
The Tower Bridge
Was opened;
Upon which occasion
He decorated his wharf
And jetty
In honour
Of Queen Victoria,
Who went
To the opening ceremony
In State
By water.

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IV.
Mr. ——
Became contractor
To many
London boroughs
And district councils,
Including
The City of Westminster,
Southwark,
Lambeth,
Richmond,
Mortlake,
And Wimbledon,
And his barges conveying
The house and street refuse
To the Thames Estuary
And the Essex Marshes
Were well known
To all users
Of the river.

V.
It is estimated
That he disposed
Of a quarter of a million
Tons of refuse
Annually.

VI.
The business
Is now being carried on
By the late
Mr. ——'s
Executors.

You like that, don't you? "Some" poem, eh? Well—I didn't write it; and you have probably read it before; because it is taken holus bolus and word for word from a large selection, or anthology, of similar poetry published in the *Star* newspaper less than a year ago.

The *Star*, in common, indeed, with all other newspapers, has been publishing this kind of poetry, and scarcely any other kind, ever since the paper was started. The *Star* published hunks of this poetry last evening, and the evening before that, and the evening before that, for years and years and years. And you have been reading it, and liking it, and paying your ha'pennies for it; and nobody knows what would happen to you if you tried to do without it, and probably you cannot do without it, and never will be able to do without it.

So you see that, really, poetry is a quite harmless and inoffensive affair, and nothing to be frightened about. All I have done to the *Star's* poem is to cut it into short metrical lengths and call it a poem instead of a news paragraph. To every intent and purpose the whole beautiful lyric in the *Star's*. To begin with, the very beautiful title is the *Star's*. The grave sadness (I mean it, mind you) in the opening strophe is the *Star's*. The touches of pride, resolve, and triumph which follow are the *Star's*. So are the bright notes of pagentry and colour in Section III., and the noble, and one might almost say, Miltonic collocation of moving place names—Westminster, Southwark, Lambeth, Richmond, Mortlake, and Wimbledon in Section, or Strophe, IV. The piece as a whole is admirable, direct, well-knit, bare of trope, metaphor, and unnecessary symbolism, and beautifully finished:

The business
Is now
Being carried on
By Mr. ——'s
Executors.

What poet of them all could have put this vital information, this news from the inner court of things as it were, in more precise, polished, convincing, or moving language?

Good people, do not be misled. There was once a great poet named William Wordsworth. He wrote many fine poems which I hope you will one day read, and he also wrote some excellent prose about language. And Wordsworth says this:

> It would be a most easy task to prove . . . that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from good prose; but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written.

Wordsworth also says:

> The earliest poets of all nations [nothing to do with flags] generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally and as men. . . [They wrote] a language . . . which was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors. They found they could please by easier means; they became proud of a language they themselves had invented, and which was uttered only by themselves; and, with the spirit of fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol of promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted. . . Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another [mostly from Germany], and with the progress of refinement, this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintness, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

And, of course, in the end the public got frightened, and poetry which was labelled poetry began to have the same effect upon them as a mouse has upon an elephant; that is to say, it threw them into agonies of terror.

And now let us turn to my own poor efforts. I have called them "Songs of Hate and Murder" because it is war time, and in war time it behoves us all to be right on the nail. Also, as you may have noticed, the Germans have been making a rare fuss over a song, or hymn, of hate, written by a scurvy fellow called Lissauer. This song, or hymn, of Lissauer's has been warbled in every part of Germany, pretty much as we in England used to sing "Tipperary" and "Here we are again."

Why, I ask, should the Germans have it all their own way in the hating business? We English people don't hate half enough; or, if we do, we manage to be very secret about it. I don't suppose for a moment that my poems will teach you to hate like the Germans hate, otherwise I wouldn't print them for all the money in the Yorkshire Penny Bank. But some of them may help you on the road, so to speak, and in any case they will at least serve to show you that there are a few people in the world whom I hate with a hatred passing the love of woman—and for excellent good reasons. All I beg is that, having read me through and through, and over and over again, you will not turn round and hate Me, because I shouldn't like it.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

Perfection is inextinguishable.—*G. B. S.*

To win the fight we must fight to win.—*Ben Tillett.*

We live in great times, and I pity the man or woman who cannot rise accordingly to them.—*Mr. Hughes.*

We have all read of a certain robust New York gentleman of the cloth, who was constantly thrown among the worst characters around the dark river fronts at night, and recall how he held his own against the toughest of them by his fistic skill. There are many such physically able clergymen at present, doing heroic duty among the slums and dives of the great metropolis, whose gallant, plucky deeds are never extolled to the public. They are generally plain, modest men who dodge notoriety. But in their humble way they do an immense lot of good by their undaunted courage and boxing proficiency.—*Sunday Sun (New York).*

One day when water was short, as usual at Anzac, General Birdwood, passing a man who was trying to wash in his tea-cup allowance of it, remarked encouragingly, "Having a good clean-up?" "Yes, general," was the reply, "and I only wish I was a bloody canary!"—*Nation.*

So we are at our old job in Ireland—slaying the wrong-headed Irish idealists and being slain by them, instead of setting them to work on the re-making of Ireland. Here was a revolt—half-serious, half-comic, altogether a failure.—*Nation.*

That war is not an unmixed curse is generally admitted, necessity having produced many recent and valuable discoveries, amongst others the removal of growths without the use of the knife. Even so simple an ailment as a corn may now be thoroughly and completely removed by the application of ——, which is obtainable of all chemists, put up in a red carton.—*American Advt.*

O lips interbitten and twisted,
Magnificent trace, doubly dear,
Of ecstasy drunk from your beautiful mouth,
Whose prodigal passionate warmth of the South
Were a chalice of lavas that sear.

—*New Poet.*

The extraordinary fact was reported in Friday's *Daily Mail* that, after signing an appeal to the public not to eat meat on Thursdays because of the general shortage, the Bishop of London had not started to observe Thursday as a fast-day himself. Probably you cannot blame him. The attitude of Fulham Palace is only typical of the general condition of England. The "It-doesn't-matter-much" feeling is what will do more to delay our final victory in the war—if, indeed, it does not cause us to lose it—than any other combination of circumstances.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Our business now is to win the war. If we do not win the war, you will be surprised how little the feuds that have existed amongst us will matter. Liberalism is a faith and not a feud, and what we are concerned about is faith and liberty. To maintain that, we must sink everything, faction, differences, disputes—everything is to be subordinated to re-establishing the supremacy of the freedom of Europe and the world.—*Lloyd George.*

When the Minister of Munitions arrived he was accorded a most hearty greeting, the assembly rising and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We hail thee, Cambria's uncrowned king,
Hurrah, hurrah,
To greet thy coming, now we sing,
Hurrah, hurrah;
The hero of many a battle ground,
In him a saviour we have found.
And we all feel proud to meet Lloyd George to-day.

—*Welsh Poet.*

Let us not delude ourselves with exaggerations, either as to our own sacrifices or as to the enemy's losses.—*Chiozza Money.*

The English have always been great amateurs, not only in art, but in science, even in life itself.—*Mr. Havelock Ellis.*

Rousseau made the world think. He introduced new ideas, which were often wrong, but almost always fruitful.—*The Earl of Cromer.*

Conscientious objectors appear incapable of realising that they owe the protection of their hearths and homes to those who fight for them.—*Duchess of Montrose.*

Conscience is like a clock—the best of all possible guides if it is right, but the worst if it is wrong; and it is only too liable to go wrong.—*Bishop Welldon.*

Have you ever thought that Shakespeare's greatest speeches are written in the simplest form of Anglo-Saxon, words of one or two syllables, as "To be or not to be, that is the question"? This gives the actor a chance to act, to express emotion, and, as they say, "to dig his teeth into the lines!"—*Mr. Daniel Frohman.*

At the present moment women in all the belligerent countries are prolonging the war by increasing the resources of the belligerents—not only directly, by engaging in munition work, but indirectly by taking over men's industries and thereby enabling their respective nations to put more and more soldiers in the field.—*Cicely Hamilton.*

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THE ACADEMY.
Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C.*

WAR-TIME PERSONS.

II. THE WAGNERITE.

His hair is long. He smokes a dirty pipe.
He hath a beard, a dull eye, and false teeth,
A thin top lip to scorn the lip beneath
Which droops and bulges and is of the type
Known among little girls as "cherry-ripe."
His cheeks and hands are tinged with yellow like death,
Or perished lilies in a funeral wreath;
His suit is loose and brown, with a green stripe.

The hujahs snarl the snarl of the mad dog,
The fiddles scream, the tom-toms rip and roar;
Says he, "Thank God, they're warming up at last!"
His tuppenny soul floats out upon the blast
Of shameless noise to where the German hog
Helped by the German ape, is foul once more.

T. W. H. C.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

Recent honours: For A. M. S. Methuen, S.R.T., a baronetcy; for Agg-Gardner, M.P., a knighthood.

Punch beneath a page picture of no particular merit:

> COKER-NUT: "Whit-Monday and nothing doing!"
> ROUNDABOUT HORSE: "Well, what can you expect with a war on? They've all got something better to do."

As *Punch* is so fond of observing: "Rather thin—eh?"

Under the head of "The World of Books," the *Weekly Dispatch* has the following:—

> W. J. Locke is not only a "best seller" as a novelist, but also—in the United States—as a kinema author. *Twelve* of his stories have been filmed, and are being shown all over the States, though I cannot remember having seen any of them here. What his income must be I would not like to guess.

Our contemporary should change its caption to "The World of Account Books."

Twelve days after the battle of Horn Reef, the *Morning Post* burst into song with twenty rhymed couplets, from which we take the following:

Plague on these Curs, who give us all the pip,
And for "A Victory!" cry "A Sinking Ship!"
Heavy our loss; Aye, but in what a fight!
And *all* the German High Seas Fleet in flight
—Except as many as (if't were confessed)
Are fathoms deep. And what of all the rest?
When will they come along and fight again?
When shall we find them equal to the strain?
Battered and broken, into port they crept,
And left us Masters of the seas we kept.
"Oh, oh," cries Fleet Street, "Woe, alas, is me!
Why did not *our* fine Cruisers turn and flee?
Why did they fight these wicked German Cads
(This means a serious decrease in our ads)
And beat them back to port? Oh! worse and worse!
This is indeed a serious reverse."
Alas! Brave Cruisers, you knew how to fight,
And how to die with victory in sight;
What need the praise of those who would have said:
"Trafalgar's lost! For is not Nelson dead?
Tell it in Gath; Shriek it in Askelon,—
Our Maritime Supremacy in gone."
You lily-livered, whining, white-faced crew,
Listen, I'll tell you what you're fit to do.

So far as we can make out, this is the only lyrical pronouncement on Admiral Beatty's victory the great dailies have managed to secure. And the *Morning Post* calls it "A Pill to Purge Melancholy"!

Commenting on the sale of the Swinburne letters at Sotheby's, the *Daily News* trenches on a nice question. It seems that the letters include one "in which the poet urges Messrs. Chatto and Windus not to be deterred from publishing a popular edition of Rabelais," and that "Swinburne declares in this letter that if a popular Rabelais is to be prohibited those who object to it must also betake themselves at least to the task of suppressing all cheap or popular editions of Aristophanes or of Swift—the lesser Rabelais." To speak of Swift as a lesser Rabelais is like speaking of a squid as a lesser whale. But we may let that pass.

"Fielding, who is himself generally regarded as being by no means a mealy-mouthed writer," continues the *Daily News*, "would have disagreed violently with the suggestion that either Rabelais or Aristophanes was fit for general consumption. He held that the five great humorists of the world were Shakespeare, Molière, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift; but that Aristophanes and Rabelais made 'so wretched a use' of their talents that 'had the Consecration of their labours been committed to the Hands of the Hangman, no good Man would have regretted their loss.' And he went on to observe of these

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two writers that 'their Design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all Sobriety, Modesty, Decency, Virtue, and Religion out of the World.' If we remember right, Swinburne was himself rather critical of Shakespeare on grounds of decency, and praised Dr. Thomas Bowdler for having expurgated Shakespeare for family reading."

Then our contemporary goes on to tell us about Dr. Bowdler's "Family Shakespeare," and Dr. Bowdler's expurgated "Decline and Fall." But it does *not* tell us what its own opinions may be either with regard to popular editions of Rabelais and the like authors, or with regard to "bowdlerised" editions of bowdlerisable writers. This is a pity; because the *Daily News* is still supposed to reflect the abounding conscience of Nonconformity, and the dictates of that conscience are always worth considering—even in war-time. To rush in where the *Daily News* prefers to be circumspect, we shall venture to say:

1. That popular editions of Aristophanes or Swift are an impossibility, in the sense that no cheapening or multiplying of the works of either author will ever make them popular.
2. That popular editions of Rabelais should not be published, and so far as we are aware, have never yet been included in any popular series.
3. That a bowdlerised Shakespeare is as unnecessary and unwarrantable as a bowdlerised Bible.

We have a suspicion that the *Daily News* would stand for a popular Rabelais, and probably bless and approve it with a text. At any rate, here was an opportunity, of the *Daily News*' own bringing on, for a pontification against impropriety generally. And the opportunity is ostentatiously avoided. So the lambs go unfed. Perhaps the *Daily News* is afraid of some of its own reviewers.

The retort gracious! On May 23rd the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil wrote:

> If we must observe May 24th [Empire Day], let us recall our shortcomings with contrition, and pray that we may not be humbled before our enemies as a punishment for our pride by the Divine Power to whom alone it appertains to give and to take away Empire.

And that "citizen of Caerleon-upon-Usk," and pillar of the true Church, Arthur Machen, replying for the Harmsworths, observes:

> It [Empire Day] is at this crisis in our country's history—to quote Lord William Cecil—a day to render most humble and hearty thanks that all the daughter nations in this great Empire have come by their myriads and their myriads and myriads [we were unaware that the Empire had quite so many daughters] to the help of their mother in her supreme agony. That (sic) is Empire Day, that the significance of the flags that floated yesterday in the sunshine. There is no bragging in these acts of faith and thanksgiving; and only a graceless and a heathen dog would omit to perform them.

Now Mr. Machen does not call Lord William Cecil a graceless and a heathen dog—oh, dear, no! And, after all, Lord William merely put into prose what was sung, doubtless to Mr. Arthur Machen's great edification, at the Kitchener Memorial Service the other day, and has nothing whatever to do with "dogs," heathen or graceless.

> God of our fathers, known of old,
> Lord of the far-flung battle line,
> *Beneath whose awful Hand we hold*
> *Dominion over palm and pine,*
> *Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,*
> *Lest we forget—lest we forget!*

But the prose is Gascoyne-Cecil and the poetry Kipling.

In the course of a column review of a book of verses, the *Times Literary Supplement* treats us to the following:

> The fact is that Mr. Mitchell's "devils of human misfortune and human depravity" are not only merely typical, but that the type is blurred. He is viewing them in part through his own eyes, in part through the eyes of such readers as will owe him a grudge; and his realism is out of focus. His "Mother," for instance, describes herself in such terms as would be used by a vigorously nauseous district visitor—
>
> > Content to be kin to the maggot,
> > To batten remote from the day,
> > Condemned to pollute with my presence
> > And to foster disease and decay;
> >
> > I have drunk to the dregs of the poison
> > Fate poured in my cup at my birth,
> > I have damned soul and body for pleasures
> > Of infinitesimal worth. . .
>
> In similar language and in the same jocund metre "the Son" replies, "My puny and pest-ridden person Was pledged to the service of gin."

The fact is that "poetry" of this "second-cousin-to-the-worm" school ought not to be reviewed at all. Thomas Carlyle wrote to the late Marquis de Leuville, "Your poetry has no floor to it." There is no proper floor to such reviewing.

Somebody has been suggesting that Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, K.G., K.P., G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., O.M. and so forth, should be succeeded at the War Office by Baron Northcliffe, Newspaper Proprietor. Let us picture to ourselves a Cabinet of newspaper proprietors. It would include—well, we forbear! And they would probably spend their time publishing one another's birth certificates.

For the prettiest and most adroit conduct of difficult affairs commend us to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, S.R.T. There is a gentleman in America working for the "movies" of the name of Charles or Charlie Chaplin. Sir Herbert Tree, S.R.T., happens also to be in America working for the "movies." "Why not," quoth the enterprising Editor of no less an organ than *Pearson's Weekly*, "why not get from Tree, S.R.T., Tree's opinion of Charlie Chaplin?" So the cables flashed a message to a Mr. Fred Goodwins, well known and highly respected at Los Angelos, who proceeded forthwith to call upon the world's greatest actor-manager and lure him on to skittles about the world's most famous film comedian.

Would that we could print the resultant "interview" *in extenso* and types of gold. But we must content ourselves with bits. Sir Herbert was found to be "in a most accommodating mood." "Well, now, let me see,"

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he said reflectively. "You will readily understand that I am placed in a rather delicate position when it comes to the question of discussing for publication my opinion of *a brother artist*, particularly one of whom I think so highly as I do of Mr. Chaplin *in the personal sense*." The italics are ours. "I must confess that I have not really seen sufficient of Mr. Chaplin's work to enable me to form a very deep and analytical judgment *from the point of view of its importance to the future of comedy*." The italics are ours again. And after a great deal more to the like excellent purpose, Sir Herbert Tree, S.R.T., concluded: "For the rest, I can only say, a charming man—a *very* charming man." This time the italics are to Sir Herbert and his interviewer. Frankly, we have never come across anything sweeter, or as who should put it, really *very* charming, in our lives. And, seriously, we congratulate the whole of the parties.

It seems that "on Saturday, May 27th," a certain journalist "was drinking tea" on board the "Invincible." "There was a large sea picture covering an entire corner of one of the walls from ceiling to floor," writes the journalist. "I made some jesting remark about this picture, cup in hand, to a young lieutenant-commander. 'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'it was painted by a relation of yours.' At that moment a little, white-faced midshipman, very shy and charming, approached us, and introduced himself to me as my cousin." Afterwards the journalist was permitted to see Admiral Jellicoe. "We went to his cabin. Surrounded by his glittering staff, this little man, England's Nelson" [whoever else had a Nelson but England?] "addressed us for some ten minutes. He is not an orator, but he has a singularly pleasant voice, and as he spoke the blindest of us could see the man's power and the exceeding brightness of his intelligence. Every now and then he smiled like a schoolboy, and looked from right to left as if seeking sympathy from this crowd of tall men confronting him."

And speaking of the personnel of the Fleet generally, the journalist adds pleasantly, "*Except among our officers in the Himalayas*, I have not met greater gentlemen." A nasty one for the Senior Service, that! We suppose the Admiralty must from time to time send tall journalists to inspect the Grand Fleet and make sure that everything is snug and shipshape, and that the Admirals' manners are all right, otherwise the Navy would perish. But we wonder what "this little man," this Pygmy with "the schoolboy smile" and the "intelligence" of such "exceeding brightness" that even "the blindest of us" managed to see it ("cup in hand," doubtless), would say if somebody read to him the condescending passages we have quoted? Within four days of the honour of the visit of the tall journalist, Admiral Jellicoe and his staff, greater gentlemen than whom this airy critic of breeding never met—except among our officers in the Himalayas—had fought and won the battle of Horn Reef, and were smiling their schoolboy smiles over the discomfiture of an enemy whose slightest advantage at sea sends cold shivers down the spines of the tallest journalists of us all. It is after the event, mind you—on June 12th, to be precise—that the tall journalist insists on getting in his insufferable Himalayan twaddle! As a sixteen-year-old midshipman, never of course likely to become so great a gentleman as one meets in the Himalayas, wrote to his mother, "I thought how good you had been to me all through my life. . . . We sank more ships of theirs than they sank of ours. Well, well—that is enough."

The name of this journalist is Harold Begbie, and the name of his paper is the *Daily Chronicle*.

A journal called the *Irishman*, edited by Mr. A. Newman and published in Belfast, has discovered a new poet. Her name is Helen Lanyon, and from a collection of verse which she has published, but which we have been unable to obtain, the *Irishman* takes this moving bit of work called "At the Latther End":

There's a low green loanin' at the meadow's edge,
 Where the young folks come and wandher, two be two;
I hear them talkin' there, beyant the hedge,
 The warm dark evenin's through.

I mind the time I was a sleek young lad,
 I mind the places where I used to walk;
I mind the girls, an' the soft looks they had,
 An' all their coaxing talk.

Inundher the dim trees we used to lie,
 An' many was the tender kiss I set
On lips that were half willin' an' half shy—
 My mem'ry houlds them yet.

But that's all past, an' I'll not see again
 The young girls come like birds intil my hand,
Nor feel my heart leap up wid joyful pain
 When summer's on the land.

For at the latther end there's only grief,
 There's nothin' only grief for me at all,
An ould done man, dhry as a shrivelled leaf
 That thrembles to its fall.

This is worth a wilderness of the average lyricism.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, hot "from the front":

> It is not an easy matter to write from the front. You know that there are several courteous but inexorable gentlemen who may have a word in the matter, and their presence "imparts but small ease to the style." But above all you have the twin censors of your own conscience and common sense, which assure you that, if all other readers fail you, you will certainly find a most attentive one in the neighbourhood of the Haupt-Quartier.

The twin "matters," "buts," and "yous" in these few sentences would certainly seem to bear out Sir Arthur's contention. Yet Mr. Rudyard Kipling went to the front and found no difficulty in writing competent English, despite the censors.

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THE DAILY MAIL "ODE."

His Majesty's Poet Laureate receives from the Privy Purse a stipend of £300 per annum. He also stands a good chance of being buried in Westminster Abbey. Since the beginning of the war the present holder of the position must have pouched £600 in hard cash from the King's Treasury, and we have not had from him fifty lines of proper poetry. At the top of two columns of the *Times* of Tuesday he descended upon us with the following:

LORD KITCHENER.

Unflinching hero, watchful to foresee
And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,
Directing war and peace with equal care,
Till by long toil ennobled thou wert he
Whom England call'd and bade "Set my arm free
To obey my will and save my honour fair"—
What day the foe presumed on her despair
And she herself had trust in none but thee:

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
That mass'd the labour of ten years in one
Shall be thy monument. Thy work is done
Ere we could thank thee; and the high sea swell
Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
By the lone Orkneys, ere the set of sun.

June 8th. ROBERT BRIDGES.

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We are not blind to Mr. Robert Bridges' services to poetry; but if the foregoing is an example of the best he finds himself able to do with all the splendours of the war at his elbow, it seems to us that he would be well advised to lie back snugly on his early laurels.

Even if it be concerned only with "love" and "dove," a sonnet requires a certain amount of writing nowadays. Not only should it "mean something," and thereby justify itself to the intellect, but it should also have sufficient vision and passion about it to move the imagination and kindle the spirit. And unless it possesses these qualities in a high degree, a sonnet dealing with such an austere and tragical matter as is here handled is no sonnet to put before Shakespeare's and Milton's England. Mr. Bridges is a critic as well as a poet, and we shall ask him to inquire of his critical conscience if in this Kitchener sonnet he has achieved anything like the excellence we have a right to expect from him; whether by reason of his office or his previous work. Let him look at his own octave and tells us with his hand on his heart that it is other than a dull, confused, banal and futile jumble of words. Who can make workmanly head or tail of it? What tyro in the poetry business will not be staggered by its glaring blemishes? The lines

> "Among Herculean deeds the miracle
> That mass'd the labour of ten years in one
> Shall be thy monument,"

may perhaps be held to save the piece, because of their vigour and appositeness; but the gross remainder is sheer weakness, fading with "ere the set of sun" into positive collapse.

And technically, of course, the sonnet as a whole is past praying for. Rhymes with "e" have been worked to death and damnation by all the littlest sonneteers. One rhymed couplet to the sextet might be passed; but two are inexcusable, and a careful workman would have avoided either "wheresoe'er" in the second line or "ere" in the fourteenth, despite the fact that the one refers to place and the other to time. These and the like of them be small deer and not pleasant to hunt; but there they are, crying for the comb, so to speak.

The come-day-go-day whisker-licking consumer of passing verse will doubtless inquire of us why we should fuss or raise pother about a trifle of rhyming "good enough to appear in the *Times*?" In spite of his usually hopeless taste, the consumer of passing verse is one of God's creatures, and it is our duty to answer him. Here is our answer:

> Poetry is as necessary to human beings as meat and drink are necessary.
>
> It is even more necessary to nations than it is to the individual.
>
> In war-time poetry is as necessary to nations as big guns and high explosives.
>
> Ill-made guns and indifferent explosives are dangerous to the State.
>
> Ill-made sonnets and indifferent poetry are equally dangerous to the State.

For the moment we shall refrain from an elaboration of these propositions. One of them, indeed, needs no elaboration or exegesis, because the truth of it is as plain as the nose on some people's faces. The others are just as true, and, to our mind, just as obvious.

Yet here we have the Poet Laureate of England and the *Times* newspaper deliberately setting before us in big print a badly-constructed and inferior piece of writing, and inviting us by implication to copy it into all our newspapers and pass it in to the poetical currency for a sound article. Already it has been copied into the *Evening News* and "splashed" there as though it were something really good; and already it has been copied into the *Daily Mail*, under the amazing caption of

POET LAUREATE'S ODE.

Whether *Forget-Me-Not* and the *'Apenny Wonder* will also copy remains to be seen.

The *Daily Mail's* view that Mr. Bridges' effort amounts to an ode really takes away the breath. At Carmelite House and its branch office in Printing House Square, Lord Northcliffe has gathered round him all that is gracious and distinguished in British journalism. The smartest and most able editors, the most knowledgable and accomplished leader writers, the finest and sharpest sub-editors, and the most pompous and competent military, naval, legal and general experts money can command have been sucked into these two establishments like mackerel into a couple of vast reservoirs, and Lord Northcliffe knoweth them all by their names down to the last mackerel, and believes in his soul that he has a sort of monopoly of the right journalistic fish—swimmers, "splashers," and churners up of the water every one.

But though at Carmelite House you shall find fifty fat and finny fliers who can tell you what the Keeper of the Bread Crumbs and the Bell thinks about Mr. Asquith, S.R.T., Mr. Lloyd George, Mr.

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Bonar Law and the Spiritual Homer, and what he thinks about compulsion, enemy aliens, Zeppelins, combing out, sweet-pea growing, Admiral Jellicoe, the *Westminster Gazette*, Verdun, taxicab whistles, Pemberton-Billing, no-treating, and THE ACADEMY, not to mention what he used to think about Lord Kitchener, you will not find one who can tell you his private throughts about poetry. And apparently you could not find one who is acquainted with the difference between an ode and a sonnet, or in his abounding ignorance has had the fish-sense to ring up and inquire of Printing House Square: "I say, old man [*toujours le* 'old man'] is that little thing of Bridges' an ode, or *what*?"

We have always contended that Lord Northcliffe is himself a sort of poet, inasmuch as he dreamed a dream and made it come true. That it was a bad dream for England is another affair. If it had been a good dream it would not have come true—the good dreams never do. But we stoutly assert that the Chief, before whom at Carmelite "conferences" the wisdom of the world rises and stands at attention, must in the nature of things have hidden in him, somewhere, attributes which amount to the poetical. Only poets (not Napoleons) are masters in the long run. Therefore, we shall contrive to suppose that the sight of his silly fish triumphantly nosing out absolutely the wrong label for Mr. Bridges' sonnet cuts his lordship to the quick, even as it cuts ourselves to such quick as we have left. And we shall contrive also to suppose that he prints Mr. Bridges in the *Times*, not because he considers there was anything specially momentous to print, but because use and wont have established a kind of contract between the *Times* and "respectability" which renders it incumbent upon our thundering contemporary to publish and display anything a Poet Laureate cares to contribute.

A little practicability becomes us all. The practical way for the Poet Laureate, who doubtless means well, is to make sure by "unflinching" self-criticism and consultation with his troops of critical friends that he has really "pulled it off" before he pops things into envelopes and addresses them to Printing House Square. And the practical way for Lord Northcliffe is to take a leaf out of the shrewd book of the Minister of Munitions. Mr. Lloyd George has appointed so many inspectors of shells that no fewer than seven of them (all different and all keen) called at a single small munition works the other Saturday morning. Unless our information bewrays us, he has appointed also inspectors of inspectors, and, for aught we know to the contrary, there may be even an Inspector of inspectors of inspectors. What Mr. Lloyd George has done for shells, Lord Northcliffe should forthwith do for poetry. Over the leader column of Wednesday's *Daily Mail* we read:

THE PAPER THAT GOT THE SHELLS AND THE MEN.

Why not over the leader column of the *Times*:

THE PAPER THAT GOT THE POETRY AND HAD IT THOROUGHLY INSPECTED?

We are convinced of the vital importance of sound poetics to the country. Lord Northcliffe must get his poetry inspected by somebody, even though it involve the massing of the labour of ten men in one—which it doesn't.

G.B.S. AND THE WAR LOAN.

Browning wanted to know what had "become of Waring." Till, after many months of absence from the picture papers, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's counterfeit presentment suddenly cropped up again in a late issue of *To-Day*—a journal "incorporating" *T.P.'s Weekly*, and, we are free to admit, doing it admirably—we had not taken the trouble to wonder what had become of George Bernard Shaw. It was sufficient for us that the theatres were clear of him; that the Press, hapenny and penny, no longer set his name or initials in its forehead; that the stupid adjective "Shavian" had disappeared from polite writing, and that on the whole London was managing along quite nicely without him.

In May, 1915, we wrote and published the following paragraph:

> The *Daily Express* is growing very wroth with George Bernard Shaw. "Over and over again this person has written articles deliberately intended to damage Great Britain," says our contemporary. Also "his attacks on Great Britain and the Allies are readily pounced upon by the Germans, who reprint and distribute them by millions." Also, "legitimate criticism of a political job is stifled, but the vicious sniping of a mountebank who, in some countries is still taken seriously, is permitted to go on." And the *Daily Express* heads its leader on the subject with the words:—
>
> LAY HIM BY THE HEELS!
>
> This is all very proper, and we entirely agree, but it has apparently not occurred to the *Daily Express* that George Bernard Shaw holds himself and his power to write against the Allies almost entirely to journalism of the *Daily Express* order. We pointed out that George Bernard Shaw was a mountebank—"mountebank" was our precise term—and a danger to the country long before the War. At that time the London ha'penny papers were all "hats off" in front of G.B.S.'s "genius." Now they find him out, and want him laying by the heels. The *Daily Express* wishes to know if "the Government is afraid to suppress Mr. Shaw." The answer is that, afraid or not afraid, the Government will not suppress him.

Well, in spite of the *Daily Express*, the Government has not laid Mr. George Bernard Shaw by the heels, or "suppressed" him, or otherwise interfered with him, so that for once in a way we prophesied rightly. We believe that Governments are never justified in laying anybody by the heels for the mere expression of opinions, and that the proper authority to suppress the average person whose opinions are dangerous or distasteful to the people is the people or public itself. We had a sort of feeling that this kind of suppression had overtaken Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and we were content.

Judge, then, of our surprise when we read in the late number of *To-Day* aforesaid and by the side of the aforesaid counterfeit presentment of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the following remarkable words:

> *No one will deny Mr. Bernard Shaw the gift of intellectual courage and readiness to put up a vigorous defence of his ideas; yet eighteen months have passed since his famous essay on our war policy brought down upon him the thunders of an almost unanimously antagonistic press—and Mr. Shaw made no reply. Believing that such a state of things should not continue, I invited him to give his views—and here they are. Those who know Mr. Shaw have never doubted his patriotism, however they may have objected to his opinions. And their faith is by no means groundless. Whilst his fellow journalists were busy inventing new terms of abuse in which to describe him, Bernard Shaw was lending his powerful pen to the men who were running the war, and investing £20,000 in War Loan.*

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These are facts which give the lie to all who doubt on which side are his sympathies. In the following article he defends England against those who would belittle her.

Now, here was a poser. We remember reading in the *New Statesman*, or some such sheet, the "famous essay on our war policy" referred to in this paragraph, and for ourselves we should have written "infamous" instead of "famous," inasmuch as, among other delicate morsels, it contained a statement to the effect that there was no trustworthy evidence to indicate that the Germans had committed worse atrocities in the conduct of the war than those which had been committed, or *were admitted to be inevitable in war, and were accepted as part of military usage by the Allies;* the which, coupled with sundry other pronouncements in the like vein, naturally—and, in our opinion, deservedly—brought down upon its author what *To-Day* describes as "the thunders of an almost unanimously antagonistic Press." That, despite his wonderful "gift of intellectual courage and *readiness* to put up a vigorous defence of his ideas," Mr. Shaw should allow a year and a half to slip over his outraged head before attempting a broadside in reply to the thunderers is not in the least astonishing, and indicates rather that there are occasions upon which even G. B. S. is capable of appreciating the true nature of the better part of valour. But after a year and a-half, when the affair of the *New Statesman* may be reckoned more or less to have blown over, he breaks silence.

The first part of his reply is, of course, made for him by the Editor of *To-Day:* "Whilst his fellow-journalists were busy inventing new terms of abuse in which to describe him, Bernard Shaw was lending his powerful pen to the men who were running the war and investing £20,000 in the War Loan"; which is news indeed, and clearly ought to make Bernard Shaw's "fellow-journalists" blush like the dawning of morn. We are perfectly willing to take Mr. Shaw's £20,000 investment in the War Loan on the word of the Editor of *To-Day*, or on Mr. Shaw's own word. There can be no doubt in the world that Bernard Shaw has made money out of the British public and (we say this without malice) out of the German public, who, according to all accounts, esteem his works very highly. And we take it that, like other shrewd and patriotic investors, Mr. Shaw will receive, or is receiving, five per cent. (or whatever it amounts to) on his hard-earned money. But what we do wonder about is—in what way and manner Mr. Shaw has been "lending his powerful pen to the men who are running the war," and to which men who are running the war. We have no recollection of seeing any book, pamphlet, play, or playlet, article, essay, or other publication of Mr. Shaw's which would indicate that he was working for or with the Government on this or any other business. Surely, if such a publication exists, Mr. Shaw has put his powerful name to it, and not allowed it to go forth to a benighted world under the pretty and unobtrusive signature of "Anon." Failing the book, the pamphlet, the play, or the essay, we are driven back on the conclusion that Mr. Shaw may conceivably be the author of some of those stirring mural appeals to war economy, old clothes wearing, and petrol-saving, which are understood to emanate from bureaucratic quarters, or he may even have had a hand in the composition of some of Sir Edward Grey's despatches. There were touches about the despatch on the Barralong episode which to our mind were entirely regrettable and "Shavian"; and herein may lie the secret.

We think that, having gone so far, the Editor of *To-Day* may very well enlighten us fully on the general issue, both out of justice to Mr. Shaw, of whom we shall be delighted to hear the best that can be said, and for the easement of the minds of "all" who, according to the Editor of *To-Day*, "doubt on which side" lie Mr. Shaw's sympathies. We give Mr. Shaw the credit of being, as he himself says he is, "an intelligent person," and not an ape, and consequently we have no doubts as to the whereabouts of his sympathies—£20,000 in the War Loan or no £20,000 in the War Loan. But we have very real doubts as to whether Mr. Shaw has been or is expressing those sympathies in terms which are likely to render them useful to the right side—namely, "our side." For, though he allows the Editor of *To-Day* to complain for him that he has been "abused," George Bernard Shaw, after eighteen months' sore-back repairing and, we hope, healing, is still in a condition of abusive rage against the "thunderers" who took it upon themselves to rebuke him; as witness the appended excerpts from his own part of the "reply," the italics in which are our own:

> It is still nervously assumed that the *cads and idiots of England* are the people of England, and that it is not patriotic, not safe, not favourable to military operations, to take them by the scruff of the neck and publicly give them the sound shaking their *imbecile blackguardism deserves.*
>
> Our consolation must be that if the picture of England which the Press and the Party leaders have presented to us were true, or even approximately true, the war could not possibly go on for a single day: therefore it cannot be true. . . . As a matter of fact, there is a huge output of English energy, intelligence, knowledge, thought, and organising power at work getting things done and coping with the problems of the war. I could give instances. Why do I not? Simply because my knowledge is necessarily confidential; *I am told these things on the understanding that I am not the Press, but a person of ordinary sense and discretion.* It is the business of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues from time to time to employ their powers of dramatic and descriptive oratory in showing us what England is really doing and thinking. Unfortunately they do not seem to know what she is thinking or to understand what she is doing. The war is going on over their heads and behind their backs. *They might be newspaper printers' devils for all they seem to know of the vital activities even of their own departments.*
>
> We were led into the war blindfolded by the policy of "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies"; and since then we have had humbug and hypocrisy and claptrap, stale perorations, gallery points, *réchauffées of newspaper articles which were already putrid when they were first written, insolent suppression of poor malcontents and abject truckling to rich ones,* until the mass of us who have no contact with our real effectives are driven to despair by our apparent but quite imaginary bankruptcy of character and ability.
>
> If the England of the Press were the real England I should shake its dust from my feet and retire to the most desolate corner of my native land. *But I am fortunate enough to be able to talk occasionally to the people who are really running the war, both in the field and in the departments. Their contempt for the Press is almost equal to their contempt for the Party politicians;* and in talking to them I am in a sane world of reality and possibility and activity, free from *the asphyxiating vapours of spite and*

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panic, greed and terror, Pecksniffery and Podsnappery, which rise and enfold us in paper clouds every morning and afternoon from Fleet Street.

I am an old journalist myself, *and used to think Oscar Wilde much too particular when he complained that English journalists were not gentlemen. But now that the brave, good-humoured, friendly, magnanimous ones have all gone soldiering,* the only defence I can make of my profession is that we are no worse than Cabinet Ministers.

The implication of all this is plain enough. The brave, good-humoured, friendly, magnanimous, gentlemanly journalists are gone a-soldiering to a man. Argal, Mr. Shaw is the only brave, good-humoured, friendly, magnanimous, gentlemanly journalist left among us. This is so far recognised by the people who are "really running the war," and whose contempt for the Press is second only to their contempt for the Party politicians that they confide in Mr. Shaw on the distinct understanding that he is not the Press, but a person of ordinary sense and discretion. Seeing that other lay persons of known sense and discretion are most certainly not confided in either by the field or the departments, such confidences being, in fact, prohibited by the rules of honour and service, Mr. Shaw emerges again in a position of splendid loneliness, and we must be permitted to take off our 'ats to 'im. And the opinion of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, S.R.T., with regard to Mr. Asquith, S.R.T., is, of course, specially valuable.

We hold no brief for Fleet Street, which can take care of itself, even though it can take care of nothing and nobody else. As for the Government, it surely contains lawyers enough to hold its own briefs; but we say that if Mr. Shaw imagines he can creep back into the good graces or tolerance of the British public with the help of rant of the sort we have quoted, he is grossly mistaken, and woefully underestimates the horse-sense of the people whom he would fain placate. And before he proceeds to call us "putrid" and "no gentleman" (*à la* that very "particular" gentleman, Oscar Wilde), we shall request him to note that in the whole course of this article we have applied no term of abuse to him other than the word "mountebank." We used it in respect of him in this journal years before the war, because we considered it to be the just word. And for the life of us we cannot discern the smallest reason either for supplementing or withdrawing it.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

THE REVIVAL IN POETRY.

We gather that what is known as "Society" has taken it into its feather-head to amuse itself with poetry. A gentleman of the finely-frenzied eye, who, according to the paragraphs, was once a tramp, "and now ranks as the foremost English poet," is understood to be "in great request among hostesses," and those "hostesses" whose blandishments fail to secure his attendance at their small, early and economical war-dinners count themselves unfortunate among women, and are falling back, perforce, on the most presentable lesser singers they can manage to get by the ear. Frankly, we are not sorry. There is no poet in this excellent country of ours who hasn't just as much right to an occasional bit of red mutton and glass of sound champagne with a duchess as any comic person out of a *revue;* and none of any parts worth considering, for whom a bewildering half hour in exalted circles is likely to spell absolute spiritual ruin. At the White City, or it may have been Earl's Court, we encountered some time before the outbreak of the present "world chaos" (phrase by Northcliffe) a flamboyantly-decorated stand or booth, at the front of which you might purchase for a penny three wooden balls. These you were expected to hurl at a miscellaneous collection of household crockery alluringly displayed at the rear of the booth, and the more you could smash the more you were supposed to laugh, and the better the attendants seemed to like you. And on the facia of this temple of joy was written, "Breaking up the Happy Home—*the Latest Society Craze.*" Society, of course, must have its crazes, or go to pieces, and if in place of the wanton destruction of Staffordshire ware it turns lightly to the encouragement of delicate eating and drinking among the sons of Apollo, who shall blame it? We need scarcely remark that the poets themselves are quite over-set by their dazzling rise in the world, not because they have hitherto lacked either food and liquor or company, but because they conceive that "social recognition," however condescending or temporary, does of its nature mean a certain amount of advertisement, and consequently—increased sales. Nor has the advantage a period or ending here. For whereas but yesterday the rich and powerful Newspaper Press of England professed to keep at the doors of its palatial offices strong men and pugilists whose sole duty it was to prevent persons with long hair from getting into the building, to-day those very persons, fresh and shining from contact with their superiors, are the welcomest of the welcome, and eagerly invited "kindly to step into the lift and see the literary editor," the which functionary, by the way, usually turns out to be the sweltering youth who in the piping day of real Derbys was responsible for the proper sub-editing of the racing returns.

Vulgar and unseemly hyperbole on one side, it is really certain that the newspapers are "using" poetry, and using it avidly. From the Harmsworth *Times* down to the Kennedy Jones *Town Topics*, every organ of light and leading would seem to have put out the red carpet for the tread of rhymesters, and given the cashier notice always to have in hand adequate supplies of clean, new Treasury notes and decent-looking silver shillings wherewith guineas may be made up for the purchase and acquisition of what the literary editors euphemistically term "the goods." Thus is the might of Society made manifest and palpable.

And even from our point of view, all would be well and fair were it not for two tragical circumstances—the first of which is that, despite floods of rumour to the contrary, the poets are not writing poetry just now; and the second, that the literary editors appear to be utterly incapable of distinguishing between poetry and poppycock. This, we shall be told, is a cheap and easy complaint, but we offer it in good faith, and shall proceed to

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substantiate it off the solid. With regard to the first part of it, an examination of recent files suffices. Where is the poem of consequence or high merit written by a poet of standing in the business, and published by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Morning Post*, or, for that matter, by the *Saturday Review* or the *Spectator*, any time in the past three months? Echo answers, "Nowhere!" and so do we. Anybody who desires to confute Echo, may send in a cutting of the poem of his or her selection which fills the bill, and we will deal faithfully with it in next month's issue of this esteemed journal.

As regards the second part of the plaint, we print on another page a set of verses called "Post Prœlium" which, because it appears in our own window, as it were, we are not concerned to praise. On Friday, June 2nd, the country had news of a naval battle in the North Sea. That engagement will probably be known in history as the Battle of Jutland or the Battle of Horn Reef, and will assuredly range in glory with the Armada and Trafalgar. For humanity at large, as well as for England, it has a significance greater even than Drake's victory, and greater even than Nelson's. If it had gone against us, instead of for us, the world would have known itself at the mercy of Germany, and likely to wear the German shackle for a century to come. Surely here was an occasion for English poets to give a hostess or so the regretful go-by and adventure on a job of work. Perhaps they did, and perhaps they didn't. In any case, the journals we have named are still innocent of the harmless necessary "goods," or even an attempt at them. It may be argued that the celebration of British naval victories is not the business of British poets, and that in point of fact neither the Armada nor Trafalgar has been adequately built into English poetry even to this day. People who can content themselves with such an argument are welcome to it. We say that if our contemporary poets—many of them with pensions paid regularly by the State—fail to appreciate their duty by Jutland they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They bear no love unto the "holy art"; they bear no proper love to the England that keeps and coddles them. It may be that we blame them wrongfully, for this, according to our information, is the short history of "Post Prœlium":

1. It was written on Sunday, June 3rd.
2. On Monday, June 4th, it was offered to the editor of a certain witty publication (not *Punch*), who declined to read it, because—as he very politely explained—if he read it he might be tempted to use it, and serious verse does not come within the scope of his journal.
3. On Tuesday, June 5th, it was offered to the *Times*, and read and approved by a member of the *Times* staff, who, however, pointed out that in consequence of the death of Lord Kitchener, news of which had just come to hand, the poem could not be used for several days, even if it were passed by the Editor, and that meanwhile its "topical" interest would have evaporated.
4. From the *Times* it went to the *Daily Telegraph*, who were "full up and likely to be for weeks"; and from the *Daily Telegraph* to the *Morning Post*, who, as far as could be gathered, were in the same replete condition.
5. On Wednesday, June 6th, it was submitted to the Editor of the *Spectator*, who sent down a note of thanks and regrets; and it then went to the *Saturday Review*, where, of course, it was promptly refused.

Once again is the THE ACADEMY thus placed in the position of offering its readers what may be termed other journals' leavings. Judgment as to which of us is right and which of us is wrong must be left to the critical. We print the poem because, in our view, it is quite good enough for print; and we recite the facts because they appear to throw an entertaining light on the true inwardness of the alleged revival in poetry.

FIVE PARABLES.

SHADOWS.

He looked into the lean, cold bosom of Death.

And he saw that it was the last refuge and stopping-place of Malice and Cupidity and Despair and Loveliness and Fragrance and Wisdom and Goodness.

And somehow he was not very sorry.

SEE-SAW.

Yesterday they found a dead thrush by the morning-glories in a garden. And there was a woman singing in the house.

To-day the woman is dead in her house, and a thrush sings his heart away in the garden.

FRAILTY.

A woman betrayed her lover with a kiss.

And the lover's friends came round him and cried, "She is a false jade, a tigress in chiffons, a treacherous cocatrice, and a Jezebel!"

"Sh-sh!" said the lover. "We will say evil of nobody. The kiss was worth it."

OUTRAGED.

At the bottom of her well sate Truth.

She was flushed and flustered and full of tears, and she dabbed her eyes with her pocket handkerchief and made grimaces.

Two lawyers had descended in the well bucket "for the purpose," as they said, "of cleaning up the place."

SIMPLICITY.

A beautiful woman fell in love with a poor man.

And she invited him dulcetly to tryst with her.

And when they met under the moon, she cried: "Oh, my dearest, let us now weep together because you have no money!"

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POST PRŒLIUM.

[JUTLAND.]

I.

Lovely, and mightily-thewed
Mother of this great brood,
Lo, the beatitude
Falls on thee like a flood
And folds thee where thou'rt stood
 Fronting the destinies
 With comfortable eyes.

II.

Now knowest thou the rose
Which to the sweet air blows
In thy fair garden-close,
And thine own lark that throws
Down music as he goes
 Vaunting to heaven of thee,
 Are not for the enemy.

III.

Now knowest thou the maid
Of her young joy unstayed,
And matrons who have said
Most secret prayers, afraid
To tell themselves they prayed—
 In thy green land shall dwell
 Safe and inviolable.

IV.

Woodland and russet farm,
And hamlet, and the warm
And goodly towns where swarm
Thy populations, Harm
Taketh not in her palm;
 And never will they know
 The tread of any foe.

V.

For round thee is the sheer
Might of the mariner
Whom thou didst suckle and rear
And give for the ships. No peer
Hath he to drive and steer
 And fight till the last bells
 The steely citadels.

VI.

Now knowest thou the deeps
Of a verity thine; nor sleeps
Nor fails the ward. Who leaps
For what thy Amireld keeps,
Soweth a wind, and reaps
 The whirlwind from thy guns,
 The lightning from thy sons.

VII.

Blessed art thou that sent
These to be strawne and spent;
And blessed they that went,
Singing with heart's content,
Unto the sacrament;
 And blessed they that mourn
 Whoso shall not return.

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REVIEWS.

GENTLE SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare and his Fellows.—By the RIGHT HON. D. N. MADDEN, M.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.) 6s. 6d. net.

Mr. Justice Madden describes the present excellent volume as "an attempt to decipher [Shakespeare] the man and his nature." On the face of it, such an attempt requires courage and something of a blind eye for the work of contemporary decipherers. Our author is adequately equipped in both regards. He has the courage to base his estimate on the facts of Shakespeare's life as they are known and established, and with the help of surrounding and inter-related circumstances to deduce from them conclusions which will satisfy the common sense rather than startle the fancy; and he is blind enough of one critical eye to ignore, or pass with the curtest of nods, those theorists who would have us believe that Romeo, Prospero, Hamlet, Jacques, and other figures of the plays are really so many autobiographical and revealing portraits of their creator. "It is true," he says, "that an artist must of necessity put something of himself into the works of his art. But when his work takes the form of drama, the difficulty of discovering the personality of the artist is greatest. The medium in which he [Shakespeare] writes is dialogue, and the nearer the dialogue approaches to perfection in expressing the character of the speaker, the more effectually the personality of the artist is concealed."

For those who would read "personality" into the sonnets, Mr. Justice Madden has no more comfort; agreeing with Sir Sidney Lee that "genuine emotion or the writer's personal experience inspired few Elizabethan sonnets, and no literary historian can accept the claim which has been preferred on behalf of Shakespeare's 'sonnets' to be at all points a self-evident exception to the general rule. A personal note may have escaped the poet involuntarily in the sonnets in which he gives voice to a sense of melancholy and remorse, but Shakespeare's dramatic instinct never slept, and there is no proof that he is doing more than produce dramatically the illusion of a personal confession."

For ourselves, while we should not follow Sir Sidney Lee in the broad statement that few Elizabethan sonnets were inspired by genuine emotion or personal experience, we should go further than he ventures in the latter part of his judgment, and assert that without the dramatic instinct no poetry of the "personal" order could have been written with any sort of effect. Even "In Memoriam" is largely drama, and sometimes perilously near melodrama. But this by the way.

Ruling out for other than empirical purposes the supposed "personality" in the plays and poems, Mr. Justice Madden essays to give us a new reading of Shakespeare's character—and of the man in his habit as he lived—more or less by the light of the adage that a man is known by the company he keeps. Of course, this new reading is virtually the old reading which Ben Jonson got into two words—namely, "gentle Shakespeare," but in the process of confirming and illuminating for us that most beautiful summary of a great nature, the author of "Shakespeare and his Fellows" takes us through so many delectable paths and pleasant by-ways that his work is endowed almost with the full force of a discovery and a lifting of veils. The chapters on "Edmund Spenser," "The Players," "The University Pens," "Ben Jonson," and "Christopher Marlowe" are full of living interest, scholarly criticism, and information which has not before been assembled, and which it would be impossible to present in a more lucid or convincing manner, and from these and the chapter on Shakespeare's "Family and Friends"—a *tour de force* in the way of the piecing together and elucidation of common knowledge—emerges a picture of Shakespeare which, if it be not the "true picture" for which literature is never weary of sighing, appears to us to come as near it as we can reasonably hope to get. "Shakespeare and his Fellows" is a book to read and a book to treasure. To our mind it is quite the most human, kindly and competent book on the subject that has yet been produced, and we say this with all respect to the great work of Sir Sidney Lee, to which Mr. Justice Madden admits a large indebtedness in the historical sense. It puts before us, with well-nigh life-like effect, the Shakespeare that all true lovers of Shakespeare, from Ben Jonson down, have kept in their minds' eye and their hearts' kindness, and incidentally—though the foolish, unthank business is never so much as mentioned—it disposes once and for all of the notion that the Swan of Avon did not build his own glory or sweep the golden airs of his time with his own wing.

VERY YOUNG POETS.

"ADVENTURERS ALL."

I. *The Escaped Princess.*—By WILFRED R. CHILDE. (Blackwell.) 2s. net.
II. *Thursday's Child.*—By ELIZABETH RENDALL. (Blackwell.) 2s. net.
III. *Bohemian Glass.*—By ESTHER DUFF. (Blackwell.) 2s. net.
IV. *Contact and Other Poems.*—By T. W. EARP. (Blackwell.) 2s. net.

Here we have the first four volumes of "a series of young poets unknown to Fame." According to the publisher the object of the series is to remove from the work of young poets the reproach of "insolvency." Also, "it is hoped that these Adventurers may justly claim the attention of those intellects which, in resisting the enervating influence of the novel, look for something of permanent value in the more arduous pursuit of poetry." We should be sorry to stand in the way of anybody's solvency, but if the four young poets to hand are hoping to escape possible financial stringency by virtue of the proceeds of their respective "adventures," we can assure them that they are labouring under a profound illusion.

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It is also our duty to warn "those intellects which, in resisting the enervating influence of the novel, look for something of permanent value in the more arduous pursuit of poetry," that they will find precious little which can be considered "arduous" about these gentlemen and lady adventurers, and quite a good deal that is reasonably "enervating." Bang off, as it were, Mr. W. R. Childe, the first adventurer, obliges us with a dedication to "his dear friend, William Kerr," followed by quotations from Mallarmé and the Psalms; followed again by some sugared rhymes "to his dear friend upon these poems"; followed yet again by "three commendations," signed prettily W. P. R. K., R. E. S., and E. H. W. M., all simple and all sugary, and all so desperately and delicately "youngling" that one wonders whether the reviewers from Oxford will not have to supplement their apparently inexhaustible supplies of sweetstuff for Oxfordian hobbledehoydom with a stock of feeding bottles, soothing syrup and "comforters" for the use and benefit of the puling and enswaddled Peter Pans of the place. Haphazard we take a choice of Mr. Childe:

In the high town's last inn the soul sits down,
 Drinks ale with her fair lover in the inn;
 Ah, no, the proud one thinks it not a sin
Laughter in that last tavern of the town.

She has red lips, and he a cloak of red;
 She comes from pasturing in lonely lands
Desires, pale things, in melancholy herds;
But now for her's a cage of snow-white birds,
 She holds the amber draught between her hands,
And on his bright breast leans her floral head.

Mr. Childe is evidently not yet grown-up enough to have heard the tale about the cherub who asked the little red devil to tell him a naughty story. "Sit down," quoth the little red devil, "and I'll tell you one." And "her's" for Oxford! Fie, Mr. Childe!

Adventurer No. 2 is a young lady, Miss Elizabeth Rendall to wit, who in the forefront of her box of ribbon observes that "thanks are due . . . to Mrs. Basil de Selincourt for graciously allowing the use of the title of her novel, Franklin Kane." Youth, irrepressible youth! And what are engagers in "the more arduous pursuit of poetry" to make of this?:

Jennifer had a party,
 (Jennifer's seen the sea,
But I've been to the country),
 Just only her and me,
And not a single grown-up—'cept nurse to spread the jam—
And not one baby neither, but her monkey and my lamb
 And us, came to Jennifer's party
 (Jennifer's only three,
 I'm four and I've been to the country—twice—
 But Jennifer's seen the sea).

Copyrighted, we trust, in the United States of America by Miss Elizabeth Rendall! There, my dear, don't cry, but take it from a hoary old verse-monger and wielder of the crabtree cudgel that you have a certain amount of poetical talent about you, and that when a few more years have passed over your sometimes over-foolish and sometimes over-wise little head and have learnt that Beaudelaire doesn't really matter for an English girl, you will probably come out all right.

Miss Esther Lilian Duff, adventurer No. 3, may as well hold out her hand and be done with it. Miss Esther has ventured on a "prologue"—how often shall we have to tell you young ladies that "preface" is English and quite good enough? But, please, sit up and listen to wise words from Miss Esther:

> Of what merchandise Life has despoiled us, good friends, we have not vouchsafed to you; nor will, for these things must be ours. And of our hopes, which lie with the future of our strength—what should we say to you of these? But to stay you in an unequal contest, and to give you comradeship when brother knows no more the face of brother; to prove solace to you in the hour before the dawn, we thus make steadfast the memory of such things as Life gave us by a free gift.

And Miss Esther proposes to "solace" and put a little soul and spirit into the enervated novel reader with the following:

Charles gave Elizabeth a Dodo,
 Charles never offered one to me—
The loveliest lemon-coloured Dodo
 With the greenest eyes that you could wish to see.

Now, it isn't that I'm doubting if Charles loves me,
 And I know that he would ask me out to tea,
But he *did* give Elizabeth a Dodo,
 And he never even offered one to me.

Life has despoiled us of a certain amount of merchandise in our time; but so far as we are concerned anybody who wants Charles's Dodo can have it for a gift. "Bohemian Glass" and not "Art Pottery" is the name of Miss Esther's little book.

Last on our list comes Mr. T. W. Earp with "Contacts." Dedication "to a Southern gentleman":

Because you walk with consciousness of your station,
 Perfect example of a fine old school,
The young men of the present generation
 Consider you a ridiculous old fool.

When you come to think of it, a Southern gentleman would walk like that, but Mr. Earp appears rather to intrude on the province of the war prophet when he roundly asserts that if we ever see the Southern gentleman out a-walking we shall remember him "when Madison Square and Fifth Avenue are gone."

Of this "Adventurers All" series generally we should note that the volumes are beautifully printed on good paper, with suitably decorated titles and half titles, and the stoutest of them runs to 94 pages, so that as regards material, at any rate, there is plenty for the money. The fault appears to us to be that each young poet has been allowed to print exactly what he or she desired without reference to the consideration that in books of serious verse the reading public expect to find serious verse, unrelieved by facetious, "smart," or merely baby verses. Mr. Childe's contribution is free from this kind of offence, but it clamours for a weeding out, the which, as a young poet, we daresay he is little disposed to give it. Whimsey and nothingness, however preciously phrased, cannot be allowed to pass for poetry.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

You have the secret of making even the House of Commons amusing.—*Mr. Balfour to Sir Henry Lucy.*

I suppose we may expect Fag Day to be followed shortly by Shag Day.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

Even simple-minded people can now hardly believe that the German Navy leads a lazy life.—*Maximilian Harden.*

Oh, the wooden walls of Nelson were our bulwarks long ago,
But these iron walls his soul appals—the Walls of Jellicoe!
So he blows his brazen trumpet, full loudly doth he blow,
Yet undismayed by rout or raid tower the Walls of Jellicoe.—*Grace Hall, in To-day.*

In this country, at any rate, the axiom that you cannot fool all the people all the time, however successful one may be with a portion of them for a period, is a truism.—*Globe.*

Commentators who, any time this last twelve months, demanded Lord Kitchener's resignation, are now professing a sense of irreparable loss at his death. He was a danger when alive; he is a genius dead.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

Staggered, incredulous, abashed—
"*It can't be true!*" we said—
As through the land the tidings flashed
That Kitchener was dead.—*Jessie Pope.*

"Such pretty verses!" people say, as if they were talking of a dado or a ribbon or a birthday cake. But it is not the first nor the last essential of poetry to be pretty. The first and the last is to make people think; to make them dream dreams and see visions—not dreams and visions of fancy, but of those intellectual *realities* that Blake speaks of.—*Francis Coutts.*

Lord Milner has a trained intellect as well as a will . . . The Empire needs an unflinching, unbending figure, cool-headed, and of proven ability, to regulate the War Office. Lord Milner, we are convinced, is the right man.—*Saturday Review.*

My earliest recollections are of a long string of things I must not do because I must bear in mind that I would be a duke some day. In those days, such is the innocence of youth, I believed this was a promise; I know now it was a veiled threat.—*Duke of Manchester.*

An estimable English friend of mine, brought up as an atheist, is now a Catholic, through seeing a jarvey who drove him round Dublin on his first visit to Ireland raising his hat as he passed a church. And the Dublin jarveys are world-famous for their wit, humour and expressive idioms.—*S. de Maistre.*

What an influence love has on our lives, to be sure! It is for love that I am relating this story of my life.
—*Sunday Herald Serial.*

The gallant Admirals Horace Hood and Arbuthnot, who died for us, were paid less than third-class barristers, who flatter their trade union officials and thus obtain office. Loftus Jones, the commander of H.M.S. "Shark," who, beating the record of Chevy Chase, fought his last gun with one leg blown off, was paid less than one-fifth of the stipend of a county court judge. The grip of the lawyer politician who transacts national business behind closed doors must be replaced by the grip of men whose eyes are opened to realities.—*Arnold White.*

But even the most tenacious memory does not retain every detail, and there will often arise a discussion as to "What really happened at ——?" or "Which regiment was first into ——?" or "When was it that the Huns tried to get through at ——?" Then it will be a matter for reference, and the *Times* History will be taken down from the shelf.—*Times advt.*

Many applications of the parable, "The Shaving of Shagpat," are possible at the present moment. The prestige of Kaiserism, Krupp, and Kultur seemed as that of the Identical—until Joffre shaved through it at the Battle of the Marne. . . . But it is the umbrageous humbug of the professional politicians which at present most outrageously invites the barber's weapon. As you look on them you feel that "There's 'air!" has once more become the text of an epic of humbug. It is said that the Indispensable now grows in the head of Mr. Asquith. "Unity of the nation" is one of its many magniloquent names, and the critic who sees this is an Illusion and says so, is subject to rhetorical thwackings by all the modern Shagpat's disciples. For all that, a barber shall come, bearing the tackle of truth-seeking, and shave Shagpat clean. And then the folly and falsity of it all will be obvious at a glance, and the winning of the war will be entrusted to men of action.—*Morning Post.*

Lord Kitchener's critics:
Though History's yet unwritten page
Will show them that they lied,
The dogs recovered from the bite,
The MAN it was that died.
—*London Opinion.*

We desire to accept with all humility the rebukes which are showered upon us by the *Daily News*, the *Spectator*, and other Home Rule journals. All that is urged against our "obstinacy," our "Toryism," our "Prussianism" is no doubt perfectly just. We are no doubt the most benighted and the most ignorant of reactionaries, since we still hold the views that we held before the Rebellion.—*Morning Post.*

Aye—there's the *crux*, my masters. It's men and the handling of men that counts (*sic*). In this war the new officers are not likely to handle armies: they are certain to handle men. And the handling is everything.—*Times.*

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Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C.*

LIFE AND LETTERS.

WAR TIME PERSONS.

III.—THE DINERS.

"*They died content,*" he said,
And bent a well-groomed head
Sweetly above the soup:
"*Ah, splendid lads!*" he sighed,
"*And* . . . (Waiter!) . . . *think!—they died*
Content! . . . (the *cantaloupe*
Wasn't quite ripe enough).
Real top-hole lads and tough!—
A lesson for those swine!—
(Yes, yes—uncork the wine!)

"*Top-hole, I tell you!*—(pish,
I'm not so keen on fish!—
Don't matter—eat it, dear)—
Beat us? Good Lord! No fear!—
With lads like that about!
(Well, well—they *call* it trout!)
Where can you match 'em? (Oh—
Pâtés of *ris de veau!)*

"*All heroes!*—(Gad—that's Jones—
Wolfing his damned grilled bones—
Pardon—but really—well—
Grilled bones for dinner! . . 'Pell-Mell'?
No, darling, let us go
And see the other show)—
Our chaps are simply 'it'!—
(*Not* just the *weeniest* bit?
The waiting here's absurd:
When *will* they bring the bird?)

"*They died content!* . . . (Don't look—
There's Mumble and the duke
And Mrs. M.—of course
She *does* laugh like a horse!)—
They died like gentlemen!
(Chicken? No—ancient hen!—
But still the salad's good)—
My God—the British blood!

"*You very nearly kissed*
That fearful Casualty List?—
Ah, precious, you've a heart!—
(What excellent strawberry tart!)—
Yes, Haig's O.K., you bet
He'll smother 'em—and yet
There must be sacrifice!—
(I shouldn't risk the ice!)

"(Coffee for two—no cream!)
It all seems like a dream:
Still, we shall win right through,
As we were bound to do . . .
They died content!—(Why, sure!—
Did-ums want its *liqueur?* . . .
And, waiter,—that cigar!
And, waiter—call the car—
And bring the blanky bill!—
These 'neutrals' makes me ill!)"

Writing to the *Saturday Review*, a gentleman of the name of Salmon says:

> In my previous letters I have candidly admitted that Wordsworth was not a great critic.

Very admirable of Mr. Salmon! We shall now look eagerly for a Mr. Gluckstein to "admit" that Wordsworth was not a great poet. It is impossible to be a great poet without being a great critic, Wordsworth's—and Coleridge's—lapses notwithstanding.

And another writer—in the *Saturday's* "Notes of the Week" this time—proffers the following:

> It is established that the author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is consummate in fiction, the one consummate master in print in our country to-day. But his poetry is a strange, closed book to the public to-day. Yet here, again, is the consummate master, and the one master now. We had rather have the two or three little things in his latest book of lines than the whole of the remainder of poetry to-day—perhaps of all the poetry, good, indifferent, and bad, written since the muse of Browning and Tennyson was at her prime, and Matthew Arnold's, too.

Some of the poems of Mr. Thomas Hardy, S.R.T., are certainly more to his credit than some of his novels; but clumsy maunderings like the foregoing might appear to come with an ill-grace ("to-day") from a journal which ("to-day") flaunts on its contents bills the appended unsolicited and anonymous testimonial to its own splendour:

> "I read the *Morning Post* every morning and the *Saturday Review* every week—which except a man do faithfully he cannot call himself educated."

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"The best bit of literature in the mess" (to-day) should surely avoid making a mess of its best bits of literature.

In *Reynolds's Newspaper*, which is understood to stand for the democracy, we read:

> An optimistic resident of Kingston Hill offers 10s. for the recovery of three lost £1 notes.

Much of the delightful philosophy of "to-day" purrs in that "optimistic."

From a column headed "Secret History of To-day" in the same newspaper we take this:

> A remarkable story has just come to light of an Anzac who fell in Gallipoli. When recruits were being sought he was urged by his mother, a widow, not to join as he was her sole support, and she was so ill that at any moment she might die. The boy had a sweetheart, who . . . urged him to join up like her brothers. And because he would not do so, she sent him a letter enclosing a white feather, and on a slip of paper was written, "When I marry, I will marry a MAN." The receipt of this white feather so outraged the feelings of the boy that he enlisted and went to Gallipoli. Within a fortnight of his leaving his mother died. He fell in Gallipoli, but before dying asked a comrade to return the white feather to the girl. . . . This the comrade did, and the boy's sweetheart received the feather dyed red with her lover's blood.

A poet possessed of a trifle of the skill and sentiment which went to the composition of "Enoch Arden"—if such a poet exist, to-day—might fashion a fairly moving idyll out of such an artless tale. It is scarcely "hot" enough for Mr. Masefield, S.R.T., but it might suit Sir Henry Newbolt, S.R.T., or Mr. Barry Pain.

Currente calamo and the failure of the proof-reading eye are positively malevolent at times. Here is Mr. Garvin, S.R.T., in the *Observer*:

> As little dare we forget the inseparable part of Belgium and of her sovereign, second in pure fame and dignity and moral greatness to any king in modern history.

Thus do monarchs like Ferdinand of Bulgaria get the typographical bulge of His Majesty's faithful and high-minded Ally. Mr. Garvin, S.R.T., who, by the way, tells us that he would not "willingly criticise the Prime Minister," S.R.T., must have gone hot and cold all over when he stumbled across this maddening bloomer.

Under the head of "Poetry," the *Spectator* prints some flowing topical lines called "Master and Pupil":

Two years ago I taught him Greek,
 And used to give him hints on bowling;
His classics were a trifle weak;
 His "action" needed some controlling.
Convinced of my superior *nous*
 I thought him crude, and I was rather
Inclined, as master of his House,
 To treat him like a heavy father.

I wrote the usual reports
 Upon his lack of "concentration";
Though certainly at winter sports
 He did not earn this condemnation.
I took him out San Moritz way
 One Christmas, and our *rôles* inverted,
For in the land of ski and sleigh
 His mastery was soon asserted.

I thought him just a normal lad,
 Well-mannered, wholesome, unaffected;
The makings of a Galahad
 In him I had not yet detected;
And when I strove to mend his style,
 Blue-pencilling his exercises,
I little guessed that all the while
 His soul was ripe for high emprises. . .

He writes me letters from the front,
 Which prove, although he doesn't know it,
That though his words are plain and blunt,
 He has the vision of a poet;
And lately, on his eight-days' rest,
 After long months of hard campaigning,
He came, and lo! an angel guest
 I was aware of entertaining.

About himself he seldom spoke,
 But often of his widowed mother,
And how she nobly bore the stroke
 That robbed them of his sailor brother. . .

For he had faced the awful King
 Of Shadows in the darksome Valley,
And scorned the terrors of his sting
 In many a perilous storm and sally.
Firm in the faith that never tires
 Or thinks that man is God-forsaken,
From war's fierce seven-times-heated fires
 He had emerged unseared, unshaken.

Quite good, for Oxford—or is it Cambridge? But for ourselves we should have blue-pencilled those easy lines about "his widowed mother" and "his sailor brother." It is as well not to impinge on the "sloppy" even in a war-piece.

And here is Mr. Binyon, S.R.T., trying his academic hand at a ballad, in the *Times*:

There are five men in the moonlight
 That by their shadows stand:
Three hobble humped on crutches,
 And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
 Chorus a chant absorbed;
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
 That far in heaven is orbed. . .

Beyond the hills it shines now,
 On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches, thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
 A chaos crumbling red! . . .

The five men in the moonlight
 Chat, joke, or gaze apart;
They talk of days and comrades,
 But each one hides his heart.

They wear clean cap and tunic,
 As when they went to war;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned,
 But they will fight no more.

That Mr. Binyon should so confound otiosity with simplicity distresses us beyond measure. Let him re-read "The Ancient Mariner" and mark the fair craftsmanship of which he has failed—or, for that matter, let him consider any of a score ballads by Mr. Kipling, and stand abashed before the fundamental brainwork, to say nothing of the inspiration and heartwork in them. "Frogs somewhere near the roadside Chorus a chant absorbed," "Beyond the hills it shines now On no peace but the dead," and "A gleam comes where the medal's pinned, But they will fight no more," won't do, Mr. Binyon

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—nor, for that matter, will "A hush breathes out of the dream-light That far in heaven is orbed," even though the *Times* stand sponsor for it!

To-Day, from whom we have been expecting an explanation of its assertion that "whilst his fellow-journalists were busy inventing new terms of abuse for him, Bernard Shaw was lending his powerful pen to the men who were running the war," maintains a remarkable silence on the subject; contenting itself only with a paragraph of compliment about ourselves, designed, one supposes, to turn away our terrible wrath. We have lived without compliment a long time now, and we should really be obliged if our contemporary would in some sort justify its statement about Shaw and the loan of his powerful pen, and reserve any bouquets it may have for us until a less serious occasion. *To-Day's* statement is either true or false. If it be true, there can be nothing but good in a trifle of detail. If it be false, *To-Day* should say so, even though the heavens fall and it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves.

As for Shaw's "gift of intellectual courage and readiness to put up a vigorous defence of his ideas," we have never believed in the one or the other. As a fact, it is sheer intellectual pusillanimity which prompts the kind of writing Mr. Shaw has been giving us ever since we can remember him, and when it comes to fighting, he has never had a bout in his life, except with "sparring partners" like Messrs. Chesterton, Belloc, and Zangwill, who have no punch wherewith to hit him, and are as tender of his soft places as he is of theirs. Even the *Star* can wallop him with impunity. Of course, people without stomachs are well advised to keep out of ten-foot rings, and that is why Mr. Shaw should contrive to let the war alone. He may be sure that, in spite of their "idiotic vision," the bits of lads at the front will save his body for him alive; though we doubt if they will ever again be "idiotic" enough to read his mountebank "prefaces" or tumble over one another in their eagerness to see "Getting Married." The hard-headed England which is even now emerging from the ashes of the *ante bellum* Bird of Paradise can have no use for Shaw. He should be able to live very comfortably on the thousand a year which, according to the latest tables of interest, his £20,000 in the War Loan ought to yield him. Go thou in peace, Bernard-o, and thank the Lord, of whom thou makest a gibe, that mercy would appear to endure for ever.

Reviewing in the *Star*, a contributor to the *Daily News*, Mr. James Douglas, quotes the observation that Henry James, S.R.T., "lacked the power to bid bad authors go to the devil." And, he adds, "O wad some power that giftie gie us all!"—which we take it is a plain confession that "us all" are lacking either in perception or pluck. We have never doubted it, but this is the first time we have seen it admitted. Mr. Douglas had better have a care, otherwise he will be letting the critical cat clean out of the bag—and the "bad authors" might be very cross with him.

The *Weekly Dispatch's* "World of Books" has been quite appropriately translated to a column next the City article. Cheek by jowl with "Closing Prices" and "New York Stock Market" we are told:

> English writers are going to have a rude shock very shortly. They are going to wake up and find their markets in the possession of Americans. A tide of American literature is flowing over these islands and is getting stronger every day. It will soon be quite noticeable, even by the most bat-eyed of our penmen. What I am talking about is not "high-brow" literature, but the stuff the great public reads. Our writers will soon find they are too clever for their pockets. Brain is all right in its way, but it is human sympathy that tells in this matter. The American writer has discovered the art of putting the human appeal into his work and also, in a good many cases, of getting real human experience as a foundation. He is doing it in his plays, as our playwrights have already found to their cost, and he is doing it in his books, as our novelists will soon be finding to *their* cost.

Parliament should appoint a Committee to deal with the situation at once. Otherwise our "playwrights" and "novelists"—good, bat-eyed souls—will find themselves in the economic "cart." The Caines, the Corellis, the Garvices, the Barries, the Vachells, the Barclays, and the mammy Osgoods must be up and doing. It would be a fearful thing if the Americans really jumped "the markets."

From "An Essay to Please the Pigs" in a journal which still dotes on Shaw:

> Had I to choose for myself, however, a heraldic emblem for the Englishman's home, I should not trouble the dragon or the unicorn; I think most of my aspirations and many of my practical tastes should be satisfied under the sacred image of a pig. Many deep traditions, and even delicate and intangible speculations, combine to make the simple picture of a pig a sort of signal of the presence of the normal and native things of a Christian people. It is a declaration of war upon Turks, Jews and Vegetarians. Artistically the pig is a most beautiful object, and exquisitely suited to those landscapes of South England where we have mostly seen him. He is himself a sort of rolling landscape; the rise and fall of his ample curves having almost exactly the contour of the Downs; which, by the way, ought in true poetic paradox to be balanced by some deep and gracious valleys called the Ups. I can imagine Mr. Belloc writing a poem about how hospitable they are, and how desirable, and about how he will never find them. Yet the pig, while so patriotic and domestic an image, has something about him which belongs to fairyland; a happy monstrosity; something which can become extravagant without becoming remote; something which lingers with a kind of laughter in the last demonology of gargoyles. They talk about the devil not being so black as he is painted, but I am sure he is not so gay as he was carved. The pig is as solid and incredible as an elephant; but he is too comic to permit of the evil solemnity of animal-worship. Fancies like that about whether pigs could fly are among the delightful things which are impossible without being in the least unthinkable. The mind instantly makes a picture of pink pigs with wings like cherubs. Not that I am impatient of porcine limitations, or have any irrational desire that pigs should fly. They might fly away.

Giggling author, G. K. Chesterton, who is apparently unacquainted with the fact that Barnum is dead, and that the boomerang is a weapon with a way of its own!

Extract from a letter from the front culled by Mr. Gossip, of the *Daily Sketch*:

> Alfred is very busy just now with the battel being on.

An epic and a revealing in eleven words; as moving in its way as "old, unhappy, far-off things and battels long ago!"

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THE BALLAD OF POOR HONESTY.

"Now Good," quoth he,
"Be good for me,
And Evil be thou evil":
O simple wight!—
As well he might
Have leagued him with the Devil—
Who, when all's said,
Is a gentleman bred,
And civil to the civil.

He trudgeth forth,
Now south now north,
To turn the needful penny,
Upon his back
He bears a pack
Through suns and snows a-many
And mile on mile—
With an equal smile
For Richard and for Jenny.

"Yea these," he sware,
"Be God's own pair,
They will not cog or cozen,
In smocks they go
To milk and mow,
And threadbare are their hosen;
But if your due
Be twelve, for you
They'll count out the full dozen.

"Yet Dick, fell wretch,
Did the hangman stretch,
For cutting a babe's weasand,
And by the Bench
That brazen wench,
Young Jenny, was imprisoned,
That folks might cry,
'In villainy
The twain were properly seasoned.'

"Still Good," quoth he,
"Be good for me,
And Evil be thou evil;
My grandam dear,
Above her beer,
Was wont to curse the Devil,
'O little lad,
Eschew the bad
Which doth defile!' she'd snivel."

Upon an ass
He is fain to pass
Into the virtuous city,
And soon doth stop
With my lord bishop,
The learnéd and the witty:
("So honest a face!"
Mused his lordship's grace—
And hired him out of pity.)

Here every saw
Of the moral law
With joy he heard repeated,
Till on a night
In the candle-light
The bishop's guests were seated,
And they played a game,
Bezique by name,
And my lord the bishop, cheated.

So, nothing loth,
Our friend shogged off
To service with a person
Whom fools did rate
For a prop of the state:
There couldn't have been a worse 'un;
For by wink or grin
He approved the sin
We are bidden to put a curse on.

Then a judge he served
Who quite un-nerved
This saint by actions foxy,
Such as bringing home quills
From the Office of Wills
And going to church by proxy,
And, once a week,
Pinching the cheek
Of a most offensive doxy.

"Still Good for me
Be good," quoth he,
"And Evil be thou evil;
I will show my mind
Unto mankind,
And speak them fair and civil,
And tell them how
All men I know
Are bondmen of the Devil."

He trudgeth forth
Both south and north
By markets and street corners,
And saith aloud
To the wondering crowd,
"Ye are plagued with thieves and scorners
And liars and cheats
And hypocrites
And losels and suborners!"

He was the first
That ever burst
Upon them with such tiding;
Eftsoons they cried,
"This fellow's pride
Is surely past abiding!"
And with grievous stones,
They bruised his bones,
And hurried him into hiding.

Upon the floor
He lies full sore,
Nor murmureth unduly,
Although he must
Give up the ghost
His speech is not unruly;
With his last breath
He uttereth
These words: "I ha' spoken truly!"

So passeth he
Most miserably,
Without or sniff or snivel:
Unhappy wight—
As well he might
Have leagued him with the Devil.
Who on the whole
Is a decent soul,
And returneth good for evil!

C.

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THE BULLY-BEEF POETS.

Thanks to a culture begotten of newspapers and publishers' advertisements and nourished in circulating libraries, the polite world waxes daily more curious about what we shall term hyphenated poetry. Having disposed of its "railway-porter-," "taxi-cab-driver-," "footman-," "scavenger-," "tramp-," and "convict-poets"—all, mark you, true and proper sons of the muses in their kind, and one of them, indeed, a shining and absolute acquisition to the school of Blake—the polite world is eager for further entertainment, and would seem to be more or less busy "taking up with the soldiers." Of "soldier-poets" we have already five-score. The "Lyddite Lyricist," the "Bombardier Balladist," the "Subaltern Sonneteer," the "Dithyrambic Major," the "Honey-mouthed General" are toward, if not already published, and unless the new Secretary for War gets to work on an epic or something in the *genre* of "The Dynasts," he is more than likely to find himself behindhand in the running.

Tracing the genesis of the thing in its higher aspects by dates, we may begin with April 11th. On that day, it seems, the Northcliffe *Times*—the journal which is still without an Inspector of Poetry—indulged us to a sonnet by a Corporal in the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment—"name of J. W. Streets." We like corporals and Yorkshiremen and good sonnets, and as Mr. Streets' sonnet was miles ahead of a subsequent performance by the Poet Laureate in the same form and organ of opinion, we will say nothing disrespectful about it except that it contained such phrases as "There is a spot, now barren," "ashes of the mighty dead," "sodden with human gore," "fought true for Freedom," and "won . . . undying fame."

On April 12th the *Times* "gave prominence" to a letter from the Editor of the *Poetry Review*—a Mr. Galloway Kyle, we believe—who, after explaining that Corporal Streets was "now on active service," proceeded to observe:

> He has been for some time a contributor to the *Poetry Review*, and a series of sonnets, "Twilight and Youth," published in our January number, truly expressed, as he himself wrote some months previously, "not only my feelings, but the feelings of thousands of others who, like myself, are on the verge of departure from England." This contribution attracted considerable attention, one typical opinion received from a stranger being, "They are remarkably fine poems and deserve wide recognition for their essential nobility of thought."
>
> I lay stress on this because such fine work, illustrative of the fine spirit animating the New Army, endorses your own remarks made from time to time on the great office of poetry in these serious days, particularly that article of a few months ago, in which you stated that *"In a time of stress like this, poetry's ancient claim to be the great consoler, the great encourager, the great life-giver, justifies itself. And any poetry which has something to say, and says it truly and finely, is more read now than it has been for a long time."*

The valuable part of Mr. Kyle's letter is the pronouncement we have italicised, which, though coming as it does from the Big Sister of the *Daily Mail*, that knoweth not the difference between a sonnet and an ode, happens to be true as to its first part, and perhaps a little doubtful as to its second.

But this is by the way. On July 21st—"Burns died," says the calendar—Mr. E. B. Osborn, who is making an anthology of "real war poetry," wrote in the *Morning Post* as follows:

> Thus indeed the unconquerable soul of each young crusader claps its silver wings, flies high and far, and confutes death with an undying song. Here is a sonnet by Corporal J. W. Streets, of the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment, in which the "Love of Life" (such is the sonnet's title) is all the more glowing and significant for the walls of war's shadow that cannot keep it imprisoned:
>
> Reach out thy hands, thy spirit's hands, to me
> And pluck the youth, the magic, from my heart—
> Magic of dreams whose sensibility
> Is plumèd like the light; visions that start
> Mad pressure in the blood;
> to yearning wed
> All slothfulness of life; draw from its bed
> The soul of dawn across the twilight hills.
> Reach out thy hands, O spirit, till I feel
> That I am fully thine; for I shall live
> In the proud consciousness that thou dost give.
> And if thy twilight fingers round me steal
> And draw me unto death—thy votary
> Am I, O Life, reach out thy hands to me!

This sonnet, we understand, has appeared in the *English Review*. There is an air and a breath about it which may or may not excuse its plain blemishes. Obviously it is quite ambitious enough, and, just as obviously, it fails in certain vital respects. But listen to Mr. Osborn's comment:

> Who, knowing only the conventional stuff of non-combatant war-poets, would have thought of reading such a poem on paper stained with the mud of the trenches? It is the effortless, unfaltering sincerity of the soldier-poets which makes their roughest work so swift and sure in its appeal—especially to a critic long weary of the literature that is merely "literary," a parcel of well-tried tricks for the most part. Because of this compelling quality theirs is real war poetry, full of a sense of reality beyond all realism. In civilian war-verse the soldier never doffs the managed cloak of a spectacular heroism; "fear" is a word he must never use. . . . Yet Fear—the fear of Fear—is frankly confessed by the young soldier as yet untried in the crucible of modern warfare, with all its scientific horrors. So that, content to be himself and not play to the gallery of self-deceiving emotions, he prays that he may stand the test.

Here Mr. Osborn quotes another poem, ending, "O Lord, not often to Thee have I prayed, But grant this boon, that I be unafraid." He continues:

> Whatsoever mood or emotion comes to him, no matter what those may think of it who hear only the far-off echoes and reflections of war's flames and thunders, is stuff out of which the soldier-poet will fashion his poem. He has no thought of the literary foot-lights, of the literary critics looking as solemn as hard-boiled eggs, while they nod approval of this or that familiar bit of literary business—Heaven be praised for that, for most of us are sick to death of all the Cinquevallian virtuosity of the professional literary performer!

From all of which we may deduce precisely what it is now proposed that the polite world should be "let in for." Here is Corporal Streets, a good soldier of the King, but at best—sincerely we wish it were possible to say more of him—only a "middling" poet. With a pluck which argues admirably for the New Army, but very badly for a fledgling poet, he essays the Shakespearean sonnet. Nobody since Shakespeare has put his hand to that form and triumphed; not that there is anything difficult about it, but simply because it happens to have been handled perfectly once and for all time. Yet at "the first pop," so to speak, Corporal Streets rolls into the kingdom, smashing up the barbed wire and first,

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second, and third-line entrenchments of criticism like a poetical Sir Douglas Haig bent on a poetical big push.

He captures the steely and frowning redoubt of the *Poetry Review;* he crumples up the reinforced concrete of the *Times;* he makes his way into the unsavoury dug-outs of the *English Review;* he consolidates himself at the Contalmaison of the *Morning Post;* and Mr. John Murray, whose forebears published for my Lord Byron and who is to launch "Real War Poetry" on the polite world, can by no manner of means hold out against him. Before his glory, saith Mr. Osborn, "the non-combatant war-poets" become mere exploiters of "parcels of well-tried tricks," Cinquevallian performers" in metricism, who bore one to nausea, and "the" literary critics, forsooth, are as "hard-boiled eggs."

Well, so far as we are concerned, we shall count ourselves not only a hard-boiled egg, but a hard-bitten Verdun when it comes to the attacks of "real war poetry" of no greater merit than Corporal Streets', and no more discerning holders of the critical scales than Mr. Galloway Kyle, Mr. Osborn, and the anonymous "stranger" who prattles about "remarkably fine poems." We will inquire of the whole of the parties concerned—namely, the *Poetry Review*, Mr. Kyle, the *Times*, the *English Review*, the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Osborn—what would have happened to Corporal Streets' sonnets if by chance they had been written before August, 1914. The sonnet quoted by Mr. Osborn could, indeed, just as well have allowed itself to be indited by a "non-combatant" in a hammock in July, 1914, as by a corporal in a trench in July, 1916. There is nothing about it which will distinguish it for war poetry, "real" or otherwise, in the day after to-morrow. The Editor of the *Poetry Review*, of all men, should be cognisant of the fact that there are plenty of non-combatant young ladies who toss off similar soulfulness in the safe seclusion of the boarding school. Probably without knowing it, the literary Editor of the *Times* "turns down" less imperfect sonnets every day of his life. The Editor of the *English Review* would have broken the hearts of his readers and the back of his circulation if in peace time he had proffered fourteen lines so innocent of perversion. And we dare say we could prove out of the files of the *Morning Post* that Mr. Osborn himself has condemned or ignored better work, and praised the very non-combatant "trick-" poetry of which he is become so suddenly and unaccountably sick. Wherein, therefore, lies the secret of Corporal Streets' poetical aggrandisement? Answer: "He is a soldier." Good luck to him, say we, both as poet and soldier, and may he be fortunate in his every undertaking, whether of sword or pen! But there, both for Corporal Streets and all other soldier-poets, we stop. When his, or their, poetry gets past the Field Censor and arrives in happy bags on these shores, it must be sampled, judged, examined, assayed, inspected, and appraised as and for poetry and nothing else. If it is admirable poetry, let it be promulgated for admirable poetry and not as something that confers radiance on the 12th Service Battalion Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment at the expense of the Buffs, or, because of its bully-beef origin, puts to shame equally admirable numbers conceived upon fat capon and asparagus. And if it be other than admirable poetry, let it end where other than admirable poetry always should end—namely, in the return post, civilly "declined with thanks." And if, despite its lack of admirability, it still finds the glory of type in organs of light and leading, let no hard-boiled-egg critic hesitate to register his protest against the circumstance. Let the hard-boiled egg in his hardness reflect that khaki is no excuse for cacophony, that faulty rhymes are faulty rhymes even in the Fusiliers, that bathos is bathos no matter from what battalion it may emanate, and that balderdash is still balderdash, though it be written on blood-stained paper. In fine, the King's poetry is as greatly to be respected as the King's uniform, and it is the King's poets, and no other, who write that poetry, whether they be soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, rich men, poor men, beggar-men or thieves.

And we will now bare to the polite world the whole truth about the present poetical situation. Poetry is coming from the front, not because the soldiers are there, but because the poets are there. Out of a soldier *qua* soldier you will extract no more poetry than you will extorf blood out of a stone. Hindenburg is a soldier *qua* soldier, and we know what he has said about poetry. On the other hand, no amount of military discipline or adventure among high explosives will confound a really determined poet. Poets find their inspiration in sundry and diverse ways. Byron averred that Epsom salts inspired him; Tennyson was for port; Browning for Italy; Swinburne for Putney Heath. Nor must we forget Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who did himself, and us, very handsomely out of "Empire" and the now forgotten "picnic in South Africa," and to whom the great majority of the "real war poets" owe themselves. War of the vasty and stupendous sort has never before come our way. It is an inspiring thing, look at it how one will, and in the long run the poets are sure to rise to the occasion. They have risen to some extent already, and we may depend upon them to do better. But we must, also, remember that if all the people in England who imagine that they can write poetry had been sent to France in August, 1914, the Germans would have cut and run at the mere sight of the numbers of them. Large bodies of those persons have since been recruited and are now fighting shoulder to shoulder with the proper poets, and filling up their time of evenings by the composition of what Mr. Osborn would no doubt call "effortless sincerities," but which we prefer to call unrestrained doggerel. They have a perfect right to the expression of their thoughts and feelings, and it is human that they should desire to see themselves in print.

Yet doth it behove us to beware of them; in witness whereof, let us cull three marvellous verses from the unfaltering muse of another soldier-poet, whom Mr. Osborn is keeping up his sleeve for the anthology of "real war poetry":

> It was good to walk the lines on Mother's Birthday
> To the Hospital; along and back again;
> It was good to see the Nurses and the Doctors,
> And to breathe a silent prayer for dying men.

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It was good to pay the men on Mother's Birthday,
 And to give them but an earnest of their due,
And to see them playing footer in the evening
 To keep their bodies manly, strong, and true.

It was good to have a rest on Mother's Birthday
 In the evening when the day-time work was done;
It was good to sit and look across to Mother
 And to contemplate the Rest when it is won.

Oh, Nine sweet daughters of Jupiter! Oh, Helicon, thou mountain of Bœotia, on the borders of Phocis! Oh, "unconquerable soul of each young Crusader," that clappest thy silver wings and fliest high and far to confute death with an undying song! Oh, *Morning Post* and Mr. Osborn! Oh, mother's birthday and father's day for reading the *Saturday Review!* Oh, poppycock! Oh, Fireman's Wedding! "There are many more stanzas," says Mr. Osborn "in [this] beautiful *Benedicite* to motherhood, so simple, so sincere, so busy, so soldierly. . . . What will all this soldier's poetry be for the far, fair days to come?" What, indeed!

A FINE OLD HEBREW GENTLEMAN.

We desire to have speech with the tribe of plutocratic scribblers, who, because they blanch in the moonshine of "success," imagine that they are bronzing in the sunlight of English letters, and who, because England happens to be at war, labour under the impression that she must depend upon them for practical and spiritual direction, uplift, support and stimulation. Will they be shocked and squeak at us in high piping Péhlevi if we beg of them in this present month of July, 1916, seriously to take stock of their combined or individual performances and tell us in what manner and to what extent the people of England have been advantaged by them; and—which is more important—whether on the whole we might not have got along if they had kept their fountain pens in their fancy waistcoat pockets. As all of them apparently hate anonymity, we will venture to do them the kindness to mention their glorious names. Here they are, in a galaxy, as it were:

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, S.R.T.,
SIR CONAN DOYLE, LL.D.
MR. H. G. WELLS, S.R.T.
MR. G. B. SHAW, S.R.T.
MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, B.A. (Honours).

At this precise juncture it is not for us to answer the questions we have propounded. But we will help the questioned—to all and any of whom the columns of THE ACADEMY are open for reply—by reminding each of them of a single small circumstance in regard to himself:

Mr. Arnold Bennett, S.R.T., is the author of a book called "Sacred and Profane Love," which we found by accident the other day exposed in a book booth at fivepence, for the intellectual edification of the women of an undistinguished neighbourhood. Let Mr. Bennett read page twenty-eight of his own work, and tell us that here is writing of which an Englishman may be proud.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's principal claim to greatness lies in the fact that he invented Sherlock Holmes—one of the most stupendous achievements of the soaring human mind. Let him remember that.

Mr. H. G. Wells, S.R.T., is the author of a novel called "Anne Veronica," with regard to the dubious character of which we said our say at the time of its publication—a circumstance doubtless well within Mr. Wells's recollection.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, S.R.T., has written various patriotic treatises which are so little to the liking of the Germans that they "reprint and distribute them by millions."

Mr. Israel Zangwill produced at His Majesty's Theatre in 1911 a play called "The Melting Pot," now, it seems, a school classic—in America.

These are the men who, in their own implicit estimation, stand for English literature, English thought, English imagination, and "the British vision," and have for two years past had the unrestrained run of the newspapers, and fussed and fumed round "the great war" like so many excited hen wives round new broods of chickens. And to put a crown on things, as it were, the last-mentioned of them, namely, Mr. Israel Zangwill, actually comes before us with a stout volume, published by Heinemann, in which he has assembled, bundled up, and otherwise brought together the mass or body of his war clackerings: setting them out in pretty types and with loving care, and calling upon Heaven to witness that he is not a "pro-German," but only an apostle of "love." Mr. Zangwill chances also to be a Jew, and very sensibly refrains from the reproof of Providence over the fact. By the title of the present article we have dubbed him "a fine old Hebrew gentleman." We do this in no spirit of irony, raillery, or discourtesy, but because we imagine, rightly or wrongly, that it is as a Hebrew gentleman of the fine old school, as typified in our own time by Disraeli, and in the flight of ages past by, say, King Solomon, he would fain have us figure him.

Other people, besides ourselves, have tried to do some sort of justice by Mr. Zangwill. On the dust-cover of "The War for the World," which is the somewhat Wellsian title of the gentleman's volume, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, S.R.T., is made to observe:

"In all Mr. Zangwill's best work and speeches there is a deep and prophetic note, seldom heard even in the greatest of his English-speaking contemporaries. It comes nearest to Tolstoy among the moderns, but one may trace it, I think, to the inherited influence of a race greater in prophecy than any European race has been."

At the back of the book there are eight closely-printed pages of more or less similar encomium, ranging from the *Bookman's* "Mr. Zangwill is not all poet," to *Truth's* "the 'Melting Pot' has impressed me until eternity," and from "there is a mighty sermon in it," of the *Methodist Times*, to "Mr. Zangwill combines the biting wit of Shaw with the ripe wisdom of George Meredith," of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. But these high approbations are mere golden flies in the abundantly precious ointment of Mr. Zangwill's tribute. While "The War for the World" was still hot from the press, we encountered in a Sunday contemporary the following breath-taking pæan:

Mr. Israel Zangwill is undoubtedly one of the most generally able and valuable people now habitually writing in the English language. . . He has written short stories which, in poignancy of emotion and perfection of technique, stand beside the best of Kipling or Maupassant. His dramas—the best of which are carefully banned from production in England by our idiotic stage censors—gave assurance that in him we have a dramatist who could, were he

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permitted, bring back to our theatre no little of that fine and bracing intellectual atmosphere we breathe in the society of the great Elizabethans. He is an unequalled master of the art of propaganda, and he has never, to borrow a verb from across the Atlantic, "propaganded" any cause not worthy of the burning enthusiasm which is the underlying inspiration of almost all his work. He can write verse which sticks in the memory; verse which, if not always technically perfect, is always fire in idea, facile in flow, and provocative of thought and emotion. . . "Oliver Singing". . . is a gem of tender beauty and unforced art which would have delighted William Blake. . . There are essays which crackle with laughter. . . and there are pages which burn with epic indignation, and others under which the gaunt bones of irrefutable syllogisms are clothed in a fine eloquence, and there are many pages where wit and pathos and indignation and stark logic make such a mixture as could hardly be found elsewhere outside the prose essays of Heinrich Heine, with whose genius the admirable talent of Mr. Zangwill holds close kinship.

Taken by and large, therefore, our fine old Hebrew gentleman would appear to be an unthinkably tremendous person, a sort of Rudyard Kipling, Guy de Maupassant, George Meredith, William Blake, G. B. Shaw, Heinrich Heine, Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy, and Prophet Jeremiah rolled into one, without counting in the tally "the great Elizabethans"—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Chapman and the rest of them.

For the eradication of our unbelief let us turn to the lordly page itself. From "The Shakespeare Tercentenary Book of Homage," the very title of which is enough to make a decent poet sick, Mr. Zangwill reprints a sonnet beginning:

> If e'er I doubt of England I recall
> Gentle Will Shakespeare.

Now, to begin with, the people who call Shakespeare "gentle"—and they all do it—should never call him "Will" in the same breath:

> This figure that thou here see'st put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

"Gentle Will Shakespeare" is simply an abomination after that. One might as well talk of "mighty Jack Milton," or "the Sublime Kit Marlowe." We are fifty years of age, and we have never called Shakespeare "Will" in prose or verse. Does Mr. Israel Zangwill speak of King Edward VII. as "Ted"? Perish the thought! Then why in a sonnet, of all austere poetical forms, write of Shakespeare as if his mother had been one's landlady? A question of taste, of course; but in a sonnet taste is very nearly the supreme question. Mr. Zangwill goes on to say that Shakespeare was "wombed in her (England's) soul and with her meadows one"—as to the first half, a bit obstetric, as to the other half, a bit flat; and he gives us this line, the fellow of which, we should like to wager, has appeared in fifty score Shakespeare sonnets by hands incomparable with Blake or Heine:

> "Whose tears and laughter hold the world in thrall."

Oh, dear, oh dear! We thought the "tears and laughter" business holding "the world in thrall" belonged to dear old Charlie Dickens, or perhaps in these days to gentle Jim Barrie, Kt., S.R.T. Later the delighter of Blake and affinity of Heine assures us that Shakespeare's "art embraces all." Let us forgive him, for he knows not what the poetasters have been saying ever since the blessed word "art" got into the sample-room! And here is Mr. Zangwill's sextet to "stick in the memory":

> Such, too, is England's Empire—hers the art
> To hold all faiths and races 'neath her sway,
> An art wherein love plays the better part.
> Thus comes it, all beside her fight and pray,
> While, like twin sons of that same mighty heart,
> St. George and Shakespeare share one April day.

By good rights this kind of stuff ought to share "one April day" with the far-famed "ode" of Mr. Robert Bridges—April the 1st for preference. Surely we need not tell Mr. Israel Zangwill, B.A. (Honours), that even in fourteen lines about a tobacconist, to say nothing of Shakespeare, three "alls," except for cumulative effect, are two "alls" too many, that "'neath her sway" died of old age years ago, that "art" and "heart" should not be rhymed, that "all beside her" verges on the ambiguous, and that "that same mighty heart" bears reference to nothing which has been previously stated in the poem. In *Who's Who* Mr. Zangwill is described as "man of letters," as well as "B.A. (Honours)"; and "teacher, then journalist." Next year the Editor of our only work of reference must add "poet who would have delighted Blake and whose genius holds close kinship with Heine"—not that we would give more than a fourpenny bit for all the "gems" the latter ever perpetrated. So much for Mr. Zangwill of the higher branches. He can do better than he has done in the Shakespeare sonnet; but if he loved England with a proper love he would have spared us such a dubious essay in "homage."

And now let us come to the wonderful war-talk. There are thousands and thousands of words of it, and they may be conveniently boiled down to five, which are these: "Peace is better than war." Or if Mr. Zangwill prefers it, "Love is better than hate." If you add "England should not be allied with Russia because in Russia there have been affairs called pogroms," you have all of the book that matters *au fond*. At the outset, let us absolve the author once more from the charge of being a pro-German. It seems that before the war he had a squabble with a German ticket-collector over the price of a platz-karte, which, if you please, "quickened" his "instinctive loathing for the Bismarckised State," and "crystallised" his "vague intuitions of the coming clash between British and German State-concepts in a war for the world." An account of this momentous episode occupies the very first pages of the book, and right off we are compelled to challenge. How comes it that an apostle of love, so enamoured of the mainspring of his apostleship that, in the middle of belligerent turmoils, he enquires if it is not "high time" that "we humans should use up our bombs to blow up all our other armaments"—how comes it that such a lover should have been possessed of an "instinctive loathing for the Bismarckised State"? Is loathing akin to love, as Mr. Zangwill's genius is akin to Heine, or is it more closely akin to hatred? What business had our highly-sensitised lover to go about loathing a Bismarckised State or any other species of State? And why should his loathing of a large and alien affair like the Bismarckised State be "quickened" by the trifling fact that the Bismarckised State made him part with two

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marks for a seat-ticket? The Bismarckised State was acting well within its legitimate powers when it did so, for Mr. Zangwill had placed himself within the ambit of those powers when he allowed himself to be carried into German territory. What grounds had he for complaint? The answer is, "None!" Again, what grounds could he possibly have had for his "intuitions of the coming clash between British and German State-concepts in a War for the World"? Who gave him the right to presume that because a war for the world was of the essence of the German State-concept, it was, or is, or ever will be, of the essence of the English State-concept? We say that the answer is "Nobody!" Yet Mr. Zangwill sets down this impudent presumption in the forehead of his interminable discourse as if it were a commonplace and imperishable truism, and proceeds to wonder why the careless imagine that he is infected with a sneaking regard for the enemy. We doubt whether there is a page of his three hundred and forty odd which does not contain a statement or statements equally indefensible, and, therefore, equally open to what he would call misconstruction. On page 80, for example, we get this bit of studied Bayswater sophistry:

> My little children lie sleeping in their beautiful home by the sea, lovely little heads haloed in curls, gentle little souls in dreamless innocence. And at any moment through the starry silence of the night may come shrieking and crashing a shell that will shatter home and babes in one fell fury. Blindly it may hurtle from an invisible telescope-eyed metal monster twenty miles at sea, along a curve rising higher than Mont Blanc, and I am helpless against it—more helpless than was the lonely farmer of the prairie against the Red Indians. But, as a citizen, I am responsible for the belchings of similar monsters against alien babes in opposite sea-places.

Since Sarah played it off on Abimelech surely there has never been a brighter exhibition of pure cunning than this. Does Mr. Zangwill mean seriously to assert that, with six thousand years of subtlety in his veins, he is "helpless" to devise means for the safety of his curled darlings? Hasn't he got horse-sense enough to bring them away from their beautiful home by the sea? Isn't London safe enough for their innocent slumbers? And if he honestly believed that "home and babes" stood the smallest chance of being rent and shattered in one fell fury, wouldn't the babes, at any rate, be at Charing Cross Station before you could say Jack Knife, or William Heinemann, or "Will Shakespeare"? And when Mr. Zangwill says that as a citizen he is responsible "for the belchings of similar monsters against alien babes in opposite sea-places," he merely lies in his throat and the truth is not in him. The responsibility for any such belchings is the responsibility neither of Mr. Zangwill nor any other British citizen, but the responsibility of the Bismarckised State which, from his point of view, chiselled him out of two marks for a seat-ticket in the beautiful days when we could travel without passports, and publish our books and stage our plays abroad as well as at home without let or hindrance. And we will tell our fine old Hebrew gentleman another thing. There is a Gentile of our acquaintance who knows quite as much about love as the most affectionate Zangwill of them all. And that Gentile has a son whose dreams of innocence or guile are dreamed in a seven-foot trench, and not in a beautiful home by the sea. And at any moment through the roaring, death-spattering night may come "shrieking and crashing" a shell which will blow his Gentile body into a crimson mist; and the patriarchal Gentile, his father, who has never been any keener on murder than Mr. Zangwill, speaks the truth when he says that he has absolutely no power to bring the boy back into safety, and wouldn't exercise it if he had. And it is by the young strength of such Gentile boys, ably seconded by a proper sprinkling of Hebrews, and by no other power, that good man Zangwill is able to

> Sit in the twilight,
> Poring the problem
> Of this battered old planet,
> This universe tragical,
> Bloodily twirling,

and to sit and pore in the comfortable knowledge that Oliver "lies in his cot," over papa's "study," "happy, sleeping and singing."

We take it upon ourselves, also, to assert that if there had been no persons of the half-baked mentality of Mr. Zangwill in this world, no advocates of love for everybody who doesn't hurt the Jews, no advocates of disarmament, no cutters-down of naval and military estimates, no fribbling, sham ideal-mongers, no male-suffragists, and no Hebrew financiers, the war might never have happened at all, and we could have gone on loving Germany and admiring her fool Culture, and swapping Wilde and Wagner with her to our hearts' content.

Whether it be time to blow up our armaments or not, it is certainly high time that we made some attempt to rid the British Press of the slippery lucubrations of people of the Shaw and Zangwill type, who in war time are dangerous, because, to use a homely phrase, they are neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The notion that "it is best to ignore them" and that they are "without real influence" is, in our opinion, an entire mistake. Any person with power of printer's ink possesses his share of power over the come-day-go-day mind, and in the matter of printer's ink these gentry would seem to possess pretty well all the power remaining to us. This results from the fact that before the war they supplied a greater proportion of the "mental pabulum" of what is commonly known as "the thoughful public" than any other class of writers. And, unfortunately, the pseudo "thoughtful public" is always the youthful public. Mr. Shaw has never in his life written a word which could do more than amuse, or perhaps irritate, a grown man or woman of average intellectual endowments, and Mr. Zangwill is in the like boat. They are both public entertainers by temperament and performance, and their claim to philosophic importance is the merest pretence. Mr. Shaw in particular has consistently devoted his chief energies to the gentle art of pulling legs. On the other hand, Mr. Zangwill is stupid enough to believe in himself, and puts on so serious an aspect that one is apt to forget that he began his career as a publicist on a comic newspaper, and is as fundamentally comic and flippant and foolish to-day as ever he was. He has acquired all Mr. Shaw's dexterity in palming off ques-

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tionable propositions for convincing truth, and, being more of a visionary into the bargain, is in some respects the more specious of the two. Both of them derive their method from that eloquent lord of leissing, Oscar Wilde —Shaw directly, and Zangwill through Shaw; but while Wilde pretended to be superior to politics, Shaw and Zangwill delight to dabble in political concerns, and are wiser by their own conceit than the most sagacious statesman who ever slapped waistcoat. Here is Zangwill on the Front Bench, as it were:—

> Who can tell to what desperate recourse their [the German's] descendants may be driven? They may prefer to go down fighting to the death. Long ago the Kaiser picturesquely threatened to "arm every dog and cat in the Empire"; last December the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* proposed imposing a year of service on all girls at eighteen, and recently Herr Rudolph Keller, a member of the Austrian House of Deputies, published a book called "War against Civilians!" urging the starving of all conquered territories. The British prisoners and interned would anyhow be the first to be deprived of food. And could we complain? Could we complain even if the Zeppelins, ceasing to try for military targets, as I am convinced they have done hitherto, should establish themselves above a crowded city quarter and rain down remorseless death? The marvellous British imperturbability might not indeed be shaken, and the bull-dog grip is not without its savage sublimity, and even its measure of justification in the prior "frightfulness" of German policy. But the question is, can we—even though unalarmed—allow such horrors and holocausts, when we have only to move a finger to ensure—in co-operation, of course, with our Allies—a satisfactory and honourable peace?

With what relish will these all-British words be read in Germany, and with what misgivings in neutral countries; what an inspiration and justification do they offer for the wry-mouthed "conscientious" objector and the half-witted stop-the-war crank at home, and with what a glow will they be received by the hard-pressed fighting-man abroad! Mr. Zangwill is as fully aware as we are that if by the moving of a thousand fingers, much less one, a satisfactory and honourable peace could be secured, those fingers would be moved forthwith. He knows, as well as we know, that the only satisfactory and honourable peace possible in the circumstances is a peace which must leave Germany in a position of undisguisable failure which will be the mock and by-word of mankind for generations to come. Yet he must sophisticate, or perish in the attempt. Somewhere else in this book he complains querulously of the intolerable restrictions which have been imposed upon him by the censorship. The marvel to us is how anybody in his senses can suppose that we have a censorship at all while ignominious twaddle of this kind is permitted to be published.

Like all writers of his kidney, Mr. Zangwill ululates at the top of his voice for the moon, but innocently omits to tell us by what precise and definite means we are to get it for him. Perhaps he is discreet. His real defect is a defect of the soul. Deep down in him he has the taint of cosmopolitanism. The world is his country; all men, except the Russians, are his compatriots; he protests that he is no pro-German; equally he gets rid of plenty of careful sentiment which cannot be called "anti-English"; but that is as much as one may say for him. To make an end of a wonderful business, we take leave to reproduce his dedication, which runs as follows: "To the Englishman, too modest to be named, too unassuming to question his Government's wisdom or righteousness, who, abandoning all worldly and with no other worldly hopes, went to the front as simply as in the daily war for the world, and returned crippled and uncomplaining save of his uselessness to his country, this book—of which he might not wholly approve—is, without permission but with admiring affection, dedicated."

Well, "the Englishman" will not approve. We have read Mr. Zangwill with more care than he deserves. We bestow upon him space which will make his heart leap for joy, for he has the vanity of the peacock, and is as keen on business as if his address were Petticoat Lane instead of Hare Court, Temple. Yet, fine old Hebrew gentleman though he be, we tell him to his face that his fleers at the country which shelters and feeds him are unbecoming, that his much-vaunted spirituality is a rottenness, and that his grievances have no rational basis, but are founded in egotism and arrogance. Till the war is over, at any rate, he might do us the favour to hold his tongue.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

TWO-LINE PARABLES.

The Rainbow was not upset when the Dyer killed himself out of despair.

In a race for the Soul of a man, Charity ran easily first, Faith a good second, and Hope nowhere.

Age wept for Youth, and Youth mocked at Age—both of them having wit.

The Shilling was merry all week. But the Penny went to Church on Sunday.

It was the Goat who shaved off his beard and said, "I shall be wiser, now!"

The Liar never could get himself believed till he learnt German.

On his forty-second birthday the Pen began really to imagine that he was mightier than the Sword.

To women, Fury said, "War is war!"—to men, "Mercy, Kamarad!"

Villainy found that she could plot just as well over afternoon tea as over cold poisons.

The Rose pricked the young woman's thumb. The Lily broke her heart.

When Thrift was kicked out of the treasuries, the Poor Man gave her shelter.

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REVIEWS.

WAR AFTER WAR.

The Munitions of Peace.—By H. E. MORGAN. (Nisbet.) 2s. 6d. net.

In a manner not defined, Mr. H. E. Morgan has come to be almost as closely identified with Munitions of War as Mr. Lloyd George himself. We shall not attempt to explain, or account for, the fortuity which would appear to have placed a great Empire in a position of dependence on two simple Welshmen for vital service at a vital moment, but we may perhaps venture to suppose that the accident is not really quite so much of an accident as it seems, and that though one of the parties began his career as a minor limb of the law, and the other in the printing and publishing business, they were both, as a fact, heaven-born munitioners, pre-ordained by Fate to make things fairly warm for the Hohenzollerns. Be this as it may, Mr. George and Mr. Morgan alike are linked with big guns and high explosives indissolubly and in the most memorable way, and history will have to cherish their names, if nothing more. Mr. Lloyd George's justification for being Mr. Lloyd George is a matter which will doubtless take care of itself; and his justification for having called to his aid the author of the present volume will be readily apparent to anybody who peruses its pages. Plain unvarnished sense has never been an altogether common or vastly overrated gift among Englishmen, or, for that matter, among Welshmen, whose outlook, on the whole, tends to the visionary rather than the practical, and is apt to dwell too lovingly on the glories of tradition and too impatiently on the prosaic utilities of life. The attitude of the average Briton towards the war offers a good instance in point. It is safe to say that even now—despite all that two years of life-and-death wrestling has taught us—our minds are still fixed on visionary, and not material, things. We embarked in the adventure of adventures because we believed that our honour was involved. It is true that we have since given a measure of thought to the question of our security, but honour was the first consideration—deny it who will. And when we talk about an honourable peace, we mean an honourable peace, and nothing else. We are coveting nobody's territory, plotting for the acquisition of nobody's substance, desiring nobody's downfall for the mere purposes of our own aggrandisement. Yet we know that the enemy with whom we contend initiated the struggle with far other designs, his aspiration being for the sheer spoils of victory, and the domination of the world for the sake of the profit he imagined such domination would bring him. In brief terms, while England is out for honour and defence, Germany is out for aggression and—business. In suggesting the methods whereby we may hope to continue our national life on something like a rational footing after the peace, Mr. Morgan takes no note of these circumstances. He presumes that, when all is said to the contrary, we acknowledge the world to be a mundane affair, and admit that if man does not live by bread alone, it is utterly impossible for him to live without it. So that we must not anticipate the new England of the peace as an England of war-bright conquerors with leisure and grace to rest on their hard-won laurels, but pre-figure it as an England which will have to envisage more or less perplexing economic, commercial, and industrial problems, that only energy, organisation, application, and business sense can solve. Superficially considered, Mr. Morgan's book is a sort of assembling and marshalling of a series of truisms—truisms so obvious and so patent, indeed, that one wonders how he has had the endurance to set them down. For example:

> The manufacture of guns, shells, high explosives, etc., which occupies so much of the nation's time and energy at present, is comparatively unimportant in peace-time. Such articles as boots, clothing, motor-cars will be necessary in peace as in war, but in far smaller quantities. Lastly, a number of industries—such as the furniture, musical instrument, and cheap jewellery trades—are enjoying at present an unwonted prosperity due to a temporary increase in the spending-power of certain sections of the community. These and the normal trades—those which are not greatly affected one way or the other by the operations of war—will inevitably suffer in peace.

But there they are, and while the conclusions he deduces from them do not always strike us as being unassailable, they have the merit of extreme desirability. For example, those persons to whom the blessed word "peace" brings up vistas of a resumption of the unrestrained ease and enjoyment of the silken days which preceded the war, the following may not be much more pleasant reading than the multiplication table:

> In the strenuous life of the future, when every nerve of the nation will have to be strained to hold our commercial supremacy, there will be no room for drones, however ornamental. Every fit man and, to a large extent, every fit woman will need to be a worker.

Think of it! One feels that of a surety there should be no room for drones. And yet one may reasonably assert that numbers of the "fit" might manage somehow to jog along without toiling (or spinning) in any arduous sense. On the other hand, clearly, it will be a pity if they get off. Mr. Morgan is no pessimist, however, for he adds:

> Nor will this in itself, quite apart from its object, be by any means a national evil: it is the idleness of over-prosperity—the lack of a need to work—which has most seriously threatened our position among the nations of the world and has sapped the mental, moral, and physical energies of our people. Much cant has been talked about the Gospel of Work, but at least it is a Gospel which gives promise of curing many of the individual and social evils from which we suffer.

We should advise the slothful unflinchingly to peruse Mr. Morgan, if only that they may help themselves to an inkling of the true nature and character of the good time coming. Of course, our author's main concern is with serious business people, and to these he proffers sufficient information, suggestion, and exhortation. He is neither dull nor prolix nor statistical, as writers of "practical" treatises are frequently too apt to be, and if "The Munitions of Peace" does not quite fit in with our idea of the final word on a big subject, we can nevertheless recommend it with confidence to the commercial soldier who desires to quit himself like a man in the campaigns which lie behind Berlin.

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"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

No better compliment could be paid than the remarks of the prisoners captured. "Who are we up against?" they ask; "Guards?" "No, simply Kitcheners." Then you see them stagger—this is without exaggeration.—*Sergeant's Letter.*

What appropriate names the Germans do invent for their towns and villages. What could be better than "Muckenberg," for instance, for the scene of the disgraceful episode recorded in the American reports on prisoners' camps in Germany?—*Daily News.*

It is usually said that man's pleasure in the fragrant and the palatable has no correlated æsthetic emotion like that which accompanies looking at the beautiful or listening to music. But we doubt the accuracy of this hard-and-fast statement, and are inclined to think that the difference is in degree, not in kind.—*New Statesman.*

And how far is affection between one soul and another to be depended on? It is a commonplace that people can grow to forget. You may be very fond of someone to-day and in ten years find that his or her image has grown dim in your mind. The old proverb that absence makes the heart grow fonder is not usually true if the absence is prolonged.—*R. J. Campbell.*

When, therefore, the war ends, a fresh army must be mobilised of those who are resolved that come what may we must never in any sense become Prussian, that our victory shall be moral and intellectual as well as military, and that those whose "spiritual homes" are in Prussia shall no longer preach and practise their diabolical gospel through the British Empire.—*"The Decline of Liberty in England."*

Nature sometimes indulges in freaks, such as melanism and albinism. Frederick I. was a Hohenzollern freak. His successor, Frederick William I., is described by Mr. Ellis Barker as "a coarse-minded, ignorant brute, as uncultured as was President Kruger, but possessing, like Kruger, great natural abilities." His ruling passion was parsimony. His predecessor spent 6,000,000 thalers on his coronation. His own expenditure on this account was 2,457 thalers and 9 pfennigs. No detail escaped his attention. His Ministers were ordered to meet at 7 a.m. in summer and at 8 in winter. At 11 a.m. the head cook asked whether they required dinner. In that case, they were to have "four good dishes—namely, a good soup, a good piece of boiled beef with vegetables, a good dish of fish, and a good piece of roast beef, mutton or veal. In addition, there should be a quart bottle of good Rhine wine for every person." Further, in order to reduce the number of servants, "every one of the Ministers was to receive together four plates and a glass, and a large basket was to be provided into which the soiled plates could be put." All Prussian clergymen were instructed in every sermon that they preached to insist on "the duty of paying the taxes punctually." Sermons were to be short. "If a sermon lasted longer than an hour, the clergyman was to be fined."—*Spectator.*

It is a great sight to see the man of forty-two arrive at a seaside hotel. He looks round apprehensively to see whether there are any youthful rivals; if other young "bloods" of his age are visible he draws himself up in a "Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?" attitude. If there are only a lot of old fellows of fifty round him he bourgeons out at once as the "boy" of the party. He cultivates the light, elliptical, slangy talk of youth; he is restless and energetic; he tells you that "this is a topping place"; he has a squire's eye for dames and damsels; he even becomes romantic.—*Daily Mail.*

Gifted literary men have been obliging us recently with picturesque speculations upon the profound psychological changes that are going on in the New Armies. We must not be too ready to recoil from their highly imaginative assurances to the opposite extreme of supposing that the ten millions or so of people who have been engaged either in Army or Navy or upon some special war-time work have not got a very much clearer idea of the possibility of great national businesses and a much stronger disposition to prefer direct public service to work under individualist control.—*Times.*

The word "Blighty" is a corruption by our British soldiers in India of the Hindustani word "Vilayti," sometimes pronounced by Indians themselves as "Wilayti" and "Bilayti"; meaning literally, people "near the confines of India"—that is, "Foreigners"—this term being applied by native Indians to Persians, Turks, and Englishmen. The word is formed of the Arabic "vala," used by the Arabs themselves of Arabia.—*Sir George Birdwood in the Observer.*

The Great Amphibian is a female beast, not clever, but very tough; short-sighted, but very patient; slow and clumsy, but very strong and fierce. Her home is in the broad seas. You cannot voyage upon them without seeing her dorsal fins cutting blue water: and all over the world she has deposited her young. She moves at all times freely about the great and narrow waters, and when minded she bars their passage to all others. If need be, she can crawl or even dart ashore—first, a scaly arm with sharp claws; then, if time and circumstances warrant it, a head with teeth, and shoulders that grow ever broader; and then she can draw out convolution after convolution of muscular body till one cannot tell where the end of her may be found. Or she can return again to the deep, and strike anew, now here, now there, and no one can guess where the next attack will fall. While she fights, her strength waxes. She is invigorated, not exhausted, by effort, and her ancient craft in war is gradually revived in her as the struggle deepens. Only she eats too much, and wastes too much, and costs a lot to keep. Withal the Great Amphibian is faithful unto death.—*Winston Churchill in the Sunday Pictorial.*

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THE ACADEMY.

Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY *are at 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C.*

LIFE AND LETTERS.

WAR TIME PERSONS.

IV.—THE GRAFTER.

He bids you take your Country's part;
 Mark him, the Danger and the Curse,
With one hand on his lying heart,
 And one hand in the public purse.

He glows with pride to see you drill,
 He loves to hear the martial clang—
He knows that though you learn to kill,
 They never teach you whom to hang.

He meets the trains at Waterloo
 That bring you home from death and hell,
 And cheers, and flings a rose or two,
 And grins, *"We're doing very well!"*

He'd bleed a soldier's mother white,
 And swear she died because she drank;
("How sad, how sad!") And every night
 He goes round softly to the bank.

He scans the lists with tear-dimmed eyes,
 And notes that freights are rising fast;
And on his secret knees he cries,
 "Oh, God of Battles, let it last!"

He is the venom in the Hurt,
 He is the treachery in the Cup;
Go, hale him from his natural dirt,
 And beautifully string him up.

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X.

Dr. Bridges has been at it again! He is a Doc.Litt. of Oxford, as well as a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Poet Laureate to the King. And he prints—in the *Times*, of course—three remarkable stanzas, of which these are two:

> Over the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
> The heart of Britain roameth, the chivalry of the sea,
> Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in a tree;
> Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
> Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.
>
> Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
> Ye man with armour'd patience the bulwarks night and day,
> Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the Bay,
> Or neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war:
> Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnace and row'd from shore,
> A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
> And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Really, really, really! Where is Sir Thomas Herbert Warren, Professor of Poetry, Oxford University, President of Magdalen, and President of Mr. Galloway Kyle's "Poetry Society"? Where is the Inspector of Poetry to the *Times* newspaper?

Under its leader, on the great day of issue of the great Bridges' effusion, the *Times* has this note:

> The Poet Laureate desires us to make it known that his poem, which we publish in another column, has been written, by request, for a musical setting.

Poor old "By Request"! We were under the impression that he worked only at restaurants where the band prevents you from saying your mind to the waiter. "Selection: 'We're All In It'—By request"!

The Poet Laureate really must excuse us if we point out that the absence of spring flowers and singing birds "in a tree" from the face of the warring waters has always been taken in good part by the personnel of His Majesty's Navy, and is therefore not altogether a subject for poetic "grousing." Also, that they would be very remarkable, not to say "venturous," boys indeed who went on board either a pinnace or a lugger with "*a mother's* tear in the eye," while "swift farewells" which are still to say after one has row'd from the shore, stand an excellent chance of never being said at all. Dr. Bridges must wake up. We live in an age when a certain amount of common sense is expected even from a poet. We maintain that unless a boy's mother deliberately weeps into one of his eyes, it is absolutely impossible for him to have a mother's tear in it; and we regret that a member of the Royal College of Physicians, backed up by the large type of the *Times*, should indulge in rhythmical suggestion to the contrary.

And with regard to the line: "Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the Bay"; though we like to see a poet get in as many metaphors to the rod, pole,

or perch, as the teeming fancy can conjure up, we think that here the intelligent reader of the *Times* may find himself a little fogged. Apart from the, perhaps, negligible fact that one is not accustomed to see coursers ploughing, even in the imagination, it is certain that one will never see British sailors shuddering through bays. We take it that Dr. Bridges means that the iron coursers shudder, and not the sailors. Yet he says "you" (meaning the sailors) "plough shuddering through the Bay." We trust that this trifling slip will be rectified before the poem passes into the musical setting for which it has been written by request. Musicians are apt to do their literal best for highly imaginative poetic work, and, from a patriotic point of view, the obvious sublimity of the whole thing would be spoilt if the composer happened to take Dr. Bridges at his word, and the shakes and violent tremolo (we hope that is the term) necessary for the correct musical rendering of "shuddering" were introduced in a manner which would indicate agitated sailors rather than vibrating ships. Such a mischance might bring mother's tears to the eyes of at least three of the Muses.

A woman-poet, published by a house which specialises in verse-books, has written a sequence of polyrhythmic passionings after the manner of the Song of Solomon. Some of them are not objectionable, though at times the reaching after the highly-flown comes perilously near the comic. For example, this, to a bridegroom:

> Awake, oh, best Belovèd! awake and come with me.
> Put on thy wedding garments, array thyself in splendid clothes;
> Make thy face beautiful as the morning, radiant as the evening sky. . . .
> Wash thy soul and thy body in moonlight that they may be clean.

One can see the poor man nervously donning his splendid lavender trousers, and making his face beautiful with a last scrupulous bachelor shave. But right opposite this harmless, if turtleish, performance there is a feverish dithyramb which, in our opinion, ought never to have been printed. For the sake of the women readers of this paper we shall forbear from quoting more than two lines:

> Therefore I walk softly, breathless at the wonder of the thing.
> Supposing the child should be a Dante, or a Rafael, or a Christ?

The lady need not worry herself! The mothers of Dantes and Shakespeares—to say no more—do not yawp at the top of their voices about intimate affairs.

We regret to be compelled to deal with such matters in these columns. But the notion that any person who can compass a pennyworth of ink is entitled to pin up immodesties on the public ways becomes altogether too rampant. The degradation of the novel in this regard is already complete, and if the march of progress and enlightenment is pushed much farther we shall be having poetry banned at the libraries and in the decent household, even as fiction has come to be.

To convert so spiritual an instrument into a vehicle for dubiety is discreditable. We do not say that the poem from which we have quoted is coarse or evilly intentioned. On the contrary, the author might argue that she had attempted to put into poetical and delicate language the most sacred thoughts or emotions of womanhood in certain circumstances. Within limits, which womanly instinct will prescribe, such communings are normal and natural. The abnormality and impropriety begin when a woman rushes out to tell the butcher's boy about them. The lady who wrote this poem would, very naturally, shrink from any such proceeding. Yet not only her own butcher's boy, but anybody's butcher's boy, and any tinker, tailor, soldier, or sailor who happens to get wind of it through the Press, can buy the poem, with the lady's name on it and her picture complete, for half-a-crown net. Now, what English woman is going to argue that such a state of affairs is desirable? We have no wish to labour the point, or to be too hard upon a writer who has a perfect right to her loves and joys, and something of a gift for the expression of them in moving language. It is partly because of her talent and presumable innocence of intention that we have withheld her name and the name of her book. But in our opinion she has been unwise; and if she has the high regard for poetry which a woman of her parts ought to have, to say nothing of a regard for her family and friends and womankind, she will withdraw certain portions of this book from further issue.

A contemporary, whose name we should have been glad to mention had it not got separated from the cutting, has the appended paragraph with reference to a newly-published account of the career of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P.:

> STATESMAN OR ADVENTURER?
>
> Mr. MacCallum Scott, M.P., says in his book, "Winston Churchill in Peace and War" (Newnes, 2s. 6d. net), "his career is most remarkable, whether he is regarded as a statesman or an adventurer. As a soldier, for the first six years of his manhood, he carried his life in his hands, fighting through five campaigns, in Cuba, Malakand, Tirah, the Soudan, and South Africa." He charged with the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. He stood with Thorneycroft upon the fatal ridge at Spion Kop. He broke from prison in Pretoria, and became a hunted man in hostile country with a price upon his head. At the early age of twenty-five he had run through all these experiences, and then turned his attention to politics. At thirty-two he was a Cabinet Minister. At the age of forty he controlled the British Navy in the greatest of European wars. At forty-one he was back again in the Army, fighting in the Flanders trenches. Could a mere adventurer have accomplished such things?

We wonder if it will be considered a contravention of the Defence of the Realm Act for us to point out that we have never called Mr. Churchill either a statesman or an adventurer? They say that when a man is down it is safe to kick him. THE ACADEMY did its kicking when

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Mr. Churchill was up. That a presumably friendly biographer should write "adventurer" where he might have written "man of action," seems to us a trifle careless.

Who says there is no fierce verse stirring? Mr. Edward Shanks has published, through Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, a volume called "Poems." One of the pieces opens thus:

> A month or twain to live on honeycomb
> Is pleasant—but to eat it for a year
> Is simply beastly. Thus the poet spake,
> Feeling how sticky all his stomach was
> With hivings of ten thousand cheated bees. . .

And after a stave or two with regard to turnips and omelettes, we proceed:

> O Ezra Pound. O omelette of the world!
> Concocted with strange herbs from dead Provence,
> Garlic from Italy and spice from Greece,
> Having suffered a rare Pound-change on the way,
> How rarely shouldst thou taste, were not the eggs
> Laid in America and hither brought
> Too late. I don't like omelettes made with fowls.
> Take hence this Pound. . .

Further, and still to Mr. Pound:

> Thou most ridiculous sprite! Thou ponderous fairy!
> Bourgeois Bohemian! Innocent Verlaine!
> I read in *The Booksellers' Circular*
> That in the University of Pa.
> (Or Kans. or Col. or Mass. or Tex. or Ont.
> —A line of normal pattern, Saintsbury)
> You hold a fellowship in (O merciful gods!)
> Romanics, which strange word interpreted
> Means, I suppose, the Romance languages.
> Doubtless they read Italian in Pa.,
> And some may speak French fluently in Ont.,
> But German, Ezra! There's the bloody rub,
> It's not Romance, and it is hard to learn,
> And Heine, though an easy-going chap,
> Would doubtless trounce you soundly if he knew
> The sorry hash you made of him. . . .
> Take the all-obvious padding from your pants,
> And cut your hair and go to Pa. again.

Evidently Mr. Shanks' Pegasus is no Shanks' pony. At time and time Mr. Ezra Pound has "spread himself some this side"—if that be the correct American locution—but what has he done to provoke such liveliness?

From what is described by the publishers (Methuen) as "a little collection of lyrics—many of them modern echoes of the music of Herrick and the Elizabethan singers—of the joy of life and the beauty of the earth," we take the following:

> Where you see a mermaid lie
> In the dint of the brown sand,
> Softly, to that spot, come nigh
> With a mirror in your hand;
> Round her lightly dance on tip-toe,
> Singing gently in your glee,
> "Wake up! Wake up! Take me with you
> To your caves beneath the sea!"

Then again:

> The poets oft have sung of love, though seldom have they known
> The happiness they dreamed of, and which comes from love alone.
> Thus Robert Browning loved his wife with an unchanging love,
> Which he believed would one day be more perfect made above. . . .
> For fifteen happy years they lived where all around was fair,
> Their lives made perfect by their love, unselfish, noble, rare!
> Within his arms she breathed her last—now, but her songs remain,
> These golden songs where Love rings out in glorious refrain!

The volume certainly does contain four or five short pieces which are more or less unmistakably after Herrick, and two or three which might be said to echo the music of "the Elizabethan singers"; but what are we to make of lines like the foregoing? The mermaid verses strike us as being childish enough for the *Infants' Magazine*, while the Browning rhymes might have come straight from the full heart of a school-girl in her 'teens. It never seems to occur to the modern publisher that people who purchase new poetry have still a trifle of intellect left in them, and do not require to be fed either out of the pap-boats of babes or the patty-pans of young misses. And they may safely be left to judge as to the origin of "echoes" for themselves.

Messrs. Methuen have an imprimatur which in most, or all, essential respects may be said to stand for the best traditions of the publishing trade. That they should lend it to the sort of thing we have quoted, seriously perturbs us. Look at the "and which" in the second line of the second excerpt, and think of "would one day be more perfect made above," and "within his arms she breathed her last." Enough to make Herrick turn in his grave, and as for the Elizabethan singers—surely Messrs. Methuen are aware that they included William Shakespeare, to name none of a galaxy of others! These names should not be taken in vain even on a publisher's dust-cover. We are far from denying that the author, Miss Octavia Gregory, is capable of turning out an acceptable lyric, but to range her, even on an echo basis, with Herrick and the Elizabethans, while doubtless flattering to the living pupil, is anything but flattering to the dead Masters. We hope that Messrs. Methuen, who publish for Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. E. V. Lucas, S.R.T., will take what we have said to heart, as well in their own interests as in the general interests of literature.

The attempt to obtain a summons under the Blasphemy Laws against the author of "The Brook Kerith" has failed, as it was bound to fail; and Mr. Moore, S.R.T., and his publisher receive a valuable advertisement gratis. We do not quarrel with the magistrate's decision, which is probably sound from the legal point of view. The remaining points of view are for criticism and the public. So far criticism, while shocked and startled, has scarcely done justice to itself. The public doubtless is buying the book and being inexpressibly bored by it. Out of a duty to our readers we review it at length in another column, and we are free to confess that we have never had a more distasteful job.

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AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD.

I.

Smile, O master of life,
 Safe in thy silver house,
Be pleased with thy pleasant wife—
 Soon thou hast woe for spouse.

Joy and joy are thy choice—
 (Shrewd art thou past a doubt!)
Take thy joy and rejoice—
 Sorrow shall find thee out.

Laugh thou loud at the fool
 Munching his bitter bread;—
Surely as thou dost rule
 One shall rule in thy stead.

What though thy heart be flame,
 And perfume all thy breath?—
Who hath written thy name
 Here in the book of Death?

Yea, though thou shine rose-white
 Or though thou burn rose-red,
Upon the lawful night
 Thou shalt lie spent and sped.

Drink that is soft and sound!
 Meats for the delicate maw!—
Already the beldame is found
 Who shall tape-up that jaw.

Build through the golden day,
 Cunning in every stroke—
Adze from his bench must say,
 "Shall it be elm or oak?"

And though thou hast all grace,
 All wisdom, and all wit,
Mattock, in the right place,
 Will delve the appointed pit.

With faith thou art rich; and firm
 In hopes like the young east—
Let us promise the worm
 His certain year-long feast.

II.

Fool that no man calls master,
 Irredeemable slave,
Born for the stark disaster
 With nothing to hope or have.

Inasmuch as thou moilest
 For sour and scanty bread,
Rejoice, for wherever thou toilest
 One shall toil in thy stead.

And inasmuch as they gall thee,
 And bitterness is thy breath,
On a day they shall call thee
 Forth to thy lawful death.

Let it not be forgotten,
 This is the sure reward—
Thou shalt lie dead and rotten,
 Even as dead as thy lord.

So with the brand or the feather
 Each hath his tally and term—
Let us sup nobly together,
 "Here's to the ultimate worm!"

III.

Lo! there is anguish and wailing
 Out of the world and her wars,
A cry goeth up unavailing
 Unto the steadfast stars.

Set on sweet thrones they glister
 Over our pain and ruth,
Each to her shining sister
 Telling the wordless truth.

Though we be fools or sages,
 Who is it conquereth?
Death shall pay this world's wages;
 All that he pays is death.

By the prayers ye have faltered,
 By the blood and the tears,
Which is the law ye have altered
 In all the punctual years?

No new sign hath been given,
 No new tale is to tell—
And still the earth is heaven,
 And still the souls are hell.

Death for life is the guerdon,
 "Life for death" is the ban;
None might carry the burden,
 Only the sons of man;

Of whom there is no daunting
 Beneath the pitiless sky,
For whom the final vaunting
 Is "Men can only die."

Cursed be he that setteth
 Snares for the bleeding feet;
Cursed be he that getteth,
 And giveth not, good wheat.

Cursed be he that showeth,
 Unto the simple, lies;
Cursed be he that throweth
 Dust in the star-set eyes.

X.

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MOORE'S THE PITY.

FALL OF JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.
TERRIBLE END OF MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN.
DEATH OF FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.
UTTER ROUT OF PAUL THE APOSTLE.
CONSTERNATION OF THE BISHOPS.
TRIUMPH OF T. WERNER LAURIE.

We are moved to the foregoing mournful headlines —the multiplicity of which, let us trust, will be agreeable to the sub-editors of the *Observer*—by the receipt of the very latest despatches from the spiritual front. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that for eighteen years past, ever since 1898, to be precise, the constant companion and chief literary interest of Mr. George Moore, S.R.T., famous as an authority on cab-whistles, has been a Bible presented to him by "my dear Mary Hunter," who, saith the record, "wished to give him a book for Christmas," and, being a woman of parts, hit upon the Book of Books. It still lies on Mr. Moore's table with the date on the fly-leaf, and, "itself a literature," it has led Mr. Moore into "many various literatures and into the society of scholars." And out of the various literatures and the society of scholars Mr. Moore now descends upon us, with amazing, disconcerting, and bitter tidings which by superhuman compression he has managed to squeeze into five hundred pages of smallish type, labelled "The Brook Kerith: A Syrian Story." That he does not put on his title-page "appointed to be read in churches" is doubtless due to an oversight which will be remedied in future editions, and that he does not call his Syrian story "The Gospel According to St. Moore, S.R.T.," proves, at least, that he has a greater gift of modesty than might seem to have been possessed by the late John Davidson. Before we proceed to set forward, for the information and encouragement of humanity, the true, if doleful, content of Mr. Moore's story or gospel, we may be excused if, out of sundry choice works, we endeavour to compass a sufficient knowledge of Mr. George Moore himself. The date of his birth is, unfortunately, not recorded in the ordinary books of reference. But we gather that as far back as 1887 he published a collection of poems called "Flowers of Passion." Therefore, unless he published from the cradle, he must be drawing pretty nigh the mirthful and mellow sixty mark. "Flowers of Passion" was followed in due time by "Pagan Poems," and a variety of masterpieces, including "A Modern Lover," "A Mummer's Wife," "Confessions of a Young Man," "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," and "Ave," "Salve," and "Vale." None of these, from "Flowers of Passion" down, did we read till the other day, and though this circumstance may be held to argue a lack of refinement in us, we shall say that, on the whole, it is a lucky thing for Mr. Moore. From a single one of them we now pluck at random the following flowers of thought:

> Nor am I exaggerating when I say I think that I might equally have been a Pharaoh, an ostler, a pimp, an archbishop, and that in the fulfilment of the duties of each a certain measure of success would have been mine.
>
> * * *
>
> Hither the world has been drifting since the coming of the pale Socialist of Galilee; and this is why I hate Him, and deny His divinity.
>
> * * *
>
> What care I that the virtue of some sixteen-year-old maiden was the price paid for Ingres' *La Source*. That the model died of drink and disease in the hospital is nothing when compared with the essential that I should have *La Source*, that exquisite dream of innocence, to think of till my soul is sick with delight of the painter's holy vision. Nay, more, the knowledge that a wrong was done . . . that a girl, or a thousand girls, died in the hospital, for that one virginal thing, is an added pleasure which I could not afford to spare.
>
> * * *
>
> In England, as in France, those who loved literature the most purely, who were the least mercenary in their love, were marked out for prosecution, and all three were driven into exile. Byron, Shelley, and George Moore; and Swinburne, he, too, who loved literature for its own sake, was forced, amid cries of indignation and horror, to withdraw his book from the reach of the public that was rooting among the garbage of the Yelverton divorce case. I think of these facts, and think of Baudelaire's prose poem—that poem in which he tells how a dog will run away howling if you hold to him a bottle of choice scent; but if you offer him some putrid morsel picked out of some gutter hole, he will sniff round it joyfully, and will seek to lick your hand for gratitude. Baudelaire compared that dog to the public. Baudelaire was wrong: that dog was a——
>
> * * *
>
> A return to romance! A return to the animal, say I.
>
> * * *
>
> I do not believe in leaving the world better than I found it.
>
> * * *
>
> I am ashamed of nothing I have done, especially my sins.
>
> * * *
>
> We all want notoriety.

The whole of these intelligent sayings are put into the mouth of one Dayne, though you may read many chapters of the book in which they occur without finding it out. We are not concerned, in this place, to confute, condemn, or discuss them. To our present purposes they are apposite simply as indicating the kind of sentiments Mr. Moore was capable of attributing to his fellow-creatures up to ten years of the Christmas upon which he received the gift of a Bible from "my dear Mary Hunter"; and, throwing certain light on the present opinions of the forthright Christian soldier and ripe theologian who smiles benevolently at us from every page of the newly-published "Syrian Story."

We shall premise further, in dealing with the "story" itself, that if the author had been content to issue it to the town on its merits as a literary exercise, or essay in fictional ingenuity, it might conceivably have been allowed to pass muster. But Mr. Moore, and his admirers for him, have been busy for a long time with the puff preliminary (some of them running to column interviews in Sunday newspapers), and they have done everything that could be reasonably expected of them to invest the work with a doctrinal importance which it may not properly claim. Fearful and wonderful latitude is nowadays accorded to writers of novels, and even to writers of poetry; who, in their frantic endeavours to take the public mind and the private shillings by assault or storm, permit themselves liberties of subject and treatment which fall well beyond the limits of what used to be called "good taste." It is to the credit of the novelists in particular, however, that, while they have stood up for what some people call prurience, and they

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call "courage," their efforts in the direction of sensationalism have stopped short of set meddlings with the characters or figures of Holy Writ. We are as yet without our novel of the Garden of Eden, with Adam for "hero" and Eve for "heroine" and the "love interest well worked up," and this, we imagine, not because of any lack of pens or pluck, but because it is felt that the decent old mind of the country does really "draw the line somewhere." Equally, and for the same reason, we have been spared presentation, at six shillings and all the libraries, of best sellers based on the unfortunate amours of some of the patriarchs or imputing scandalous lapses to the prophets; and, hitherto, the evangelists and the apostles have likewise succeeded in escaping both fictional exploitation and traduction. This is as it should be, and—without professions for anything but the common decencies—we hope it ever will be. Even Mr. Moore's "Syrian Story," bold and heretical as it is, bears plain witness to the fact that the very keenest and most temerarious of sinners stands daunted and abashed before the ultimate sanctities, and dare not for the life of him indulge his hogs to their full upon holy ground. For though the cloven hoof and the impudent leer and the replete grunt which, we venture to say, are undisguised in the Daynely of a quarter of a century ago are glimpsed only too frequently in this present Syrian story, in the main they are not obtruded, or overtly insisted upon, and, save for ill-considered passages here and there, and the very few, though sufficient, passages of heretical assertion in the final chapters, a saint might read the book without other emotions than those of bewilderment and pity. In other words, there is little or nothing in the relation which can be accounted grossly objectionable in the sense in which objectionableness has a way of revealing itself in the modern novel.

Qua fiction, as we have said, "The Brook Kerith" might have been passed; *qua* gospel or doctrine, as the fuglemen would have us suppose it to be, it is quite the most disgraceful and malicious thing that mortal man has hitherto had the impertinence to offer us. Read as a story, it is no more than a prolix, sleepy, decorative, and not over-pointed tale which might have come out of the Talmud. Read as a traverse and contravention or criticism of the New Testament, or as a denial of the shining and paramount article, without which the New Testament drops into the category of books of wisdom, and is no longer an evangel, it kicks the beam.

We cannot help suspecting that in his secret soul Mr. Moore would desire us to read him both ways, according to the respective conditions of our minds and hearts; namely as Mr. Moore, the novelist or spinner of old wives' histories, if we be disposed to take him too fiercely to task for a destroyer of men's hopes; and—if we are otherwise inclined—as Mr. Moore who, of a might and power second only to the power of God Himself, finally pulled down "the pale Socialist" from his place on the right hand of the Father and sent him ingloriously back to his place among the intellects and dreamers of the world. In fine, "The Syrian Story" is so discreetly contrived that a child should not be hurt by the bulk of it, and the King of Flies might pronounce it to be well worth 7s. 6d. without vastly annoying its author.

We say that, even if our suspicion of Mr. Moore be entirely unfounded, and "The Brook Kerith" is, as it would appear to be, a mere tale woven out of the Bible and other literatures, and varied from the narrative of Scripture for the soaring purposes of tale-making, entertainment, and edification as understood by Mr. Moore—assuming and admitting this, and supposing and admitting, further, that Mr. Moore is in nowise privy to the whiffle which has been cried from the housetops by his friends and interviewers, we are nevertheless of opinion that the book is evil, and calculated to comfort, assist, and delight nobody but the enemies of mankind. After eighteen years' close study of dear Mary Hunter's invaluable present, Mr. Moore finds himself in no more satisfactory spiritual fettle than he would appear to have been at the outset—nay, if anything, he is profoundly and lamentably the worse. For whereas, prior to that eventful Christmas, he scrupled not to hold up for our admiration a Dayne, to whose perverse and inhuman mentality the knowledge "that a wrong was done" gave positive pleasure, he now comes before us with a CHRIST whose sole and final word to His apostle is this:

> THERE IS BUT ONE THING, PAUL, TO LEARN TO LIVE FOR OURSELVES, AND TO SUFFER OUR FELLOWS TO DO LIKEWISE.

The be-spangled Obliquity who simpered to his ruin down intellectual dark alleys which Mr. Moore apparently treads in safety, was fain to cry out of his ultimate mud, "The supreme vice is shallowness!" And if ever there was a supreme shallowness, surely it is the shallowness which can find nothing nobler to impute to lips, which men, rightly or wrongly, will hold Divine till the crack of doom, than Mr. Moore's "One thing."

If "The Brook Kerith" is intended to convey any message or meaning at all, we have that message or meaning put stark for our acceptance hereby. Roughly, it is the message or meaning of a great deal too much that Mr. Moore happens to have written from his discreetly "pagan" youth up. So long as he called it Dayne, or Moore, or Muck, we might indeed "suffer" him. But when he begins to call it Christ, the very stones shall complain of him, and the obliterated tongues of all the world proclaim him for a traitor to his kind.

There is nothing new or original in his *credo*. It has been the religion of evil men and getters and holders from the beginning. The newness, and the "originality," and the cunning, and the maleficence of it lie not in the words, but in the false, feigned, and pretended authorship. It is as though you fetched Innocence out of her whiteness to confess to harlotries. It is as though you fetched Goodness to call herself a leprosy. It is as though you fetched angels and ministers of grace to say that they are the corruption of the spirit. And, of its nature, it is unthinkably and immeasurably more terrible.

At sixty or thereabouts Mr. Moore might have slaked his Daynely thirst for notoriety in the abounding pagan wells. But he must needs swallow up Jordan, as the

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greedy whale swallowed up Jonah. He must needs go scented and brushed to the Holy Supper, and there satisfy the kind of appetite fribblers indulged at the Argyle Rooms. He must needs cock his silly Homburg hat and flaunt his Harris tweeds and sky-blue tie at the foot of Calvary, and chalk on the immitigable Tree, "Let us have no damned nonsense. We live for ourselves, and nobody ever died for us!" As we say in the French, which is so much more graceful and pagan than our rapidly declining English, "*C'est fini!*"

And having, as one might put it, accomplished all this for men's and Christ's sake, it is not surprising that Mr. Moore should discover in the world sweet applauders and pedestal furnishers. When the gay Lord Northcliffe returns from his hob-and-nobbing with the high military nuts of the Continent what time his journals continue to give the people the shells, he may find in one of those journals the following pretty words:

> On August 3rd, 1914, two travellers might have been seen driving in a motor-car from Pangbourne to Newington, a lovely village some miles from Oxford.
>
> One at least of the travellers seemed quite unconscious that anything unusual was taking place. He had removed his hat for coolness and the sun made a sort of aureole round his flaxen hair. He showed something very much like boredom, even personal annoyance, when his companion made any reference to the approaching war. A low-flying aeroplane passed overhead. He refused to look at it . . . and when I made some observation about the German Emperor, George Moore began to talk to me of God, and presently I was spellbound; listening to the story of the Brook Kerith as readers of it will be to-day, just two years after that wonderful drive—I very nearly said—to Emmaus.

And the reviewer who thus purveys "aureoles" and "very nearly saids" for Mr. George Moore, S.R.T., is Robert Ross, R.R.T.

Our parting word for Mr. Moore is this: his Dayne tells us with a flourish that he does not believe in leaving the world better than he found it. Perhaps none of us can leave it in such happy case. But might we not at least endeavour to make sure that we leave it no worse?

MILLIONAIRES AND POETRY.

Mrs. Masterman—not Mr.:

> Millionaires might encourage literature. I am not quite sure whether they had better try. A taste in literature and a gift for making millions do not always combine. The form of literature that most readily starves its votaries in England is poetry. The number of poets compelled to give the best of their strength and powers to something that feeds them, and only their fag-ends to the work that makes them immortal, is, perhaps, only to be equalled by the good poets ruined by amateurishness, the reluctance to have a professional standard and really work hard. I should like to endow a publishing house purely for poetry, all sorts of poetry, and give the author himself a hundred copies for his own. On the other hand, I should like to print poetry very cheaply, in threepenny or sixpenny copies. People would be readier to buy it on the chance of liking it.

We like "might" instead of "should" in the first sentence. And the half-truths in part of what follows appear amusing. There are not six poets in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales for whom immortality may be reckoned a sure or even likely thing; and not more than three of them happen to be unprovided for. The idea that a poet, relieved of the donkey work which feeds him, sings or ululates any the more bravely for his release is a mistaken one. As a rule, it is out of what seems to him agony, and what seems to dull men only the hurly-burly of life, that the poet gets his least perishable numbers. There is no poetry that is not based somehow on misery. The appeal of poetry must always be from the hurt to the hurt. Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought. In a state of pure bliss poetry would not be read. As it is, we are permitted to sit and hear each other groan. "I groan melodiously: thou groanest immelodiously. Take thou my melodious groans and pay me for them. Perish the thought!—or rather the payment! Are we not companions in the like affliction and partners in the like disaster? Does a man bestow pence upon another man for weeping harmoniously with him at a funeral? Wherein, then, should it be profitable for me that my tears are a trifle more bloody or salty or pearly than the tears of the commonalty?" And as for giving only one's "fag-ends to the work which makes one immortal," if Mrs. Masterman promises not to spread the knowledge among Members of the Amalgamated Society of Employers who Put Up with Poets, we will tell her that your true son of the muses takes precious good care that the best of his strength and powers—usually a very poor best in any case—goes into the poetry, while the "fag-ends" are carefully reserved to the use and benefit of those persons who are accurséd every day of the week except pay-day, and are not over blesséd even then. No, my dear lady, you malign an entirely worthy and deserving body of mellifluous groaners and shedders of the briny. Doubtless you derive your views on this large subject from Mr. Masterman, who, as we understand, is a journalist and not a poet, and consequently does really work for his money.

To take an instance: The other day, after a hearty meal of Madeira cake and home-made lemonade at an A.B.C. shop, a middle-aged but perfectly competent poet of our acquaintance wended his way reluctantly to somebody's office or counting-house, where he has the luck to be employed (God wot) on the remunerative and priest-like duty of writing everlasting figures in somebody's beautifully bound ledgers. *En route* to the resumption of this honest, soul-destroying toil—in Cheapside, as a matter of fact—the poet, replete with Madeira cake and lemonade, bumped right into one of the little muses (there are several score little muses, as well as the mighty Nine whose names so few people can repeat off-hand), and in a flash, as it were, she had imparted to him this line and a word:

> When I consider how the stars were made,
> And——

Then she was off (in another flash, as it were), and the poet had the thousand-and-first escape of his life from an untimely and horrible end at the instance of a motor-'bus. The driver of the 'bus used the customary very bad language indeed, but the poet knew

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that for himself he was once again on the track of some language which might be good, and he didn't care. So he continued poetically on his way to the office or counting house, saying poetically in the back of his mind:

> When I consider how the stars were made,
> And——

Of course, he was aware that the little muse had cribbed the first half of the line out of Milton, but the other half and the ensuing "and" didn't seem to him to be cribbed, and the first half could be altered if it were worth while; and, anyway, he felt inspired and—here was the office or counting house.

> When I consider how the stars were made,
> And——

He hung up his hat on a peg which he hated—not the hanging up, but the peg—and shuffled to the high chair in front of the high mahogany desk which he also hated, and on which he had frequently proposed to carve with a penknife, "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee" (as the galley-slave is said to have carved on the heavy oar), and all the time he was thinking about the line and a word, and wondering what he should put after the "and."

And as he pulled down one of the beautifully bound ledgers from the brass rails over the desk, the man on the high chair next him gave him a nudge and said, "By Jove, So-and-So, I've just heard a dashed good little thing at the Bodega—a verse our chaps are singing as they go into the firing line. You're a bit of a poet [he has published six volumes, upon each of which the publishers claim to have made a trifling loss], but what do you think of this, eh?:

> The old church bells ring ting-a-ling-a-ling,
> For you and not for me—
> Oh, Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
> Oh, Grave, thy victory?

There's a bit of all-right for you, eh—what?"

For the time being the poet forgot to consider how the stars were made. Poets are always attracted by odds and ends and scraps of verse, no matter how foolish, and here was a morsel with all sorts of indescribable merit and interest about it. Our poet took it to his memory at the first repeating and chuckled over the humour and audacity of it, and speculated as to who could have been hilarious or ironic enough to have composed it (only a soldier, he felt sure), and wished he had been a soldier and composed it himself. And then he went and told another man in the office about it, who said, to his surprise, that it seemed "ribald but profound"; and on the strength of "profound" his thoughts went back to the stars and himself to the high chair. By five o'clock, which was time to shut up the ledgers and get ready to go home—there is a fearful amount of preparation for every kind of action in offices—he had gone precisely thus far with the poem which he was sure he had to write:

> When I consider how the stars were made,
> And whence the proud rose hath her vermeil dye,
> And——

Always the "and," you will notice! On the tube, where he was in the habit of reading the evening papers, he reflected that he didn't quite like "vermeil," and that he must find a homelier word. Then he read some of the war news, and dropped the paper; and when he alighted at his station the poem stood like this:

> When I consider how the stars were made,
> And whence the proud rose hath her vermeil dye,
> And who [ter-um] hath [tum-ti] pavements laid,
> And [tum] the golden banners of the sky.

Well, probably Mrs. Masterman and everybody else is growing weary of the fashioning of this poem, and anxious to come up with the millionaires; wherefore, we will cut a long story short and say that the poet worked away right through the night on his rhymes, and in the morning at seven of the clock there was a finished poem of twelve stanzas, with a moving reference to the war and other tender things in it; and a jaded, tetchy, liverish, and worn-out poet, who was fain to shog off to the weary round, the common task, with nothing inside him but a cup of strong tea and a nip of brandy, and who, though he sat all that morning in the familiar high chair and fiddled with the beautifully bound ledgers, could scarcely distinguish one figure from another for very tiredness.

Now, who received the best of the poet's strength and powers, and who the fag-ends? The poem appeared next day in one of the morning papers and was admired. It will appear in a forthcoming volume and be again admired. It had to be written, and it was written. But if the poet had gone to his employers on the afternoon of his seizure and said, "Behold, I am overcome with the afflatus; it were well that ye give me the rest of the day for myself, so that I may discharge my spirit softly of its burthen," his employers would have fallen down dead with amazement. And the worst of it is that if, perceiving his case, the employers had said to him, "You are caught by the glory; we excuse you for the day, and don't mind if you happen to be a bit late in the morning," the poet would doubtless have thanked them kindly and gone straight round to "the pictures" and never written the poem at all.

Then where should the millionaires come in? Frankly, we are of opinion that they ought forcibly to prevent themselves from coming in until it is established beyond doubt that the poet is surely crocked, scrapped, and past labour. The test is this: You take your poet, full of years and infirmities, and empty of his song, and prop him up against a convenient building in a busy thoroughfare. You place a dozen of English-made matches in his eager hand, and tell him to be of good heart and sell them. If he disposes of nine boxes in the course of a fourteen-hours day, he is a poet and worthy of all he gets. If he disposes of fewer than nine, he is work-shy, and should have saved money in his youth as you did.

To be serious, however: for poets or poetry, millionaires can do literally nothing which will advantage us. When you pension a young poet, you have robbed posterity of quite the finest half, and probably more than half, of what he might have to say. All the young poets with unearned incomes either sing

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foul or are perenially out of song. Middle-aged poets, as everybody knows, are the devil. They have no figure, they will not come to dinner, they fall into black rages when you ask them if they have read "In Memoriam"; they tell you to your face that novelists, actors, comic singers, fiddlers, editors, and all the other performing persons upon whom you dote are asses, and when you ask them for a few words of criticism and encouragement in regard to the beautiful verses your daughter wrote for the programme of the Red Cross Sports and Fête, they say, "It is drivel." Nobody wants them, nobody loves them, and their sole delight is to rush into the first garden that comes handy and eat butterflies. The bare word "pension" drives them into the seventh heaven of fury; and if you make it "loans" they come too often, and write ten-thousand-line pasquinades about you at the first refusal. *Genus irritabile!*

The patriarchs of the tribe are, of course, few and far between. The fact that they have not died of inanition is strong presumptive evidence against the probability of their ever having been real poets. And supposing that they have been, and their works are there to show it, beware of them, for they are bores to a man. We have met several in our time. Years ago one of them got us in a corner, produced an epic, and read it to us without a halt for refreshments for five solid hours. There was only a single good line in it—namely, this description of a London 'bus-driver —of course, of the pre-petrol sort:

He sat upon the knife-board cursing God!

What should millionaires want with poets, good, bad, or indifferent—adolescent, at the meridian, or doddering to the oft-rhymed grave? And, for the matter of that, what should poets want of millionaires? The answer is the same in each case. We once heard a rich man exclaim in his agony, when he heard that a poet-*protégé* of his was staying at the best hotel in a certain fashionable resort, "It is not the function of a poet to stay at the best hotels!" This we doubt; but we are distinctly of opinion that it is not the function of millionaires to pay the bill.

The fact is that the authentic poetry of the world can never be properly recognised till the poets who write it are snugly tucked away in the tomb. If a Shakespeare, or a Milton, or a Keats were to turn up in London to-morrow, he would have to go through the mills of penury, neglect, and contempt like the rest of us. He would stand no chance in the money line by the side of such ephemeræ as H. G. Wells, Conan Doyle, J. M. Barrie, and Arnold Bennett; the immortal author of "Bees in Amber" would be selling a hundred thousand copies, while unfashionable William or either of the Johns was "remaindered" or carted to the pulping establishments; criticism would be chary of him, and the paragraphists unswervingly dumb. This is nobody's fault and no reflection on a world which is slow in apprehension and the poetical up-take, and so accustomed to confound geese with swans, that when the swan comes along goose is believed to be the proper name for it. And the very last person to complain will be the poet himself.

There is something to be said for Mrs. Masterman's dream of a publishing house "purely for poetry," though her generous proposal of a hundred author's copies, instead of the time-honoured seven or thirteen, will flick the proper poet somewhat gratuitously on the raw. One might just as well live in a house with a corpse as with a hundred copies of one's own, or anybody else's, poetical lucubrations. If Mrs. Masterman had suggested a hundred *pounds*, and printed it bold and lively, thus—**£100**—she would have made every fine frenzied eye in the country glisten with shining gratitude, and every child of Apollo, from Land's End to John o' Groats, might have risen and called her blesséd. But whether a hundred copies or £100 were the standard award or emolument, is of small consequence. It seems to us that an endowed publishing house for poetry could be conducted only by poets, who, as a rule, are about as efficient in business as Prime Ministers, and even if the endowment ran into vast sums, comparatively little good, and in all likelihood much harm, would accrue. In a sort of way learning and science prosper under endowments, but poetry is an entirely different horse. For a reason which lies too deep for tears, pretty well everybody who can write with a pen imagines that he or she can write deathless verse, and the consideration which gives countless thousands pause is that there is "no money in it." To remove this heaven-imposed bar were to swamp and ruin the legitimate interest. Far too many poetry books have been published of late. Regarded in their relation to letters (if, indeed, they have any such relation), ninety-nine per cent. of them are the sheerest rubbish and futility. It appears to be an unwritten law in certain sections of the critical Press that one must try to find good in them, and "let them down gently," even when the search is unavailing. We should like to wager that we have amongst us quite a thousand scatter-brained poetasters who can prove by print that they are geniuses of the first water. "Mr. Flittermouse is a true poet. He has the lyric gift and the meditative spirit. His lines, 'On seeing Phyllis with her Hair Down,' are the prettiest we have encountered for many a long day. We shall look for further charming work from this promising writer." How well one knows the formula, and what vanity and bunkum it is! And what confusion of the public mind and blunting of the public taste it must in the long result induce. Endowed poetry would mean simply endowed mediocrity, and mediocrity should not be endowed—excepting, perhaps, with ropes to hang itself.

If there be a millionaire in England who will give a silver sixpence for the glory of the Muse, by what method or process should he go about the noble work? We have known the poetry business through and through for twenty years, and we are free to confess that we are unable to offer a practicable suggestion. And anybody who tries is sure to come to a discomforting **end.**

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MR. JOHN BIRDSEED SINGS.

NOTE.—Mr. John Birdseed desires us to point out that the polyrhythmical pieces which he is kind enough to send us are in no sense to be confused with the sublime efforts of cubists, vorticists and suchlike people which have lately appeared in various magazines. Mr. Birdseed claims to have exercised himself freely in this branch of poetics long before the cubists were ever heard of, and he had an interesting correspondence on the subject with the late Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton as far back as the year 1904. He requests us further to say that though the two poems now printed will be included in "Songs of Hate and Murder," they do not at all represent him in his really aggressive mood.

APRES.

The elderly gentlewoman died,
And for her sins,
Which were numerous
And heinous
(Oh, yes, they were!),
Went plunk to Hell.
And on the third day
The Devil eyed her and said,
"You don't look a bit upset."
"Well, no, Sir," replied the old dear.
"To tell you the honest truth,
I'm very comfortable!
I was just saying to Joan
We ought to be very thankful——
The place seems so full
Of people of one's own class."

THE DISPOSAL.

He wanted to be loved;
Good Lord!—twelve stone of him,
With hair and teeth and fists;
Right for your wisp of girl,
In green and innocence
And rather silly hose,
Goeth he like a bull
And bellows out his pain.
She laughs, if laugh you call
The wry, half-witted grin
Or still-born cheerfulness
With which she meets the big
And little things of life
Indifferently. She tapped
His big head with her fan
And said, "Now, Dickie, please
Don't be a foolish boy!"
He swears beneath his breath
And grips her by the neck,
And plants a knock-out kiss
Somewhere behind her ear.

Next day she writes, "Dear Dick,
If you were serious,
You'd better come to lunch;
If not, I send you back
Your splendid buss with thanks."

He mops a business brow,
And cries, "My hat! I'm done!
Cold Claret, tinned prawns, and squab
For luncheon ever more!"
And straightway cuts his throat
Neatly from ear to ear.

OUT OF THE LETTER-BAG.

ZANGWILL AND MACHEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Why should not Zangwill rhyme "art" and "heart"? I take up the first poet that comes handy (Poe):—

"Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not."

Why is not "art" as lawful a rhyme as your own "excellent strawberry tart"? Is not "h" as distinct and significant a consonant as "t"?

You say that "that same mighty heart" bears reference to nothing which has been previously mentioned in the poem. But I suppose "same" means "one." St. George and Shakespeare are twin sons of one mighty heart—"heart" being presumably a synonym for the "soul" in which Shakespeare was "wombed." It seems a bit of a mix-up, certainly.

What does "S.R.T." mean, anyway?

Now that I am writing, I should like to ask whether THE ACADEMY is interested in the short story or short novel form; because a certain story of one hundred pages, which I have read again and again, is, in my opinion, a piece of pure literature, and I should like expert confirmation of my opinion. The tale happens (unfortunately, I suppose!) to be by Arthur Machen, and is in the volume entitled "The House of Souls." It is not precisely in the same line of business as "The Great God Pan," and the other cheerful stories in that volume; and, for my part, I have taken the liberty of separating "A Fragment of Life" from its companions and binding it up by itself (in a beautiful green cover). Have you ever read it?

121, Broomwood Road,
Clapham Common, S.W.

J. H. HOBBS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—By this post you have a letter from me. Will you be so good as to insert the following at the top of the second page after "tart":

". . . 'tart"; while 'art' and 'tart' would doubtless form an equally faultless pair of rhymes."

This clause is a link in the argument, and was inadvertently omitted from the letter.

J. H. HOBBS.

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[We should advise Mr. Hobbs to address his interrogatory as to the rhyming of "art" and "heart" to Mr. Israel Zangwill (B.A. Honours), 3, Hare Court, Temple, W.C. Mr. Zangwill may likewise be glad to clear up the "bit of a mix-up" with regard to "that same mighty heart."

As to the meaning of S.R.T., inquiries may be addressed to the Earl of Plymouth, Mount Street, W.; Mr. Edmund Gosse, House of Lords Library; Mr. William Archer, c/o the *Daily News*; Mr. J. L. Garvin, c/o the *Observer*; or Mr. E. V. Lucas, c/o the *Sphere*. For the rest: when Mr. Arthur Machen has demonstrated, in the *Evening News*, the literary and ethical utility of certain of his essays in fiction, we will begin to discuss him.—ED.]

THE POET IN LABOUR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—One by one, as we emerge from the dark ages, our popular notions are exploded. Who believes to-day that the poet is born, not made? Why should applied science be able to annihilate time and space, and harness the bolts of Jove himself, or even bridle the steeds of Apollo, and yet be powerless to bend the muse to its will? I see no reason why (as in Wales, for example) every man, woman, and child should not be a poet—serve an apprenticeship and become the finished article.

For what, after all, is poetry? The Greeks knew their business, and to them the poet was ποιητής, "a maker"; poetry was "the thing made"—or, in less classic, if more expressive, phrase, "the goods." Dryden's idea was that rhyme offered no real restraint; was, on the contrary, an encouragement. I doubt not Dryden was prophet as well as poet, for to-day it is the lure of the rhyme that floods the country with poets.

I am driven into these reflections by a somewhat remarkable book, "————," just published by ————. The author, an Oxford man, famous alike as classical scholar and athlete, succeeds in wedging into his work a chapter on the birth of a sonnet. I don't know why or how he does it; but there it is. Now, if you know how a sonnet is born you are on the highway to the poet's munition factory. To Mr. ———— the be-all and end-all is Rhyme. The sonnet is on the Thames—not the first and not the last. Now the poet swings along with easy stroke until he strikes

. the future site
of *post*-historic man.

Here he sticks. He can find no rhyme to "site." It is true he suggests Girgashite, but sheers rapidly off to find refuge in "troglodyte."

What a game! But why should the poet give his own show away? Why not keep up the illusion—despite the police. I know Mr. ———— as the best of good fellows. Let him beware finding rhymes to "site."

A. BRODIE FRASER.

[We have omitted from Mr. Brodie Fraser's communication the name of the famous classical scholar and athlete to whom he refers, also the title of the famous classical scholar's "somewhat remarkable book." Shorn of these adornments, Mr. Fraser's letter doubtless loses much of its force and point, particularly as rhymes to "site" may be discovered by candlelight, any night, by any poetic wight, tyro, or neophyte, or any eremite, or anthropopathite, or even Amalakite, whose vision or sight is fairly bright and might hail with delight such rhymes as bite, trite, flight, invite, slight, fight, alight, tight, polite, right, height, kite, fright, appetite, indite, infinite, Aaronite, ebonite, smite, ammonite, argillite, meteorite, expedite, erudite, finite, stalactite, stalagmite, rite, hight, knight, quite, proselyte, incite, ignite, bight, chrysolite, and, if he will, hematite, Israelite, stagerite, crinite, coprolite, cordite, azurite, carbonite, crystallite, Levite, and even Larkinite. And there are others.

And for the sake of the goodness in some of these and the like rhymes, and in order that the Thames may not remain unfired for want of fourteen lines rhymed in "ite," let us adventure, *currente calamo*, as thus:

River of rivers, that dost lave the might
And pomps and ships of England; if the white
Dawns be upon thee, or thou goest dight
In armour of the sun; or where at night
With mirrored stars and lamps of chrysolite,
Thou wooest this London to the ancient plight,
Thou shalt be goodly for the English sight
And proud till Time shall falter in his flight.

Tiber, Euphrates, Tmolus from the height,
Tigris and Nilus, streams of old delight,
And Abbana and Pharphar which were bright
For queens by swart Damascus—these invite
Words from the dreamer and the Abderite;
But thou art Thames—glorious in their despite.

There you are! Fourteen sound rhymes for Mr. Fraser's famous classical scholar and athlete and good fellow, with a certain amount of ornament and erudition thrown in. And if Fleet Street, or Magdalen, or the University of Drumtochty can better them—(subject Thames, fourteen decasyllabic lines to rhyme in "ite")—we will oblige by printing.—ED.]

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THE ACADEMY: 2, Charterhouse St., E.C.

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HONEY FROM THE HIVES.

A tribunal aphorism: Invention is the mother of Exemption.—*Passing Show.*

It is astonishing how much time people will waste in hammering at open doors.—*Daily Mail.*

If I were asked to state what is our main Governmental vice, not forgetting that our sins are many and not easily to be catalogued, I should make answer that Pettifoggery takes the palm.—*Sir Chiozza Money.*

What discouraged our people was the somewhat unheroic policy of "lying doggo," which the initial lack of means of defence entailed.—*Morning Post.*

It is difficult to hit upon the right proportions of incident, characterisation, and psychology that, well-mixed up, make a successful adventure yarn.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Out of the welter of sensational rumour and belated news that is reaching us it is difficult to form any accurate judgment on what is happening in Athens.—*Sunday Times.*

The female English creature is voluble, ardent, and vivacious, qualities all of them which, being denied a more natural outlet, find vent in spiteful attacks among themselves and in tigerish bodily assaults on one another. —*Rheinisch-Westfalische Zeitung.*

"What's the meaning of redundant expression, dad?"

"It means the use of unnecessary or superfluous words. Wealthy Government contractor, for instance." —*London Mail.*

"And what of art after the war?" I asked.

"It cannot be but Futurist," he replied. "All our sensibilities have now acquired a Futurist condition. The war has quickened the whole sense of living. We shall no longer be able to tolerate the sentimental, the archæological, the pedantic. We shall demand an art of action and of impulse, only a little less than now, when we have no time for art at all that does not throw its genius into the common ardour of patriotism."—*Signor Marinetti, interviewed in To-Day.*

National deals without imagination are but as the thistles of the wilderness, fit neither for food nor fuel; a nation that depends upon them must perish.—*D. Lloyd George.*

Once it was thought a sign of the Divine favour to attain success in business. We know better now.—*British Weekly.*

"Are you a judge of pretty faces?"

"A judge of what?"

"A judge of pretty faces."

"My dear sir, I'm the Lord Chief Justice!"—*Revue.*

The funeral of the dead German airmen at Potter's Bar was, as it should have been, a decent, dignified, and reverent ceremony, with the features proper to the burial of soldiers killed fighting.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Oh, Mr. Rubinstein,
Play that melodee;
I feel all goosey when you play it,
If I were a horse I'd neigh it.
Play it, play it, play it,
Mr. Rubinstein, again.

—*Heard in the Street.*

There were some who thought that when the war was over we should go back to the quiet pages of peace and take up the threads of life as we had left them. That was impossible. Never was a long word, but so far as this generation was concerned never could we go back to the old relations with the enemy countries. He was not going to forget what the Germans had done in outrage, in looting, in barbarity, in that worst of all things, the base betrayal of friendship and hospitality, for the purpose of spying for the Fatherland. That is my sufficient basis for saying that as long as I live, for this generation, at least, German wares, German partnerships, German business shall be excluded from the tale of the British Empire.—*Sir George Foster.*

Our attitude towards nationality is the attitude of sane men to an obsession. We try not to exasperate it. We try to repair our blunders in disregarding it in the past. But if you must know what we think of it, we think of it as a childish tangle of instincts and prejudices out of which we are growing to a wider service, the service of that God of Righteousness Who is King of the whole world.—*Author of Ann Veronica.*"

We cannot pay too much for restoring to health and strength the victims either of industrial or racial war. For the widows, orphans, and dependents, the very least we should demand for these is that the rate of allowance shall be exactly the same after the breadwinner's death as before; that is, the nation, in addition to paying the full separation allowance, shall also pay to the dependents whatever weekly sum the man allowed from his own pay. Let us all get busy and demand that these things shall be done, and done now.—*Herald.*

The Germans, with their peace talk and their talk about protecting the little nations, remind one of the villain in the melodrama of "The Pace that Kills." The villain in this piece first tied the heroine across the railroad tracks at the moment when the down express was due. Second, he drenched her with kerosene, locked her in a deserted house, and set the house on fire. Third, he strapped her in front of a circular saw, and then started up the machinery. Fourth, he unscrewed the wings of her aeroplane just before her flight began. Then, in the fifth act, he began to make passionate love to her, and, when she shrank away from him, he said reproachfully: "Why do you fear me, darling?"—*London Opinion.*

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